POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST DECEMBER 7 • 1963 20c

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Bobby Baker scandal / Judy Garland's troubled comeback / Village without parents

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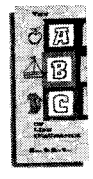

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POST

DECEMBER 7, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 43

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The failure of Congress . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 23

Bobby was the boy to see . . . *by Ben H. Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer* 26

Never before has Congress talked so long and accomplished so little. In a full year-round session the national legislature has failed to act decisively on any of the major Administration measures under consideration; and the public attitude toward Capitol Hill has consequently become a mixture of amusement and contempt. *Post* Washington Editor Stewart Alsop, who analyzes the nonrecord of our 88th Congress, finds legislative progress stifled by the power of a Southern-dominated Establishment. In fact, the biggest story on the Hill this season has turned out to be the scandalous "Bobby Baker Case," one which exposes an unseemly aspect of the world's "greatest deliberative body." According to contributing writers Ben H. Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer—who last year produced a definitive account of conflict of interest among members of Congress—what made Bobby run is what makes the Senate run: power and ambition.

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The authors. **David Moller,** who explores the hypermechanized, gadget-ridden world of the toy industry, is an assistant editor. . . . Cigar-smoking, rotund newspaperman **Hyman Goldberg** first stepped into the previously high-heeled shoes of cooking columnist Prudence Penny last June. . . . **William Trombley,** a contributing writer, details the strange successes of Walter J. Nelson, who finds oil with a "doodle-bug". . . . Hollywood free-lance writer **Richard Warren Lewis** interviewed a score of people closely connected with Miss Garland's troubled television show—including Judy herself, between her poker games with actor Peter Lawford. . . . **Charles McCarry,** a free-lance writer, reports on the airplane disaster that killed one out of every five inhabitants of the village of Humlikon, Switzerland. . . . *The Post*'s **Stanley Karnow,** who examines the political prospects of Chiang Kai-shek, has been a correspondent in Asia since 1959.

The cover. Charmin' Chatty, the changeable-record talking doll, was photographed by **Allan Grant.**

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LETTERS

Measuring minds

As one who has been studying psychological testing for 30 years, I agree with the conclusions of Hillel Black's THE SCANDAL OF EDUCATIONAL TESTING [Nov. 9] but regret the author's use of extreme cases to make his points. Educational testing is a job for the expert, and in an expert's hands is valuable to both teacher and student.

The case of Maria (a child possibly handicapped in I.Q. tests by unfamiliarity with English) is pathetic. There are tests in her native tongue, and these should have been used.

RALPH MARTIN MCGRATH
Salt Lake City, Utah

• Our eldest was fortunate in not having a hay-fever attack the day of his reading-readiness test, so did well. Our second child was not so lucky, for he went to his test in afternoon kindergarten after an upsetting morning looking for his dog, which had gotten out of the backyard. I explained this possible reason for his low score but his teacher said it would nevertheless determine his placement in first grade. . . . Must stop now to help my three-year-old with her puzzles and books so she'll do well in her test (if she's feeling up to par that day).

MRS. D. P. MAHLER
Sunnyvale, Calif.

• I agree with Mr. Black's conclusions but would like to make one further point. My experience of 39 years as a New York State school principal has convinced me that it is of utmost importance that the vision of every child having reading difficulty be tested early in his school years. The eyes of 20 percent of the children just beginning school are inadequate for the purpose of learning to read. Slow or poor reading is a terrific handicap in taking the I.Q. tests and, as the difficulty steadily compounds itself once a child acquires an I.Q. test score and reputation below his or her capacity, the importance of early correction cannot be stressed too much. I tested the eyes of every child in my school who found reading difficult—hundreds of children—saw the benefits they received, and felt I had made a real contribution toward their later progress.

HOWE K. CASSAVANT
Delmar, N.Y.

Nothing to fear but money

Walter W. Heller entitles his article FEAR THREATENS OUR PROSPERITY [Nov. 9]. He is right in this statement. People are always afraid of the unknown, and certainly economics is in that realm. I must say I feel that such a brief survey of the subject as Mr. Heller's does little to shed light.

EDWARD L. HUDSON
Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Pass the word

Congratulations on your informative articles, LUDWIG ERHARD: A NEW RULER FOR GERMANY [by James P. O'Donnell, Oct. 19] and KONRAD ADENAUER: THE OLD WARRIOR LOOKS BACK [by Daniel Schorr, Oct. 19]. Perhaps Messrs. O'Donnell and Schorr could run down to the Fiction Department and tell them the war is over. (Re: MAN IN A CORNER, Sept. 7; THE REFUGEE, Sept. 14; A HUMANIST, Oct. 26.)

ANN FREY
New York, N.Y.

Balloonography, anyone?

Anthony Smith's account of using a balloon to photograph animals in Africa [GASBAG SAFARI IN AFRICA, Nov. 9] is interesting, but the author errs in stating that no one had ever tried it before. Shortly after Theodore Roosevelt completed his big-game hunt in Africa, W. D. Boyce, publisher of *The Saturday Blade* and other periodicals intended primarily for rural readers, conceived the idea of going Teddy one better. His safari to East Africa in 1909 included—along with hunters, photographers and 400 porters—balloons for spotting and photographing game. Described as "Boyce's Balloonograph Expedition," it attracted international attention. The expedition didn't get many good pictures of wildlife (nothing to compare with the pictures from the Jambo), but their exciting stories of big-game hunting increased *The Blade*'s circulation by 300,000.

CHARLES A. WRIGHT
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wretched Chicago

I read Bill Davidson's HOW THE MOB CONTROLS CHICAGO [Nov. 9] with interest, being familiar—as a resident for years—with many of the things mentioned. Tony Accardo's home, for example, we have often seen as we've driven around River Forest at Christmastime to see the decorations. I have also read in the Chicago papers on occasion that Tony could not be found, but a friend of mine who lives near his house can see him quite easily when the police cannot. So for the article to end: "Why can't they (the people of Chicago) understand?" annoyed me. Of course we understand—very well. But what can an ordinary citizen do when the police can't do anything? Please don't print my name.

ORDINARY CITIZEN
Chicago, Ill.

• In connection with Mr. Davidson's excellent article my experience may interest you. While returning from Chicago one evening carrying a heavy briefcase, I was attacked and robbed on a well-lighted, major street corner by young, white hoodlums. They used brass knuckles, and I was inflicted with a broken skull, intracranial lesions, and the vision of my left eye is 85 percent destroyed.

The police made no effort except to apologize, and my administrative superiors (though not my professional colleagues) termed the event, which was not publicized, an "accident." No one had ever informed my wife or me about Chicago conditions (we are new residents), which include the fact that two

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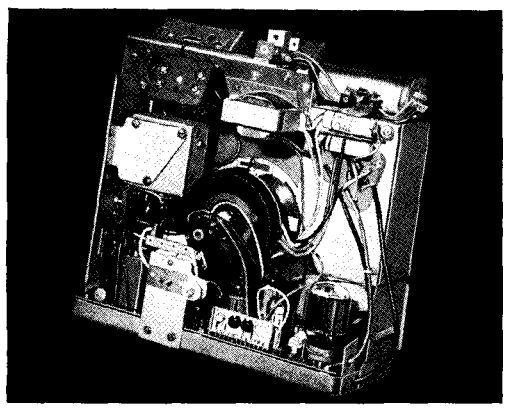

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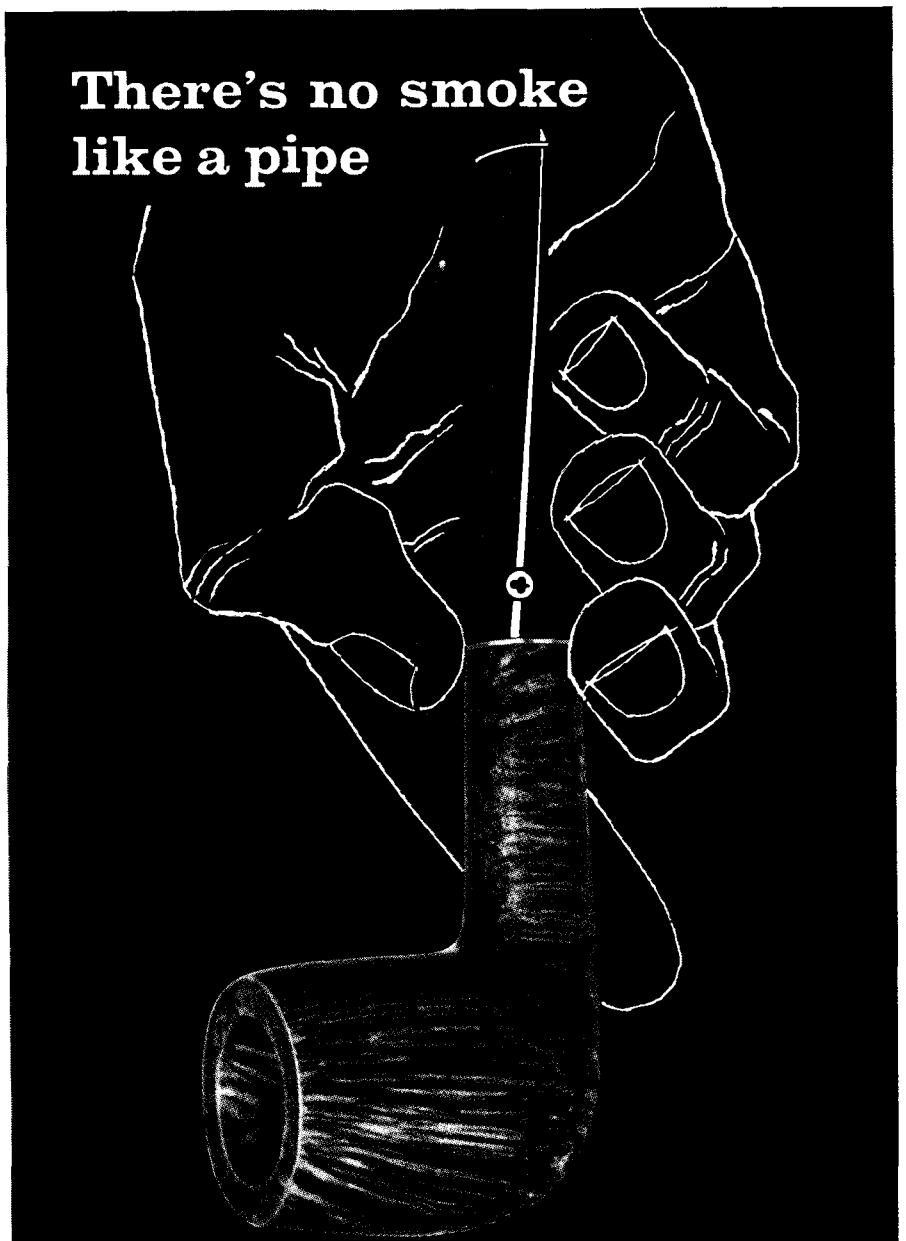

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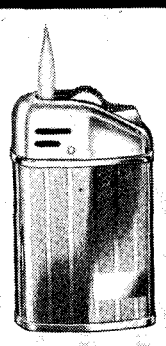
Large pipe above: Straight Grain, Billiard, $100.



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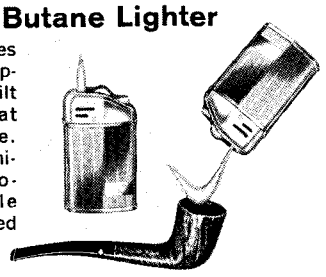

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LETTERS

Chicago taxicab companies do not permit their drivers to possess keys for their cab trunks since they could then be locked up by thugs to suffocate. The Chicago newspapers do not print stories of attacks unless they result in death. I now realize that it is general knowledge that one cannot safely walk alone on even well-lighted streets unless a policeman stands at every corner. Such incredible conditions are unknown not only in Europe but also in Japan.

GEORG F. SPRINGER, *M.D.*
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Out on a limb

I am confused by the implication of the final sentence of your editorial, HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE [Nov. 9]. Let's admit that it's written in a somewhat un-serious vein. But let's also agree that should the earth slow down and finally stop rotating altogether we would all be held a bit more tightly to it. Conversely, if rotation should be accelerated to about 17 times its present velocity, articles at the equator would be apparently weightless. Maybe in future you should check out the science editorials with your science editor.

D. L. BAKER
New Rochelle, N.Y.

(Agreed. The editorial page, as everything else on earth, will hereafter obey Newton's laws of force and motion. ED.)

Kissing bug

Concerning Trevor Armbrister's interesting VILLAGE BEYOND DESPAIR [Nov. 9], I would like to point out that only two authenticated human cases of Chagas' disease have occurred in the continental United States (both in Texas in 1955). I therefore cannot agree with his statement that "equally infectious cousins of the barbeiro may thrive in Texas, Arizona and California." This comment is not, however, intended to detract from the merit of the piece, which serves to remind us that while the United States is now remarkably free of arthropod-borne diseases, millions of people in less-fortunate areas of the world still die or are debilitated as a direct result of malaria, yellow fever, African sleeping sickness and Chagas' disease.

J. S. WISEMAN, *Ph.D.*
Austin, Tex.

• With reference to Mr. Armbrister's article, it is interesting to note that modern medicine believes that the debilitating illness suffered by naturalist Charles Darwin after his voyage on the H.M.S. *Beagle* (c.1831) was due to a night-long attack by these insects. He was afflicted by bouts of the illness almost daily to the end of his life and was sometimes prevented from doing any work for weeks on end. E. H. GILLAM
Merchantville, N.J.

• We have a niece in the Peace Corps in South America who was bitten by the kissing bug almost two months ago. Sh is now in a hospital in the Canal Zone. We had not realized before now how serious her illness is.

MRS. FRED SWANSON
Wheatland, N. Dak.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Why the dollar is in trouble

COSMONAUT TERESHKOVA'S OWN STORY

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The girls of slender means
Muriel Spark's hit novel

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What to give Children at Christmas

Because children believe, our own beliefs are deepened.

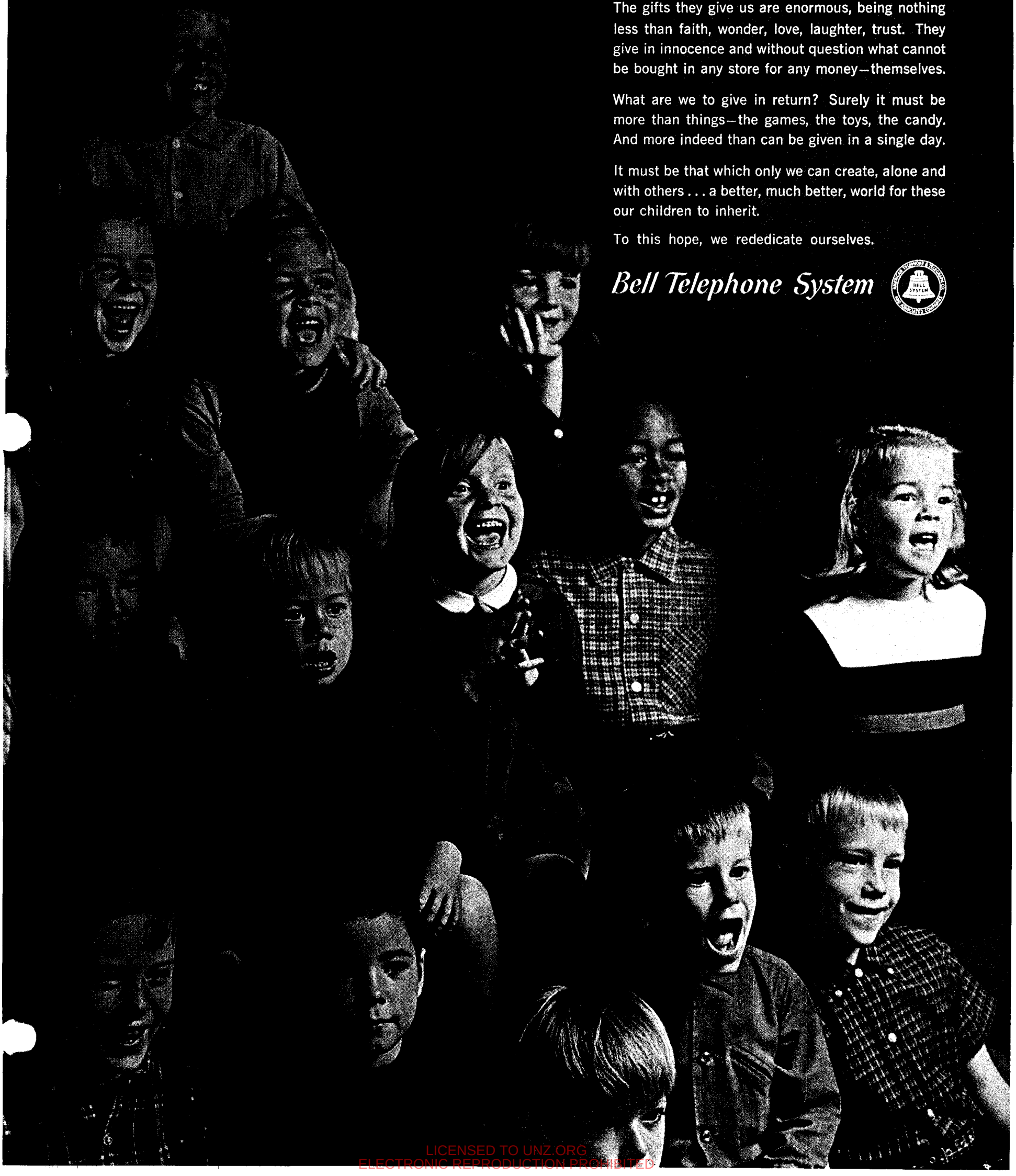
The gifts they give us are enormous, being nothing less than faith, wonder, love, laughter, trust. They give in innocence and without question what cannot be bought in any store for any money—themselves.

What are we to give in return? Surely it must be more than things—the games, the toys, the candy. And more indeed than can be given in a single day.

It must be that which only we can create, alone and with others . . . a better, much better, world for these our children to inherit.

To this hope, we rededicate ourselves.

Bell Telephone System



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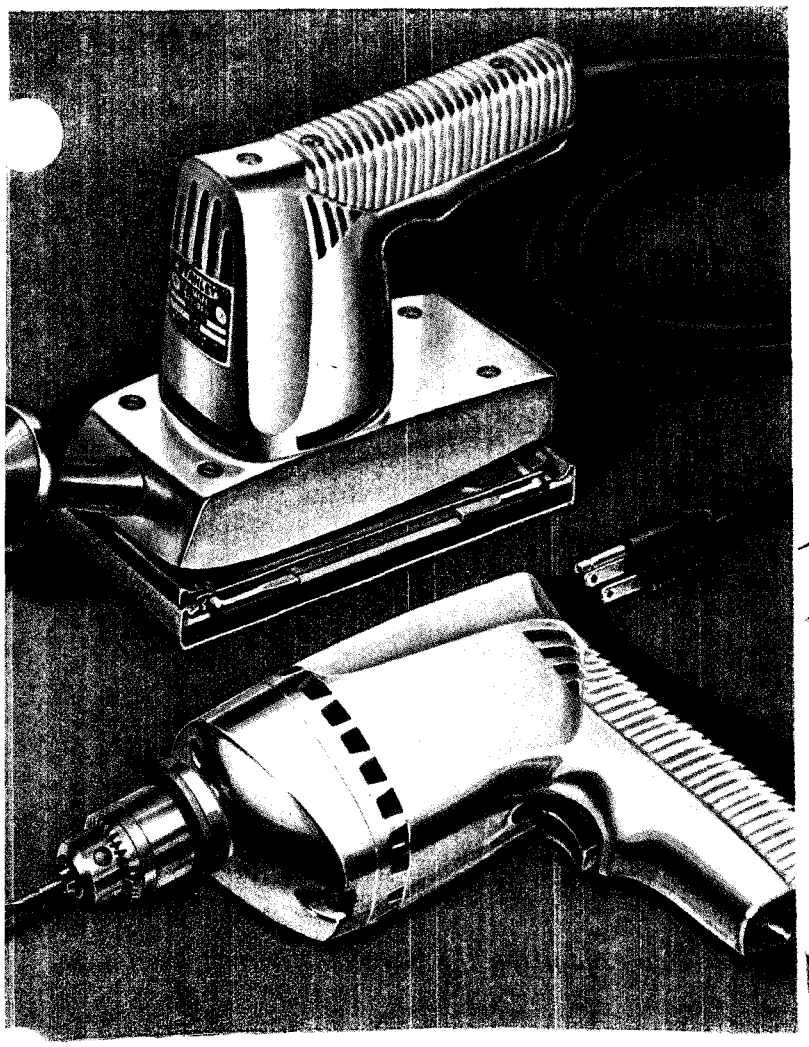

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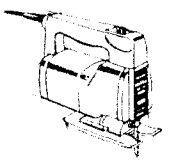
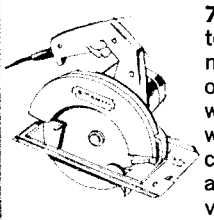


SABRE SAW–What a wonderful way to say "Merry Christmas" to the man you love! He'll show his appreciation by using this portable jig-saw to make those valances, shelves, bookcases or cabinets you've both wanted. Model H453, with tilting base. Standard base also available with No. H452.



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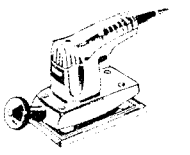
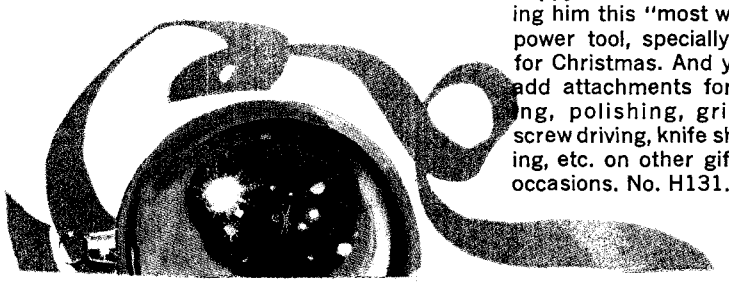
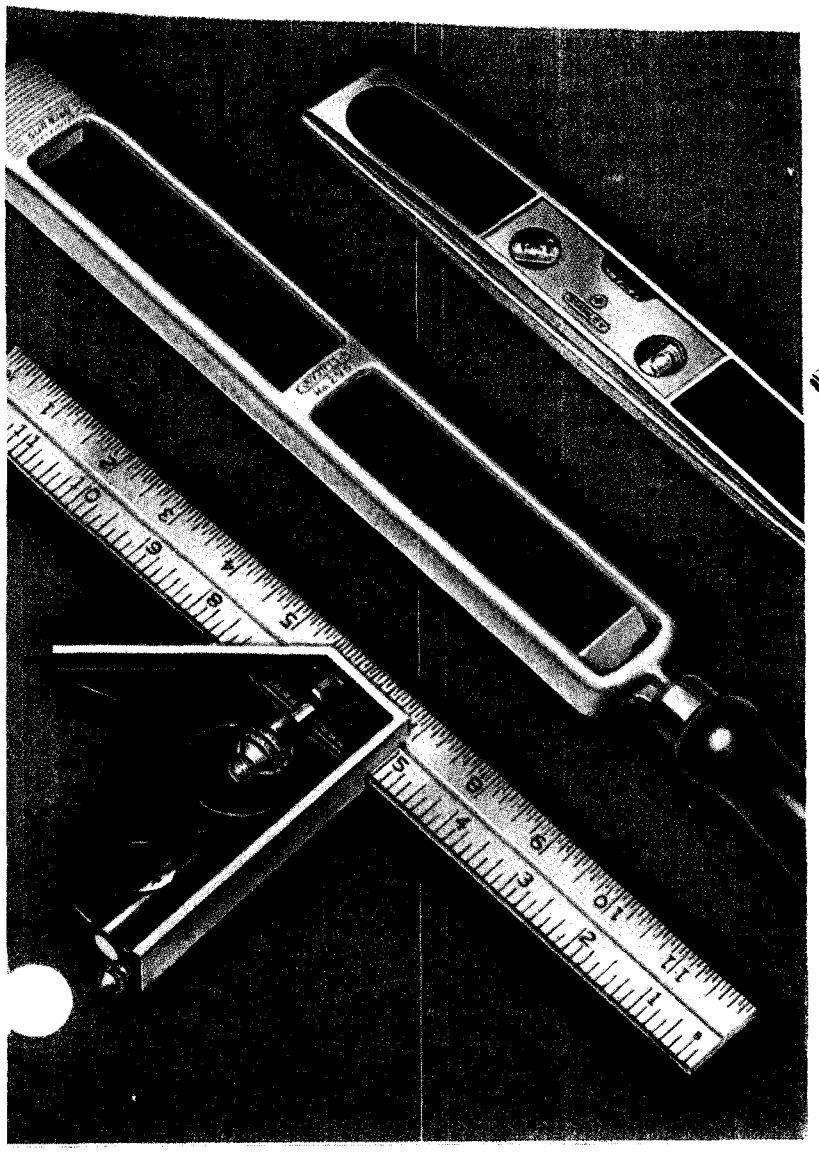




1/4" DRILL—Make someone happy this Christmas by giving him this "most wanted" power tool, specially priced for Christmas. And you can add attachments for sanding, polishing, grinding, screw driving, knife sharpening, etc. on other gift-giving occasions. No. H131.

...ive him STANLEY TOOLS for Christmas



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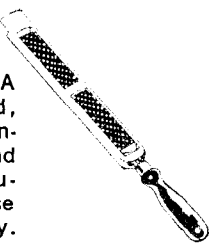

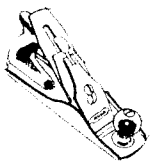

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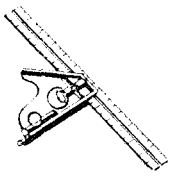

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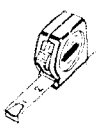

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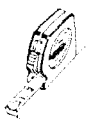

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SPEAKING OUT
The voice of dissent

Labor leader Reuther is president of the United Auto Workers and No. 2 man in the AFL-CIO. He has turned his talent for finding an opponent's fatal flaw against not only management but Communists in the labor-union movement.

We can make the Russians disarm

By Walter P. Reuther

Defeatism, says this expert in the uses of power, keeps us from exploiting the Soviets' greatest weakness.

We can push the Soviet Union into disarmament. This statement, at first glance, may seem preposterous, because many of us, deep within ourselves, have already given up. Our reason tells us that disarmament is the only possible way to save humanity from annihilation, yet few of us really imagine disarmament could ever take place.

The nuclear test ban proves that such defeatism is wrong. But the test ban is not disarmament; it is only a very modest first step. Since Premier Khrushchev won't voluntarily agree to effective disarmament, we need a fresh, bold strategy to force him to disarm.

There is such a strategy—a plan for "waging peace." It injects an entirely new and powerful factor into the contest—not a doubling but a *twentyfold* increase in aid to the world's emergent nations. The strategy, as any sound strategy must, pits maximum strength against the adversary's greatest weakness.

America's great strength is its unused industrial capacity. There is tremendous potential in our factories, machine shops and assembly lines now running only part of the time. And there is enormous potential in the unused skills and productive capacity of the millions of unemployed American workers. Three recessions and rising plateaus of unemployment have cost us 25 million man-years of labor and $600 billion in lost wealth during the past 10 years. Harnessed, these awesome potentials can be the positive force that will move Premier Khrushchev toward a genuine disarmament agreement.

Against this strength, what is the weakness of the Soviet Union? It is its struggling economy, already stretched taut, barely able to meet the requirements of the space and arms races and at the same time the needs of the Soviet people. Our strategy, then, should be to draw the Soviet Union into a contest in which we can take maximum advantage of our unused economic strength to impose further stress on the overstrained Soviet economy.

We can do this by challenging Premier Khrushchev to compete with us in the peaceful economic development of the emerging nations. We would put our faith in freedom on the line, confident that by promoting the economic advancement of these struggling nations we would assure the future of freedom in the world.

The first step in our peace strategy would be publicly and dramatically to commit the United States to a massive long-range program of economic aid large enough to move the countries of the underdeveloped world toward a breakthrough into self-sustaining growth. Specifically, I propose that we commit an average of $20 billion a year to this purpose over the next 25 years. We may not be able to use that much effectively at the beginning, before the recipient countries are properly prepared for massive aid. And less may be needed toward the end of the period as some of the countries acquire their own economic momentum. But we should flatly commit ourselves to earmarking for economic aid an average of $20 billion a year over the whole period.

This commitment would be coupled with a challenge to the Soviet Union to conclude a disarmament agreement and to shift the men and materials freed by the military cutback to the work of world economic development. But we would not wait for Premier Khrushchev's agreement. We would proceed immediately with our own massive aid program.

This would be a declaration of peace—an aggressive peace, a peace offensive. The initiative would be in our hands, and Premier Khrushchev would have only three choices. Confronted with our challenge, he would ponder whether: (1) to default the contest between freedom and tyranny in the emerging countries, (2) to accept the challenge and obtain the resources to meet it by reducing the living standards of the Russian people, or (3) to accept the challenge but meet it through serious efforts to negotiate disarmament.

Premier Khrushchev could not default the contest. He knows that if he is going to bury us, he will have to do it in the have-not lands, where most of the people go to bed hungry every night and where Communism counts on forging human poverty into political power.

Obliged, then, to compete with us in an economic contest, where would Premier Khrushchev find the resources? As long as the contest proceeds on the present basis—with the United States devoting approximately four billion dollars a year to foreign aid (only a billion of which is for economic, not military, assistance) and Premier Khrushchev committing a billion—he can stay in competition. But what if we raised our commitment to $20 billion a year and called upon other free nations to provide an additional five billion? Then Premier Khrushchev would be in serious trouble.

While our economy is marked by slack, the Soviet economy is marked by strain. While we have great unused resources of idle men and machines, the Russians do not have enough of anything to meet their needs and their plans. While we have surpluses of food and fiber, the Russians suffer from shortages of both. And their agricultural problems are compounded because they have starved their farms of machinery and fertilizer in order to stay in the arms race.

Premier Khrushchev can persuade the Soviet people to tighten their belts to pay for defense. It is difficult to believe, however, that he is enough of a gambler to risk the consequences of calling upon the Russian people for further drastic sacrifices to pay for economic aid to other countries. Already there have been disturbances in the Soviet Union over new austerity measures. Last year, for example, longshoremen in Odessa called a strike to protest a shipment to Cuba of consumer goods badly needed at home.

Premier Khrushchev can find the resources to meet our challenge only by cutting back the Soviet military establishment. But he cannot do this unilaterally. He, like us, is a prisoner of the stalemate of terror. Neither side can reduce armaments unless the other does. Thus Premier Khrushchev would have no alternative but to seek agreement on foolproof arms reduction and ultimate disarmament.

Here again, Premier Khrushchev seems to have choices. He could seek arms reduction on a basis that would maintain the present relationship between his potential for overkill and ours, but on a lower level for both sides. Or he could seek total disarmament. Arms reduction, however, would be no real solution for the economic problems posed for him by our total peace offensive. For, as we reduced our military expenditures, we could turn the screw tighter on the Soviet economy by adding part of the released resources to our aid program, thus stepping up the competitive pressure upon the Soviets and their overstrained economy. This would compel them to seek agreement on further arms reductions to stay in the peace race. The only answer for Premier Khrushchev is to seek total disarmament coupled with some means—possibly a strong United Nations peace force—to safeguard the Soviet Union as well as ourselves against the possibility of Communist Chinese aggression.

This proposal for a positive peace strategy will inevitably meet with objections. I hope it will not be considered immodest if I note that a number of proposals which I have advanced in the past, which were considered impractical by many, later proved out in practice. A

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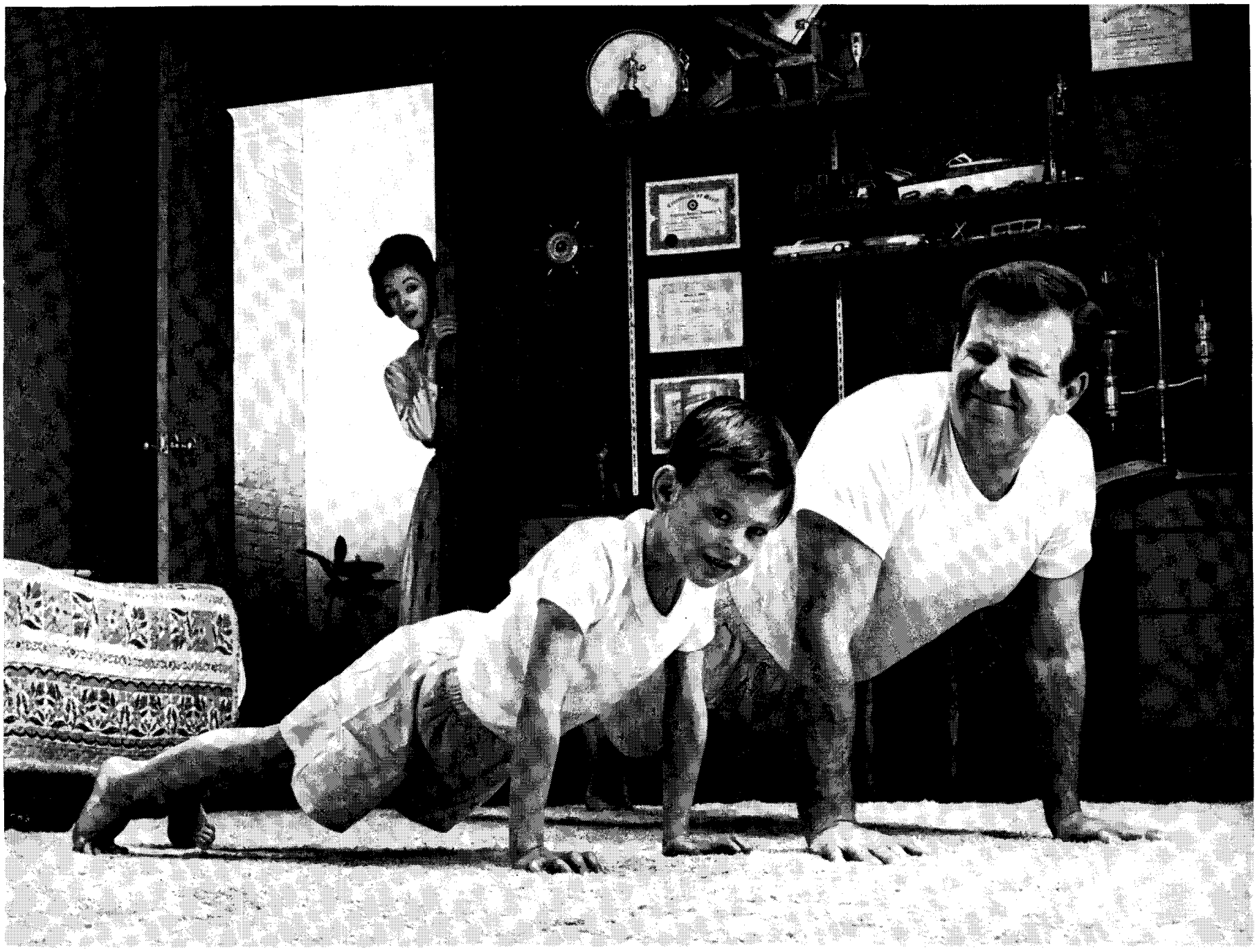

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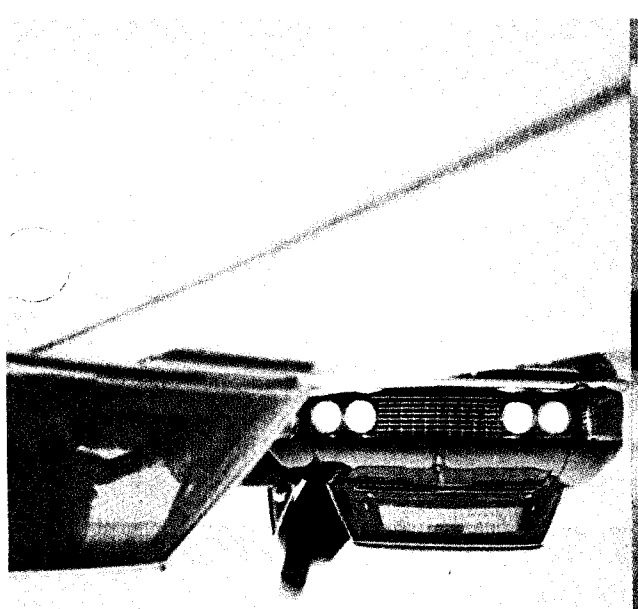
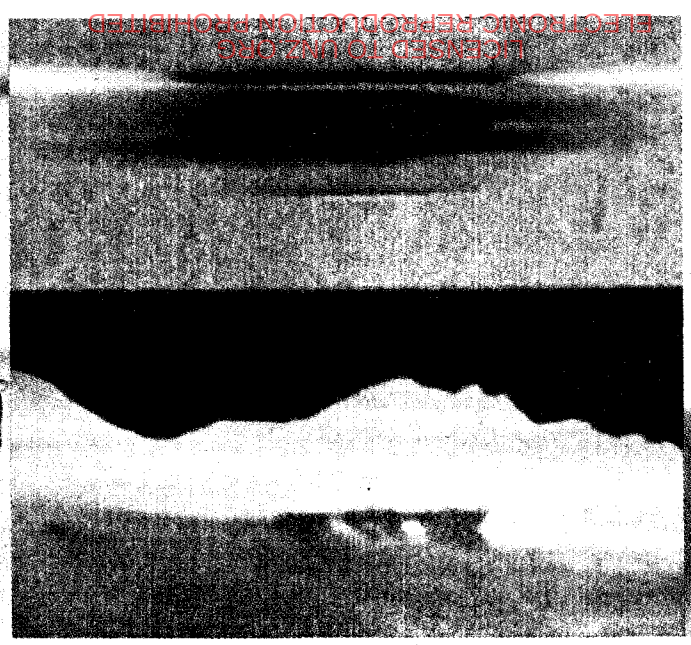
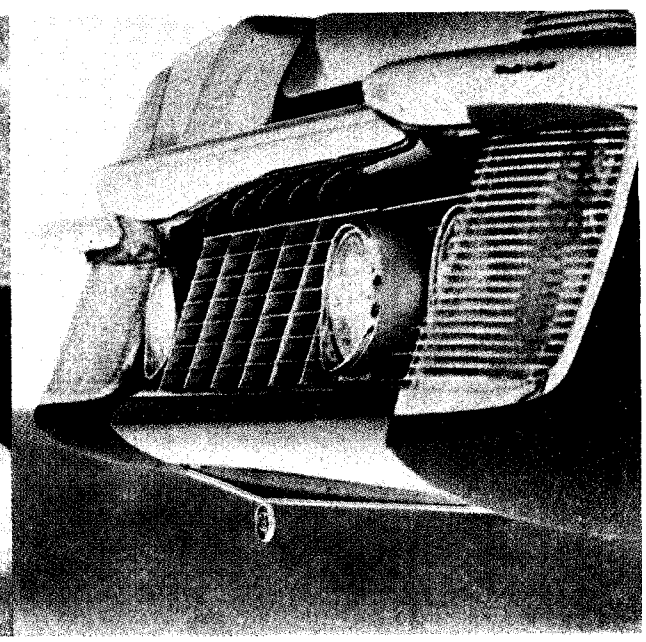
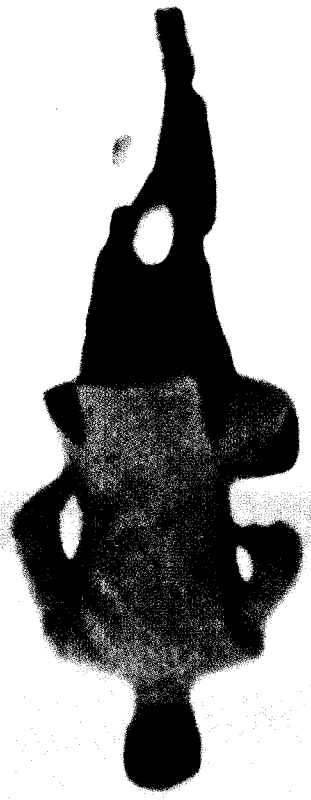
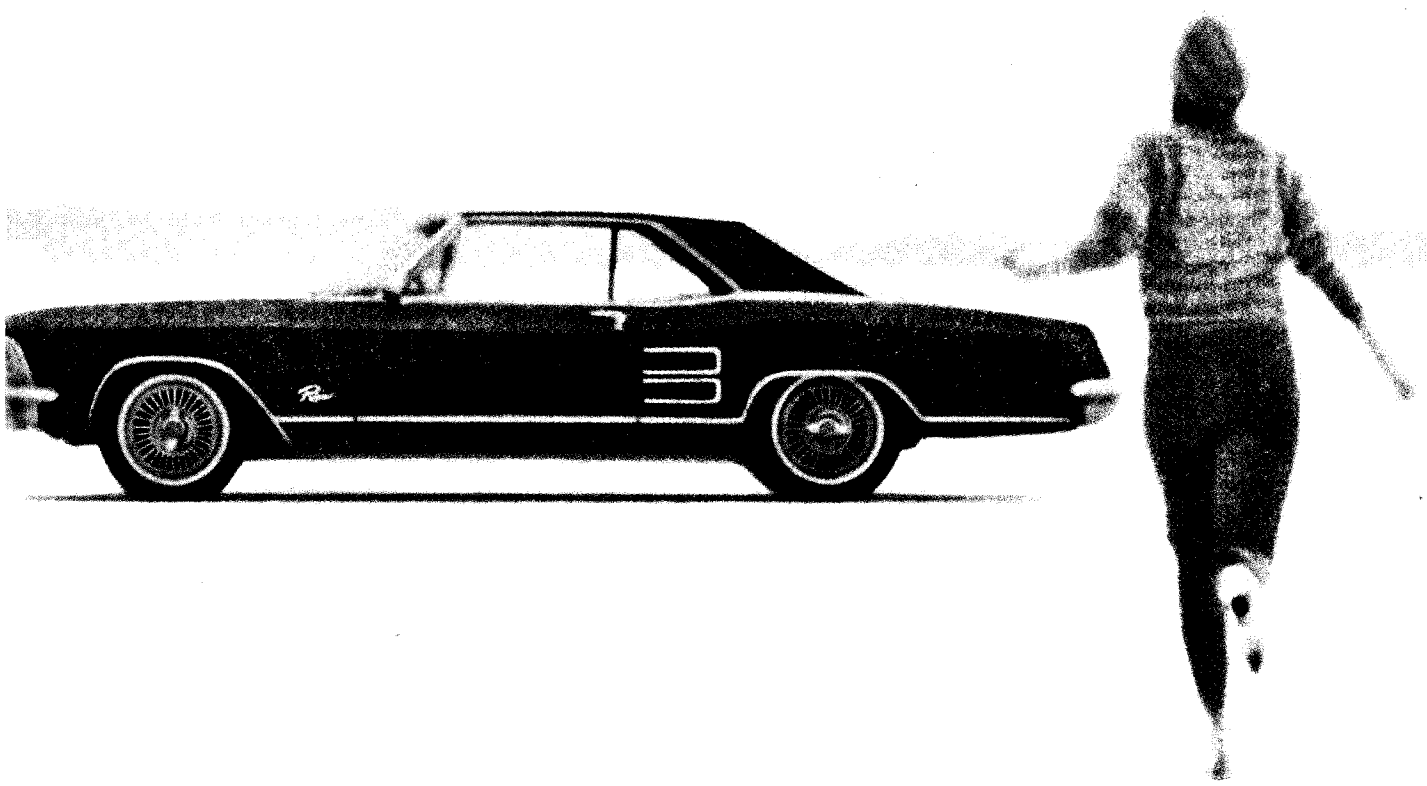






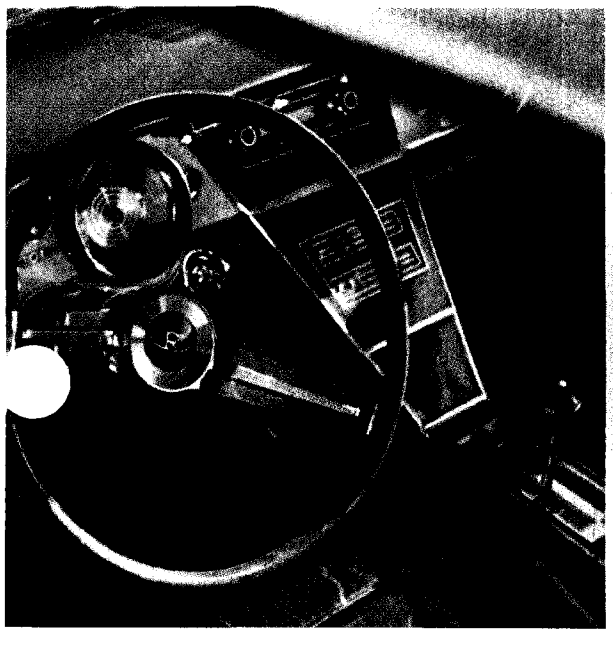


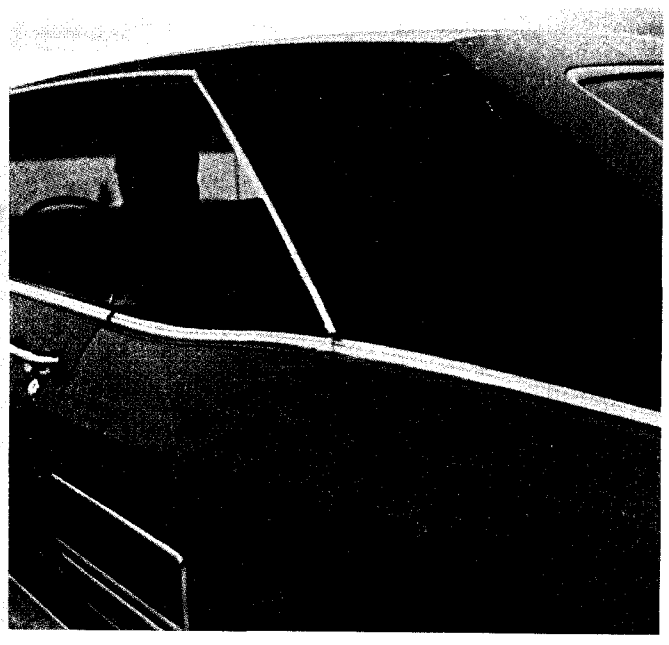
Adventure is a car called Riviera



If you think a car is just for getting from here to there, forget it. The Riviera isn't for you. Buick engineers planned the Riviera in the same uncompromising mood that produces a Gran Turismo racer. They gave it an exceptionally low center of gravity; individually tuned front and rear suspension systems; a 340 h.p. engine. They were out to put some adventure back in driving. And it takes less than ten minutes in the comfort of a Riviera's left front bucket seat to discover how well they succeeded. See the '64 Riviera—a great new international classic car—at your Buick dealer's. Fall in love with it. Make the grand gesture and buy it. What else could make you feel as shamelessly smug or give you as much satisfaction?

AND IT'S A BUICK





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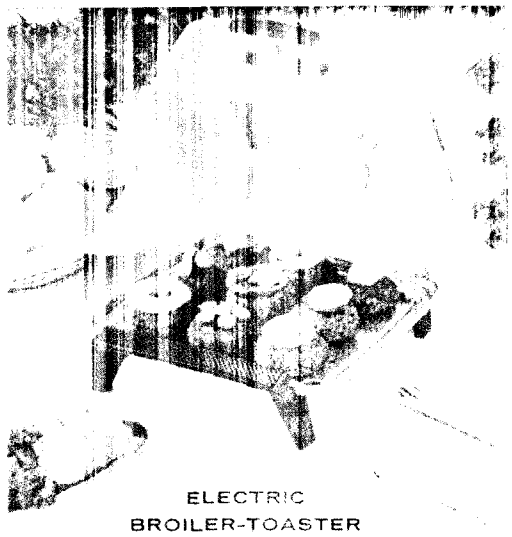

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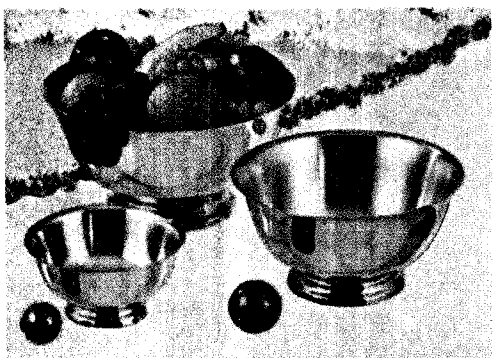

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SPEAKING OUT

year before Pearl Harbor, with the war going badly for the Allies, I proposed conversion of the idle manufacturing capacity of the auto industry to military production. Industry executives argued vehemently that this was impossible because, they insisted, their plants were equipped with single-purpose machinery. Some time after Pearl Harbor, however, the auto executives boasted that they had converted about four fifths of their machinery to arms production.

In 1950 I proposed a plan for a total peace offensive that included the concept of the Peace Corps. This idea, too, was brushed off as impractical. Yet today the Peace Corps is recognized as by far our most successful foreign-policy innovation since the Marshall Plan.

It will be argued that "we can't afford" the massive economic aid required to implement this peace strategy. Actually, the investment of $20 billion in the waging of the peace would give our economy a greatly needed thrust. It would increase demand, for economic aid would be given in trucks, tractors, tools and other goods, and not in money.

The $20 billion is hardly one third of what we are losing this year as a result of unemployment and idle productive capacity. The now-idle men and women who, under this proposal, would be put to work to fabricate the tools of economic development would spend their earnings to satisfy their family needs. This would give rise to a second wave of demand that would, in a chain reaction, create still more jobs. The newly employed workers would have incomes out of which to pay taxes; and the factories that employed them would have more profits which would also yield more tax revenues and more funds for industrial expansion.

Critics will say that a $20 billion aid program would mean a vast hike in the national debt. But we do not hesitate to increase the debt in a shooting war. Furthermore, the increase would soon be paid off out of the higher tax revenues generated by a booming economy. Corporations—which resort to borrowing much more freely than the Government—incur debt so they can expand their output and prosper in the future. Increased aid spending would be the same sort of investment in the future.

Earlier this year a committee under Gen. Lucius Clay submitted to the President a report on foreign aid. The report contended that our present limited aid program is "trying to do too much for too many." This contention will doubtless be raised as an argument against the vastly expanded program here proposed. Unhappily, the argument stands the truth on its head. The Clay report itself concedes that 72 percent of our total foreign-assistance appropriations this year consists of military and military-supporting assistance. This leaves no more than a billion dollars in purely economic aid to meet the nonmilitary needs of an underdeveloped world gasping for help. As against the imperatives of the situation, "trying to do too little for too few" becomes a more objective description of our current aid program.

The inadequacies of our aid program are starkly highlighted by comparison with our most successful aid undertaking, the Marshall Plan. Our Marshall Plan contribution amounted to an average of $11.85 annually for each person living in the 16 European countries reached by it. Last year our total economic assistance, including that in support of military programs, came to only $1.85 per person in all recipient countries. On a per ca basis our present economic-aid progr have shriveled to a sixth of the amount we provided under the Marshall Plan.

Obviously the waging of a total peace offensive will entail some administrative inefficiencies and occasional waste. But these problems, like the impoverishment which underlies them, will yield to determined effort. It may be that political reforms will be necessary in some countries if aid is to be effective. These reforms will be rapidly achieved once development programs begin to show dramatic results where the political setting is favorable. At this point the populations of lagging nations will insist—and find ways to assure—that their governments create the conditions that will enable them, too, to share in such progress.

The Clay report calls for withholding aid from projects, no matter how essential, that do not conform to our economic pattern. Yet emerging nations may be faced with economic necessities which will dictate other patterns. As so staunch an adherent of private enterprise as Thomas J. Watson Jr., chairman of I.B.M., recognizes, "New and underdeveloped nations need more government ownership of basic facilities than do more-developed nations." The evidence of recent years indicates that such nations resist Communist encroachment, even though their economics differ from ours.

They help the Reds

We are at a place in history where the pragmatic idealist has become the practical realist. Those who seemingly take a "hard line" on Communism often play into the hands of the Communists, because they are unwilling to deal with the pressing social problems out of which Communism builds its power.

No one knows this better than Premier Khrushchev. Together with several trade-union colleagues, I spent four hours with the premier during his visit to the United States. During the talk, he depicted our free society as torn by competing pressure groups incapable of rising above selfish interest. He believes we can attain full employment and full production only when we are producing for war and that we cannot make a comparable effort in time of peace.

Is he right? I don't think so. I am confident that we do not need war to make us act expansively and boldly. The nation seems increasingly unwilling to drift from crisis to crisis—into new Cubas and Congos—until one day events really do become unmanageable. I think our sense of urgency, in fact, has reached the point where we are ready to seize the initiative and to hold it long enough to move mankind back from the nuclear abyss. The United States is ready, I believe, to provide leadership in reshaping the free world's defense community into a Grand Alliance for Peace with a new and heightened sense of purpose. Abraham Lincoln, in his profound but simple wisdom, warned that America could not exist half free and half slave. Today, peace and freedom cannot be made secure in a world half fed and half starvi
As a nation we have always respon to the challenge of war by making a total effort. We must do no less if we are to win the peace. THE END

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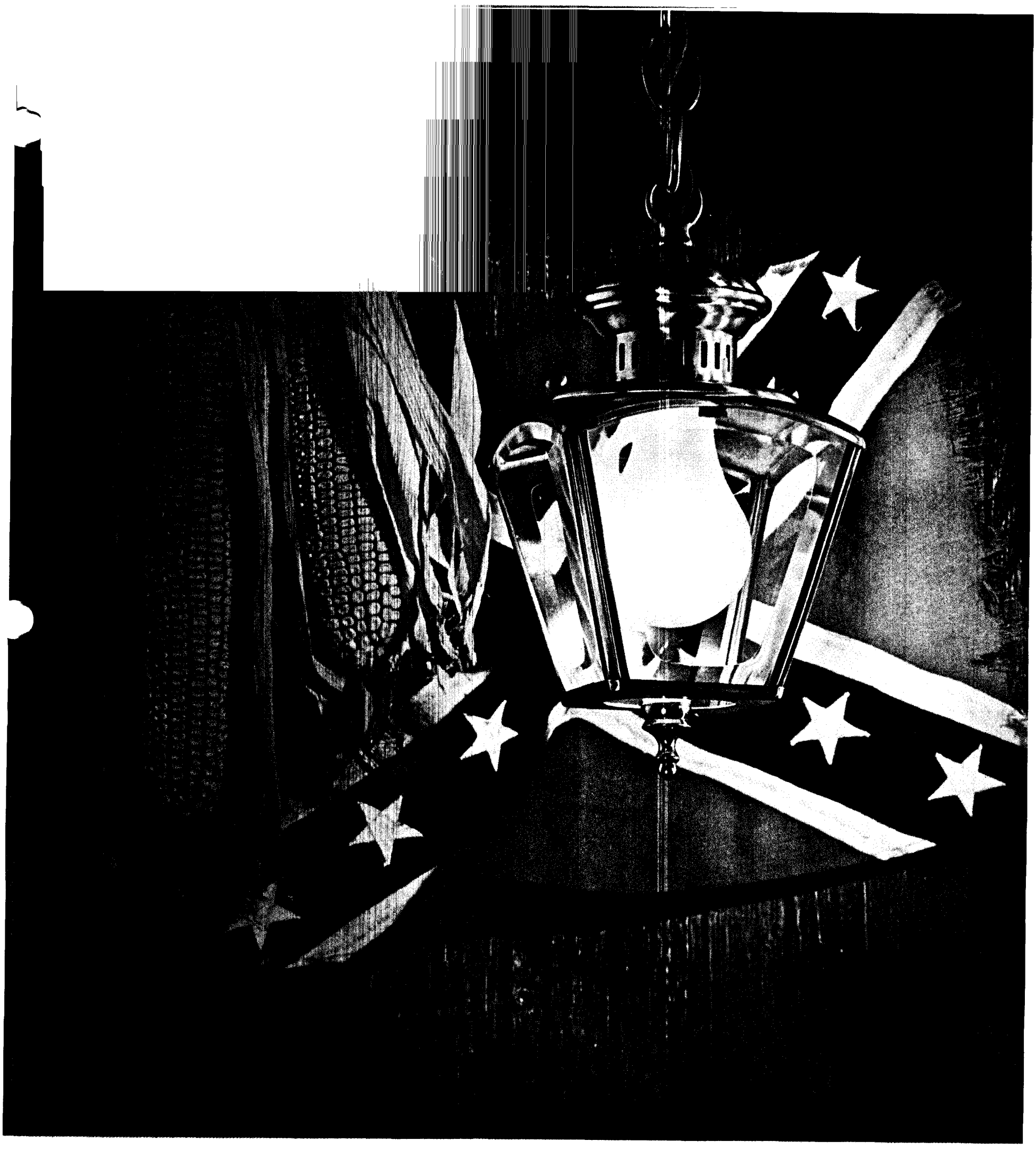

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Some timely advice to people who want to sail ahead financially

(BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET LAUNCHED)

If you're like most of us, you've given up the idea of being the richest man in town. But, chances are, you're still interested in how you can get the things you need for yourself and your family. This may be a lot easier than you think.

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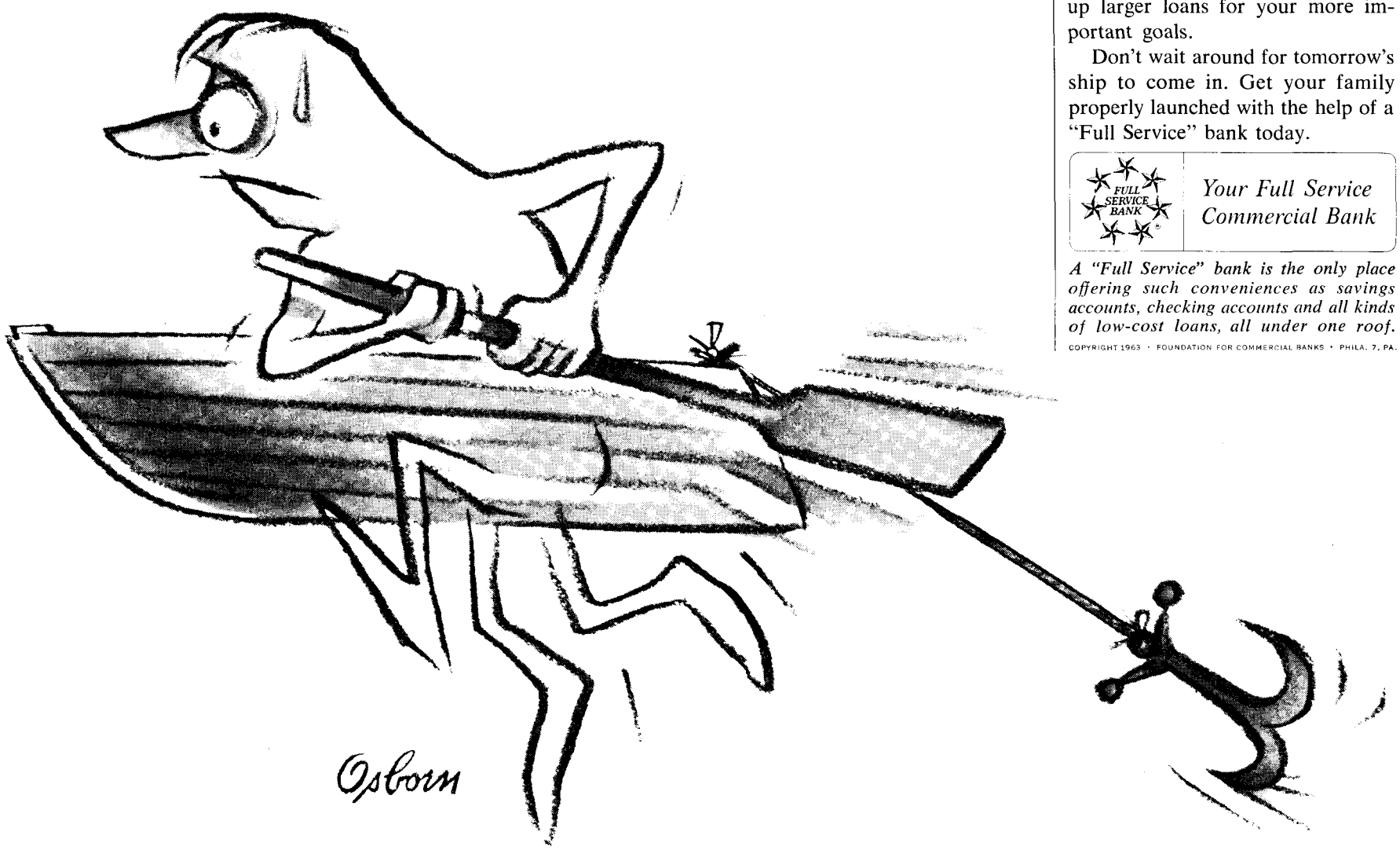

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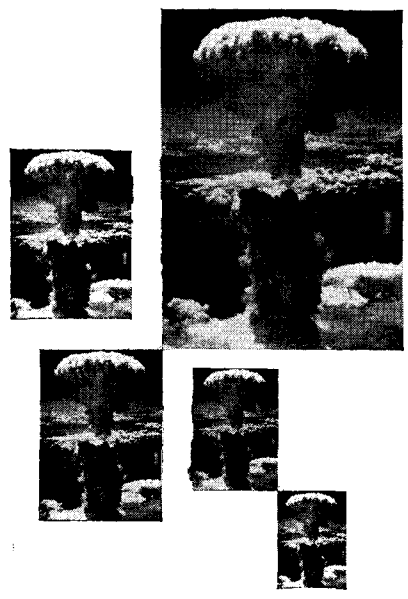
NUDETS—the paradox of horror



WASHINGTON: As a gentle reminder of the weirdness of the world we live in, and a small warning against excessive complacency, it seems worthwhile having a look at a peculiar product of our times called NUDETS.

NUDETS is Pentagonese for Nuclear Detection and Reporting System. The NUDETS system is being built by the General Electric Company at an estimated cost of $25 million at 52 sites in the United States and southern Canada. The chief purpose of the system is to make it possible for the Commander in Chief of the United States, in case of nuclear war, to know at all times how much of the United States there is left to command.

This is a sensible and decidedly unhumorous purpose. And yet it is hard to describe NUDETS with a perfectly straight face, for it sounds ludicrously like the raw material for one of those best sellers about nuclear war. It conjures up some such breathless scene as the following:

The faces around the Command Table opposite the Data Display Screen were grim. Nuclear war was almost certainly imminent, and the President had not arrived at the Classified Location. He had lingered in Washington for some urgent last-minute business. Had NUDETS failed? Had Washington been obliterated already? Had the detonation for some reason not been recorded on the Data Display Screen?

The Secretary of State turned to the Vice President to say something in a low voice, and the Vice President shifted uneasily in his chair. Just then the ponderous inner doors swung silently open, and the President, his face haggard, his step still youthful, strode up to the Command Table and took his place at its center.

"Anything yet?" he asked, turning to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. "No, sir," said the Chairman, "but we have a report from BMEWS. . . ."

He fell silent, as two red lights flashed on the right edge of the schematic map of the United States on the Data Display Screen. Seconds later, numbers and letters began to chase each other across the screen: 2 24MEG LAB Z4 EC 3.5 ID 82 . . . 30MEG GB Z16 EC 3.2 ID 67 . . . 3 10MEG HAB . . .

"Zone four, that's Manhattan," said the Secretary of Defense. "Two twenty-four megaton bombs, low airburst, casualties estimated at three and a half million, 82 percent of the industry in the area destroyed. Zone sixteen—that's Chicago . . ."

The President interrupted to ask a fateful question. . . .

The fateful question the President asked must be left up to the imagination of the novelists. The point is that the above scene is not wholly imaginary. If there is ever a nuclear war, and if NUDETS operates as it is expected to operate, a scene in substance like that produced above will indeed take place.

When NUDETS is complete, the electronic sensing devices at the 52 NUDETS sites (the first is now under construction in the Washington area) will pinpoint by triangulation the location of any nuclear explosion. The blast, radiation and thermal effects will be measured, and this information will be relayed to several hardened data-processing centers. Computers with built-in "memories" of nuclear effects and of the population and industrial patterns in each area will then estimate the effects of the bomb. Weather patterns will be taken into account, and estimates will be made of future radiation fatalities—those not yet dead but doomed to die.

The estimates will then be forwarded to the Strategic Air Command, the Air Defense Command, and to the Classified Location (officialese for the President's wartime hideout) for the use of the President (or his successor) and his chief advisers. If the system works as hoped, the President will at all times know how much shipping, or oil capacity, or machine-tool plant, the country has left—and also how many people.

The system obviously makes sense. If the nuclear weapon is the chief instrument of national power, then the nation must prepare seriously for nuclear war. All the same, it is curiously difficult to take seriously such macabre by-products of our bizarre age as NUDETS. As in an overhorrible horror movie, the macabre tends to become merely odd, or even funny.

For example, there is something risible about the trouble SAC and Air Defense officers have had with the existing Bomb Alarm System, which NUDETS will replace. This more primitive system merely reports the site of major explosions, without further information. From time to time the system reports that St. Louis, say, has been blasted off the face of the earth. In the early days all hell would break loose when such a report came through. Now an officer calmly calls St. Louis, and if the operator answers, it is assumed the city is still there. Repair teams are then sent to replace the damaged sensor. Usually the trouble is explained by the fact that the sensors, often mounted on telephone poles, make tempting targets for boys with .22 rifles.

To most of us the realities of nuclear war are so monstrous that we simply don't think much about the matter. But the new breed of defense intellectuals have trained themselves to consider the effects of nuclear warfare as dispassionately as a virologist examining his bugs through a microscope. For example, Dr. Ralph Lapp, in *Kill and Overkill*, quotes from a study of how the entire population of the United States might be destroyed. The thing might be done, the authors of the study triumphantly conclude, if "a method of optimally distributing weapons among large areas in order to maximize radiation casualties" were adopted.

Professional military men have also schooled their minds to oblivion of horror. I vividly remember an Air Force general—no fool and a great field commander—who poked his cigar in my face and said, "The only difference between this coming war and the last, Alsop, is that some of you civilians are going to get hurt." The statement is as weirdly ludicrous, in its way, as talk of "optimally" using radiation in order to "maximize" the massacre.

Maybe it is lucky that specialists in and out of uniform are able to "think about the unthinkable." But it also begins to seem conceivable that the very unthinkability of nuclear war has changed the course of history, in the same way that a flood may change the course of a river. Until this time, the recurrence of ever more terrible wars has seemed a law of history. But has the nuclear weapon, just because its terrors are so grotesque that they are hard to take seriously, perhaps repealed that law?

Stewart Alsop

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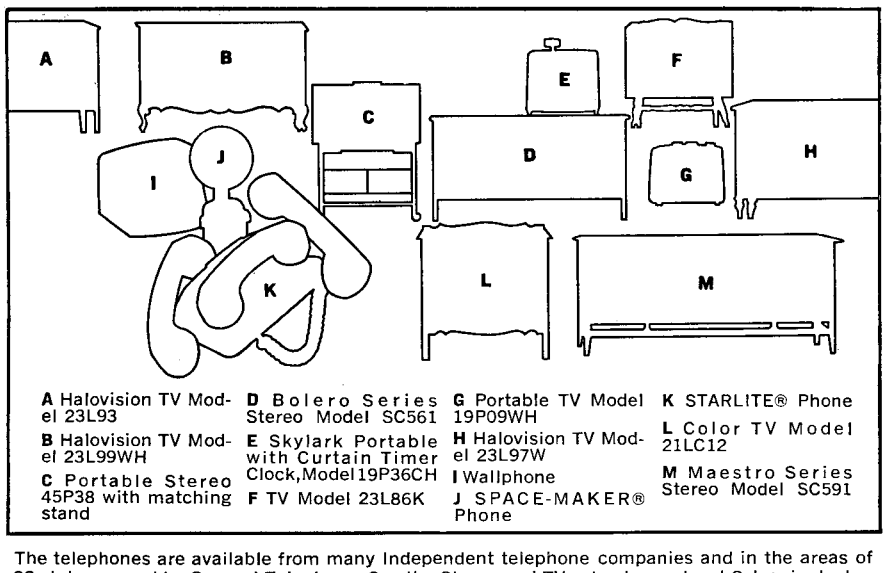

A Halovision TV Model 23L93
B Halovision TV Model 23L99WH
C Portable Stereo 45P38 with matching stand
D Bolero Series Stereo Model SC561
E Skylark Portable with Curtain Timer Clock, Model 19P36CH
F TV Model 23L86K
G Portable TV Model 19P09WH
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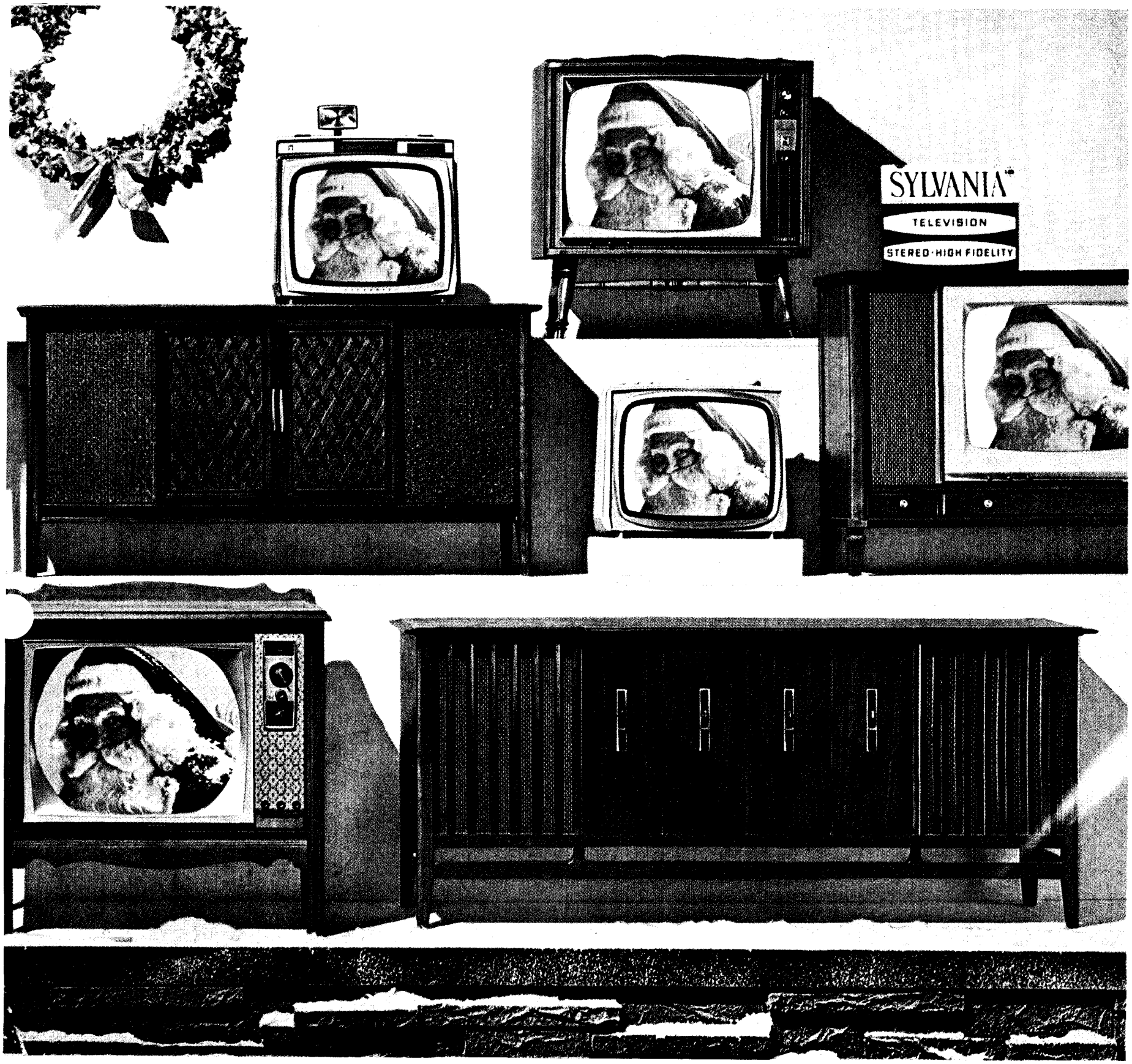

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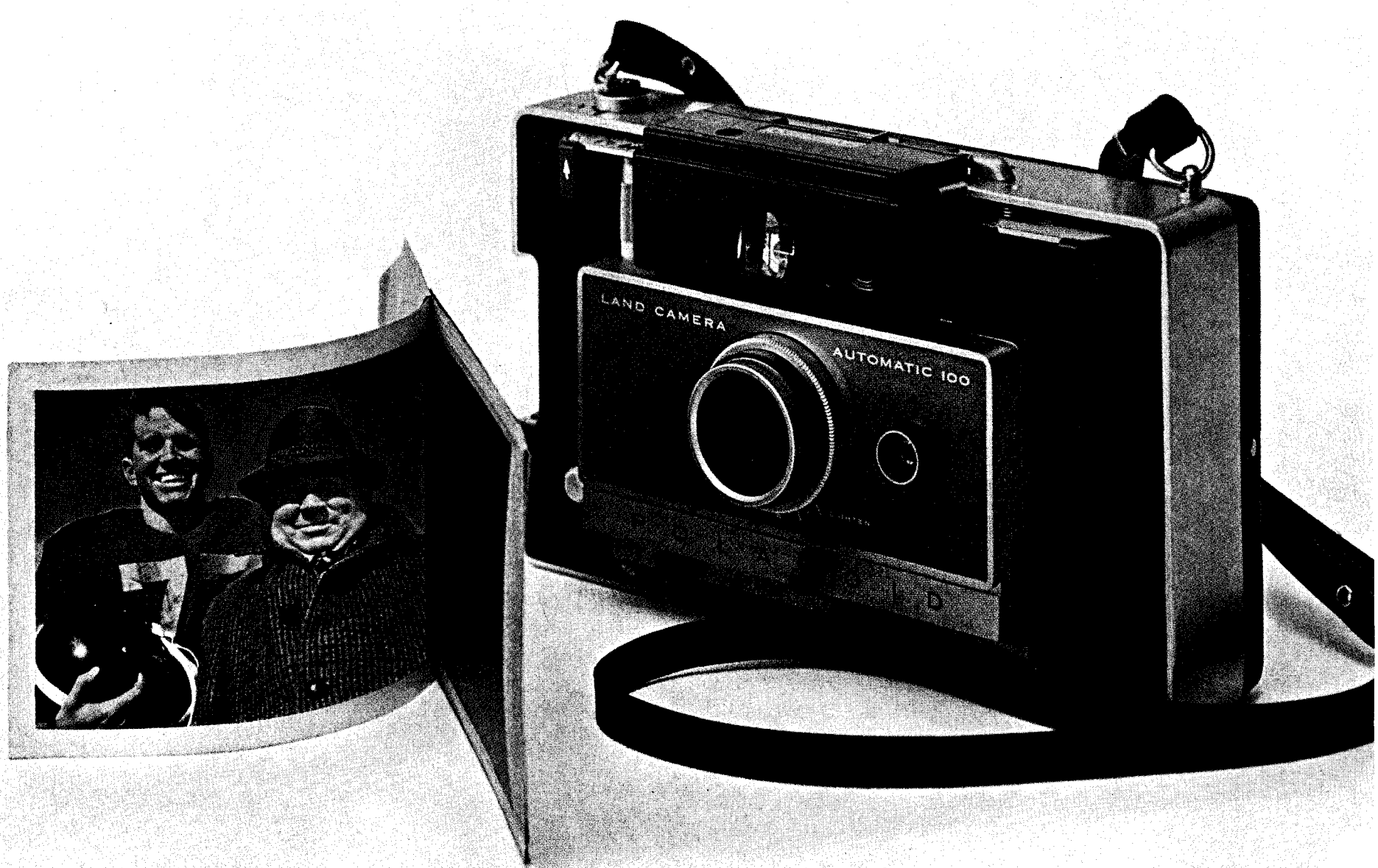

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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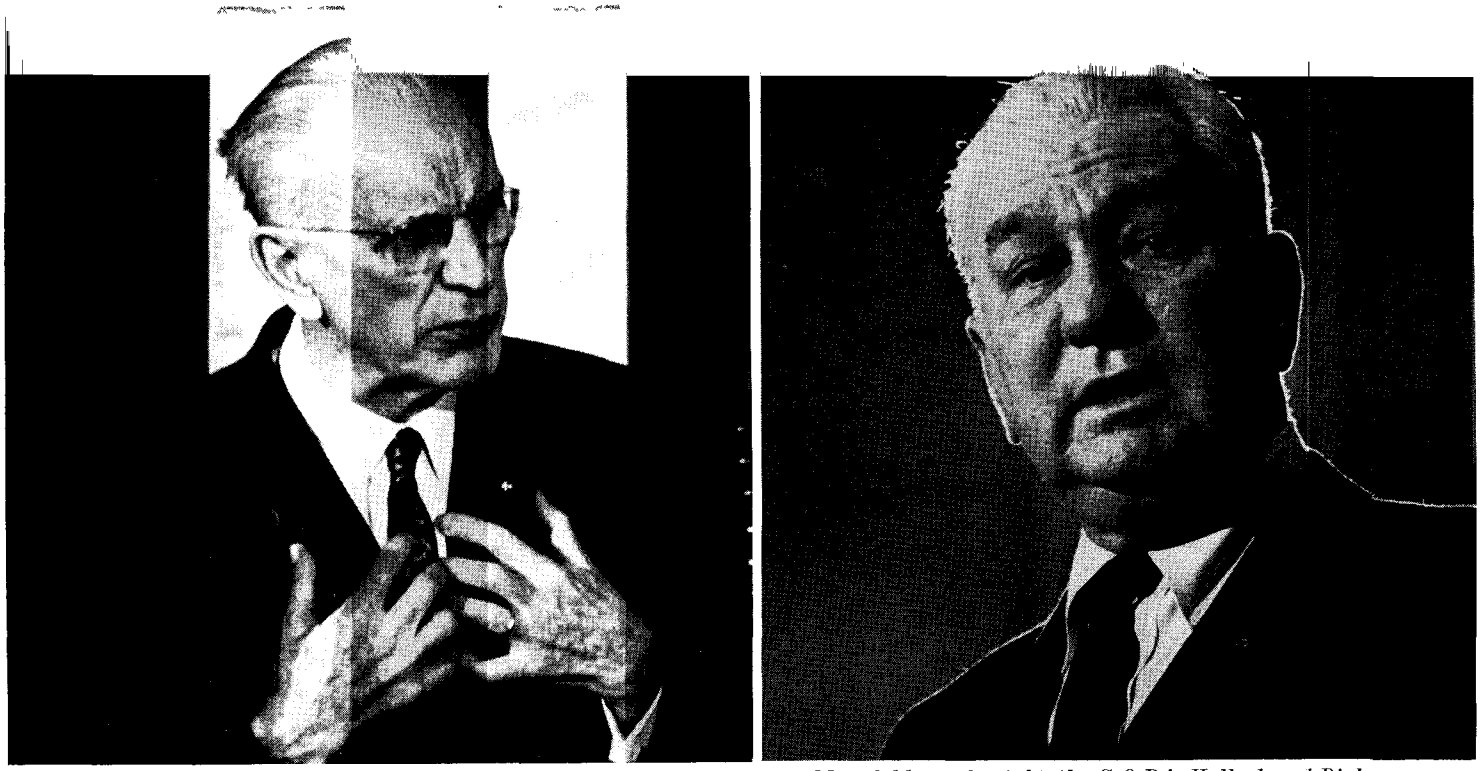
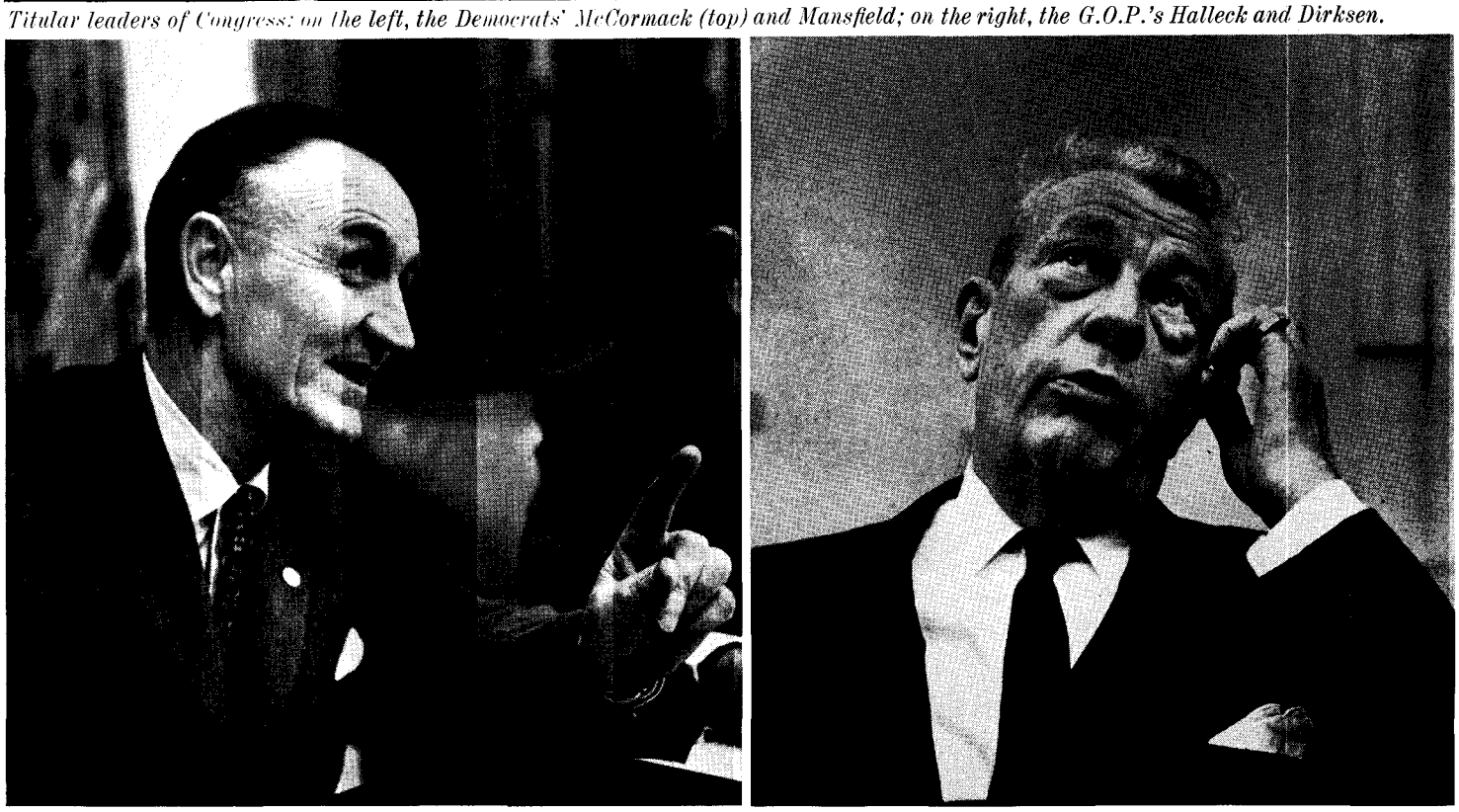


Titular leaders of Congress: on the left, the Democrats' McCormack (top) and Mansfield; on the right, the G.O.P.'s Halleck and Dirksen.



The Failure of Congress

Legislative paralysis, under rules that permit a southern minority to stifle needed bills, perverts democracy in America—and threatens to wreck it.

By STEWART ALSOP

The Congress of the United States is in deep trouble. More than ever before, the public attitude toward Congress is a mixture of indifference, amusement and contempt. It is time to ask why this is so, and whether anything can be done about it. For when the citizens of a democracy begin to hold their legislature in contempt, democracy is itself in danger.

There is an obvious reason why the reputation of Congress is—to use a favorite phrase of a great congressman, the late Sam Rayburn—"lower than a snake's belly." Never before in history has Congress talked so long to accomplish so little.

Only once before in peacetime—in Woodrow Wilson's first term—has Congress remained in session from opening day right around to the next December. That first Wilson Congress accomplished a great deal. Here is what the second Kennedy Congress has accomplished, as summed up by Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut.

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"The damn liberals just don't understand power—all they understand is sentiment."

"Of our four major objectives of this session, a tax cut, a civil-rights bill, a general aid-to-education bill, and a Medicare bill, none has a real chance of enactment this year."

There is plenty of other evidence to support Dodd's charge that this congressional session is a "shambles." Appropriations are supposed to be approved by the end of July each year, to provide money for the next fiscal year. As of late fall, the State, Justice and Commerce departments are still living hand-to-mouth, because Congress has never got round to voting funds for them.

"The Hill has gone to Hell," says an old hand on Capitol Hill, "since the Speaker died and Lyndon left." "The Speaker," of course, was Sam Rayburn of Texas. "Rayburn's personal power and prestige," says Democratic Rep. Richard Bolling of Missouri, "made the institution *appear* to work. When Rayburn died, the thing just fell apart." Rayburn's successor, John McCormack of Massachusetts, an elderly, earnest man who looks like an exhausted monk, has little or none of Rayburn's power and prestige.

McCormack's opposite number in the Senate, Mike Mansfield of Montana, succeeded Lyndon Johnson as majority leader when Johnson became one of history's unhappiest Vice Presidents. Mansfield—who also looks like an exhausted monk—is universally liked in the Senate, something that could not be said of Johnson. But Dodd tactlessly spoke what was in the minds of many of Mansfield's colleagues when he said, in effect, that Mansfield was not tough enough to be a good leader.

Mansfield himself, when asked by this reporter whether he thought this criticism of his leadership was justified, removed his pipe from his mouth, thought for a moment, and characteristically replied with a monosyllable: "Yes."

"The leadership," Mansfield says, "has no special powers to lead." This theory of leadership is markedly at variance with the Johnson theory. The Johnson theory of leadership, in short, involved the lavish and even ruthless use of "special powers." Johnson's influence on key committee assignments was one of his most important "special powers." Mansfield insists that committee assignments are no business of the leadership. In so doing, he has discarded the leadership's biggest stick and sweetest carrot.

The departure of Johnson and the death of Johnson's immensely rich and immensely powerful ally, Sen. Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, has left a power vacuum in the Senate. Mansfield is like a king of France in the period when the king was merely *primus inter pares*—and not all that *primus* either—among a fiercely competing throng of dukes and barons. McCormack, because the House is so huge and so unmanageable, has even less real authority than Mansfield.

Fate and the accident of character have thus contributed to the decay of Congress. The same elements played a part in the fall of Bobby Baker, secretary to the Democratic majority. The downfall of poor Bobby—actually a likable country-slicker type—has contributed to the widespread notion that most senators spend their time cavorting with call girls in luxury hotels and making big money on the side. This is not true, but it has hurt the reputation of Congress at least as much as its do-nothing record.

But the real trouble with Congress is deeper and more permanent than Mike Mansfield's excessive amiability or Bobby Baker's slickness. Representative Bolling, a Democrat and the foremost student of congressional history in the House, went to the heart of the matter in one sentence: "The trouble with Congress is not Congress but the Democratic Party in Congress."

The Democrats in the Senate have a crushing majority over the Republicans—67 to 33. There is also a big Democratic majority in the House. But these majorities are wholly deceptive, because the party nomenclature is deceptive.

There are two parties in Congress. But in reality they are not the Democratic and Republican parties. They are the generally liberal Presidential Party and the generally conservative Party of the Congressional Establishment. On major issues—if the issue can be brought to a vote—the Presidential Party usually has the edge. There is no doubt, for example, that the President's tax-cut and civil-rights bills would be enacted if they could be brought intact to a vote in both houses. But the machinery of Congress is controlled by the Establishment Party. So bills the Establishment Party does not like either do not come to a vote at all, or come to a vote after endless delay and in emasculated form.

The Establishment, which has also been called the Club, the Inner Club, includes most of the Southerners. It also includes most senior Republicans and a scattering of conservative Democrats from outside the South. But the Southerners dominate it. Since the Establishment controls the machinery, the Southerners representing less than a sixth of the voting population dominate both Houses of Congress.

A neat trick. How do they do it?

To understand the answer to that question, you have to understand something about the atmosphere and something about the real power structure of Congress. The Congress—the Senate especially—has a curious atmosphere, at once cozy and awe-inspiring. The Capitol is the last place in Washington—except perhaps for the Treasury, and not excepting the gutted White House—with an authentic smell of the past.

The place is almost palpably populated with the ghosts of Clay and Calhoun and Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens and Vandenberg and Taft and Rayburn. At the same time, with its overstuffed leather chairs and its Brumidi frescoes and general aura of camaraderie, the place is also wonderfully cozy and clubbish.

This combination of history and coziness has its effect on men. Senators, especially, adore being senators. "This is the most wonderful job in the world," says freshman Sen. Claiborne Pell. "Only ninety-nine other people in the world have as good a job, and no one has a better one."

A senator or representative soon gets emotionally caught up in the wonderful world of Capitol Hill. He wants to shine in that world, as well as the larger world outside. The way—almost the only way—to shine in both worlds is to get on good committees. The committees are where the work of Congress is done, and where reputations are made or unmade. There are 16 standing committees in the Senate, 20 in the House. Of the 36, about half are considered "good." A man who wants to get on good committees had better not alienate the Establishment.

One great key to the power of the Establishment is the seniority system. Because of political longevity in the one-party South, this system gives the Southerners a near-monopoly of the most important committee chairmanships. The committee chairmen are the dukes and barons of Congress—in the words of the first Robert LaFollette, "they report, shape or suppress legislation at will."

But that is not all. The Establishment in both parties controls the party committees which meet once every two years to make new committee assignments. For example, the Democratic Steering Committee in the Senate is solidly controlled by the Establishment. As Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania has pointed out, seven of the 15 members are from the South, and nine of the 15 are staunch conservatives, whereas two thirds of the Democrats in the Senate are non-Southerners and Kennedy men.

This careful weighting of the Steering Committee—which most people outside Congress have never heard of—in turn makes it possible for the Establishment to maintain numerical control of the really key committees, notably the purse-string committees, Appropriations and Finance.

Nor is this all. To the Establishment, the rule of seniority is sacred—when it suits the Establishment. But when it does not suit, the sacred rule can be broken. For example, Senator Cl
who is considered ungentlemanly and unc

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"The Hill has gone to hell."

'Power is like sex. If you think it's sinful, you don't enjoy it and you're not much good at it."

bable for openly attacking the Establishment, has been trying to get on the Foreign Relations Committee for years. He has repeatedly been passed over in favor of more clubbable types junior in service to him. For another example, in the current session, of 14 nonfreshman senators who voted against the South on the filibuster issue, only one got his first choice committee assignment—and in several cases seniority was disregarded. Not wholly by chance, six out of eight of those who voted with the South on cloture got their first choice.

Bucking the Establishment, in short, is what is known in the Pentagon as "counterproductive." Moreover, it is one of those things that is, in the British phrase, "not done." The atmosphere of gentlemanly camaraderie is carefully nurtured by the Establishment members, most of whom are men of considerable personal charm. When Senator Dodd attacked the Senate leadership, he was made to feel, by his own account, "like a skunk at a lawn party." A clubbable club member simply does not attack the people who run his club.

What is more, the Southerners and their conservative allies are by and large a lot abler and smarter and more unified than the liberals.

"The damn liberals," says Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey, himself the Senate's leading liberal, "they just don't understand power—all they understand is sentiment. After all, politics is just the way you spell power, but the liberals think power is sinful."

Another liberal senator agrees with Humphrey: "Power is like sex. If you think it's sinful, you don't enjoy it and you're not much good at it." Again and again the liberals of the Presidential Party, mistaking sentiment for power, play straight into the hands of the Establishment Party.

The relentless verbosity of Sen. Wayne Morse in the foreign-aid debate, for example, dovetailed nicely with the anti-civil-rights strategy of the Southerners. And the liberals on the House Judiciary Committee very nearly scuttled all chance for civil-rights legislation by insisting on an ultraliberal bill which could not possibly pass.

There is another element in the equation, and that is the power of the Presidency. At the beginning of his first term President Kennedy had a key decision to make. Should he try to lick the Establishment, or should he try to "jine 'em"? He decided on the latter course. In terms of the political mathematics, this was a sensible strategy—the Administration badly needed southern votes, especially in the House.

An essential if unspoken part of the strategy was to rise above the principles expressed in the Democratic platform and skirt the civil-rights issue. Even before the Negro revolt last summer, the congressional machinery was slowing down. When the Negroes took to the streets, the President decided that their revolt could be contained only by giving the Negroes a strong civil-rights bill. When the civil-rights bill was accordingly introduced last summer, the Southerners reacted like Samson in the temple. To defeat civil rights they risk bringing the whole structure of the congressional institution crashing about their ears.

No Southerner will admit it for the record, but the southern strategy is to delay not only the civil-rights bill itself but anything else that can be delayed. Since the South dominates the Establishment, and the Establishment controls the congressional machinery, the machinery has come almost to a dead stop.

The machinery cannot be absolutely halted. Larry O'Brien, the President's able chief of staff for Congress, is no doubt right when he predicts that Congress will eventually pass both the tax cut and civil-rights legislation. But when? And what kind of legislation?

The President first proposed a tax cut in August, 1962. No doubt he will get some sort of tax cut in 1964. But it will be short of virtually all the Administration's proposals for closing tax loopholes, and in other ways it will bear only a distant family resemblance to the original Kennedy tax program. And something is obviously wrong with our system of government when it takes the legislative branch 18 months or more to get around to voting on the basic program of the executive branch.

The power of the Establishment is, in fact, an essentially negative power. Since World War II only a single piece of really major legislation—the Taft-Hartley Law—has originated wholly in Congress. To be sure, when the President and the Establishment agree, as in the case of the railroad crisis or the nuclear test ban, Congress can act expeditiously. When they do not agree, the Establishment has the power to stage what Walter Lippmann has called a "furtive and degenerate form of the filibuster." The Establishment's power is the power to delay and emasculate.

The result is a catatonic Congress and a frustrated Executive. No doubt there are those who like it that way. They may even be a majority. "We're in the era of physiological politics," says Hubert Humphrey. "Empty stomach, full head; full stomach, empty head." As long as most stomachs are full, people don't want to think about politics. "The country's fat, dumb and happy," says another senator. "Most people would just as soon we did nothing but talk."

Among those who see no need for any major change in the way Congress operates is Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, the most important Establishment Republican. "The American Congress is like an old waterlogged scow," says Dirksen, paraphrasing Fisher Ames, a congressman of an earlier era. "It doesn't go far. It doesn't go fast. But it doesn't sink."

Maybe so, but the feeling is beginning to be widespread in Congress that the old scow is getting altogether too waterlogged for comfort, and that something has got to be done to make *sure* it doesn't sink. There are more proposals for reforming Congress than there are congressmen. Most of them originate with the liberals, and most are concerned with changing the rules in such a way as to break the grip of the Establishment on the congressional machinery.

The more sensible liberals themselves agree that in the way Congress operates there is much that is either admirable or unavoidable. Most senators see no practical substitute for the seniority system. There is even much to be said for the filibuster. And it is surely better to have the Senate operate like a club than like a snake pit. "One thing I didn't realize when I came here," says Hubert Humphrey. "You have to have rules. You have to have tradition."

This is true. But rules and tradition should help Congress to function, not prevent it from functioning. Mike Mansfield, in his mild-mannered way, states the heart of the matter. "A President has a right," says Mansfield rather plaintively, "to expect reasonably prompt consideration of any major proposal." In short, if the reputation of the Congress is to be restored, the power to delay and emasculate must be limited.

Obviously the Southerners have every right to fight like tigers against the President's civil-rights program. For that matter, Democratic senators like Gore and Proxmire have every right to fight like tigers against his tax program, on the grounds that it is a "rich man's tax bill." But the duly elected representatives of the people, after due consideration, should also have a right to vote, one way or the other. What is needed is to find some way to make certain that Congress will vote within a reasonable time limit—60 days? 90 days? Six months?—on major presidential proposals.

The Establishment will fight to the death any change in the rules which would limit its powers. But unless he is willing to accept frustration and deadlock for as long as he is President, Kennedy is going to have to rally the Presidential Party and fight back. What is at stake is not only the power of the President to lead but the respect of the country for its Congress. That respect is being rapidly eroded, and for good reason. Like a nonfighting soldier, a nonlegislating legislature is inherently contemptible.

(*For another side of Congress' failure see page 26*)

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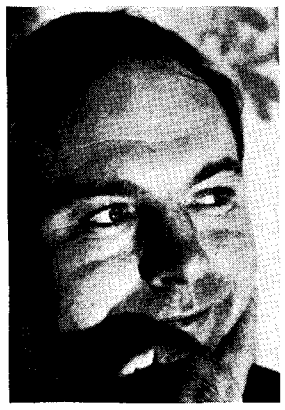
The Senate created Bobby Baker, and now this unwieldy body of men must share responsibility for what he did.

Bobby was the boy to see

BY BEN H. BAGDIKIAN AND DON OBERDORFER



Ralph Hill

Story broke when vending-machine company owner sued Baker, charging Bobby had accepted payoffs, then double-crossed him.

"I put the cash into a white envelope. He always wanted cash, no checks. At first it was $250 a month—two hundred's and a fifty. I'd lick the flap, put the envelope in my pocket, drive up to the Capitol and go into his office. We'd be alone, just him and me. He'd take the envelope, tear off the end, pull out the money and count it. Once, when the price went up to $650 a month and we didn't have a chance to go to the bank, we had to use money from company receipts in the office. So I took this great big wad of bills into his office at the Capitol, and he counted it all out. It was $650, all in twenties, tens and fives laid out on his desk. He always counted it out right then and there."

The speaker is Ralph Hill, an aggressive, 35-year-old Washington businessman from a small town in South Carolina. "Him" is Bobby Gene Baker, another aggressive, 35-year-old Washington businessman from another small town in South Carolina. Hill made his accusations in a civil lawsuit filed September 9. Until he made these charges—which Baker has categorically denied—Bobby was also secretary for the Democratic majority of the United States Senate. He was known—to those who knew him at all—as the quiet, efficient "perfect servant" of the Senate.

When the long, electric signal rang through the marble mazes of the Capitol, bringing senators rushing to the chamber for a vote, Bobby Baker was always at the rear of the august hall, a slightly stooped young man, almost six feet tall, dressed in an impeccable dark suit with a vest and a white silk tie. As each Democratic senator bustled through the swinging door, he would whisper briefly with Baker. Page boys would rush to him with scribbled telephone messages, and Bobby, still talking, would scan the messages and stuff them into pockets already full of paper. He would whisk down the aisle and talk briefly with one senator, hurry over in response to a toss of the head from another. He snapped his fingers, and a page boy sprang to his side. A few words and the page would evaporate on some silent errand.

Quietly, efficiently, flawlessly, Bobby organized the vote, shepherding the majority of what senators modestly tell themselves is "the greatest deliberative body in the world." He was informing each senator what the vote was for, what the leadership would like and what the final count was likely to be. At any given moment he knew where every senator was and what he was doing. He would tell them when they should be present and when they could leave, when it was wise to speak and when to keep quiet. And he was seldom wrong.

Bobby was a gracious impresario, moving like a polite nephew among so many busy uncles. He regularly informed one senator when he could safely take an hour off for his daily visit to the Senate gymnasium. During the round-the-clock civil-rights filibuster of 1958, he told elderly Democratic liberals when they could go home to sleep—and then dispatched police cruisers to pick them up when they were needed on the floor. Once Bobby chased Sen. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma by telephone for three days, while the senator was flying through Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel, trying to summon him back for an unexpected farm-bill vote important to Monroney's future.

No law or regulation describes Bobby's job, but he was the most effective helper the Senate ever had. He knew on almost every issue which way the Senate would go and how each senator would vote and why he would vote that way. The Senate found him almost indispensable.

Then Ralph Hill sued Bobby and some of his friends. He charged that the Senate majority secretary had used his influence to get Hill's vending machines into a defense plant and then, after taking cash payoffs, conspired to cancel the vending contract. Bobby denied all of Hill's charges. Nevertheless, all kinds of rumors began to spread through Washington. Stories of strange goings-on appeared in the press. The FBI entered the case.

At first the Senate remained officially unconcerned. Bobby's boss, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, said his aide's outside businesses were no affair of the Senate. But one senator disagreed: Dogged John Williams of Delaware stirred from his chair in the chamber and pursued his own quiet investigation downtown. Bobby avoided him as long as possible and finally resigned rather than face his questions.

As the scandal grew, some people began talking of it as an American "Profumo case," for Bobby Baker's world included a number of pretty girls who were not interested solely in politics. The most spectacular was Ellen Rometsch, a brunet model married to a sergeant in the German embassy. After an FBI investigation both the Rometsches were mysteriously whisked back to Germany.

Reporters looking into rumors of wild parties invaded the Quorum Club, a disappointingly tame establishment which Bobby had helped organize as a Capitol Hill meeting place for lawmakers and lobbyists. They trooped to the Carousel, a million-dollar luxury motel in Ocean City, Md., that Bobby had built as a "high-style hideaway for the advise-and-consent set." In addition, they discovered that Bobby, his wife and five children were living in a new $124,500 mansion, complete with a Chinese houseboy to answer the door. Bobby also owned a $28,000 town house occupied by his 23-year-old administrative assistant, a former beauty queen named Carole Tyler.

And along with this high life, reporters uncovered the first traces of an incredible financial empire. Bobby turned out to be an insider on a spectacular stock deal of the Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corporation. He had close ties to Serv-U Corporation, which had a $3.5 million vending business in defense plants. Newsmen reported his interests in a private law practice, an insurance firm, a travel agency, real estate—even a cemetery.

Bobby Baker's official salary was $19,600 yearly. By his own estimate his assets were over $1.5 million. The Senate decided it had better investigate.

The legislators' initial reluctance was understandable. Bobby knows and the senators know that whatever he did has also been done by some of the men he served. Senators for years have laid down rigid rules for others in government, but they have refused to apply similar rules to themselves. To a remarkable degree, the senators would be sitting in judgment on the values Bobby Baker had learned from them.

Bobby, more than any other human being, was the child of the United States Senate. He was delivered unto that body while he was still in knee pants. From the start of his rise at the age of 14 to the moment of his fall at age 35, he was never off the Senate payroll.

In 1942 a senator from South Carolina, on the recommendation of friends, chose young Bobby to be a Senate page boy. Cold and homesick, he arrived by bus from his hometown of Pickens, S. C., with $60 in his wallet. When he showed up for work at the Capitol, the older boys took him into the gloomy caverns of the cellar and stripped off his brand-new page-boy knickerbockers to administer the usual broomstick hazing. To their delight, the country kid was wearing old-fashioned long woolen underwear. They whopped him extra hard, until he could not sit down; they squirted him with Seltzer water and reduced him to bitter sobs. That night in his lonely room he wrote in his diary, "I'm so homesick." For 10 nights he made the identical entry. Back home, Miss Lucille Hallun, one of his schoolteachers, heard of his sorrow and wrote and told him to persevere. She got back a note penciled on lined paper: "Miss Hallun, Bobby Baker don't quit."

Bobby did not quit; instead, he made the Senate his home. In the years that followed Bobby experienced the major episodes of a young man's life under the great dome of the Capitol building itself. There he grew into long pants, had his first shave, went to high school, received his diploma, studied his college and law-school lessons, launched his first business venture, met his wife and courted her. His wedding reception in 1948 was held in the Capitol chambers that are today the offices of a man central to his life, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson. Other boys have aunts and uncles beaming at their receptions. Bobby had five United States senators.

He was friendly, energetic, quick to learn. At the age of 16 he was chief Democratic page boy. At 19 he so impressed his superiors that the patronage committee created a job for him, that of chief of the Democratic cloakroom. His work in this Senate business chamber brought him in close contact with every senator. He learned quickly to hitch his wagon to the Senate's rising stars, particularly a newcomer named Lyndon Johnson. When the job of Senate Democratic whip came open, Bobby discouraged Johnson's opponents by leaking news stories that Lyndon already had it sewed up. Johnson won.

In 1953, when Bobby was 24 years old, Johnson helped him become assistant to the secretary of the Democratic minority. Two years after that the Democrats regained control of the Senate, Johnson became majority leader and Bobby Baker was elected secretary for the majority. The Constitution says a man may not become a senator until he is 30 years old; at the age of 26 Bobby was advising senators what to do.

The country boy showed an early sensitivity to status. In 1947 Bobby borrowed $600 from a fellow Senate employee to start his first business venture. He bought a new car, repainted it as a taxicab and became one of Washington's many part-time cab drivers. Shortly after that he began courting pretty Dorothy Comstock, who was secretary to one of his bosses, Senate Democratic whip Scott Lucas. He hastily went out of the hack business,

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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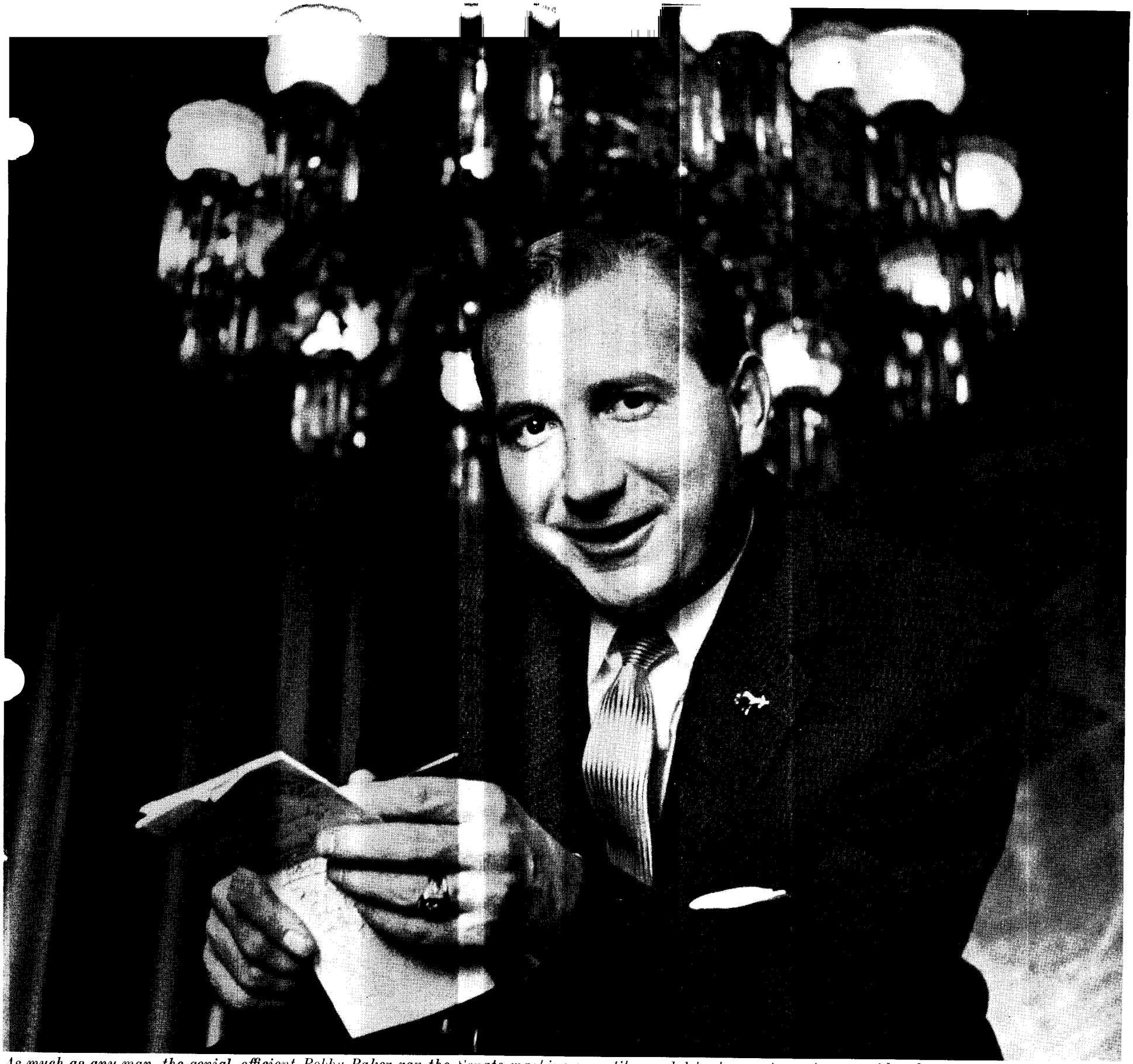

As much as any man, the genial, efficient Bobby Baker ran the Senate machinery; until scandal broke, most senators considered him indispensable.

painting his car back to respectable passenger colors. A little later he had plastic surgery to reduce the prominence of his nose which, apparently, he regarded as unsuitable for a man of growing authority. Then he took yet another step. Bobby Gene Baker was named by his father after the golfer Bobby Jones and the prizefighter Gene Tunney. But now he began to list himself in official directories as "Robert G. Baker." His birth certificate in Pickens County Courthouse bears the original typewritten name, "Bobby Gene Baker." At a date unknown, the name "Robert" was added in ink.

Bobby, as he continued to be known throughout political Washington, was at the threshold of important power. But before one can understand the significance of this power, it is necessary to understand something about the personal problems of a United States senator. He has three urgent pressures: the need for help in voting, the desire for some relief from the demands of the work, and the necessity for money to run for reelection.

A senator must vote on more measures each year than any single human being can possibly understand. Last year the Senate acted on 1,212 bills, some of which had as many as 50 amendments. An elaborate system of committees keeps track of this flood of measures, but when the senator reaches the chamber for a vote, he must find out quickly and accurately what each bill is about and how it affects him. He needs to know when he can safely miss part of the endless debate, when he can prudently return to his state for political fence-mending or escape for dinner with his family. All the while his thoughts drift ahead to the next election, in which virtue may have its place but there is no substitute for campaign funds.

Fate could not have designed a better answer to these problems than Bobby Gene Baker. This impressed many of his bosses even before they reached the Senate. In his additional duty as part-time secretary of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee—the financial and electioneering arm of Senate Democrats—Bobby was often on the road bearing advice and money. For many a new candidate he was like a benevolent angel, their first harbinger of the Promised Land.

The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, which Bobby served from 1956 to 1961, gets its funds from patriotic citizens, from the party faithful and from special interests with axes to grind. Despite campaign finance laws, there is a lot more political spending than anyone reports. Even so, the committee reported receipts of $952,000 during Bobby's five-year tenure. The committee of senators, headed by George Smathers of Florida, decided how the funds would be dispensed. And while Bobby did not determine who got what, he kept financial records in his office, only a few feet from the Senate chamber. This gave him inside knowledge of extraordinary value in politics: who gave money and who got it.

In 1961 a new set of Democratic leaders decided it was imprudent to make laws and collect cash in the same place. They moved the countinghouse downtown. The inconvenience of the new location ended Bobby's campaign-committee role, but it did not end his access to political funds. Last January on the Senate floor he approached a newly elected senator, Tom McIntyre of New Hampshire, and said "some people" he knew would be willing to pick up McIntyre's unpaid campaign bills of more than $10,000. McIntyre declined the offer.

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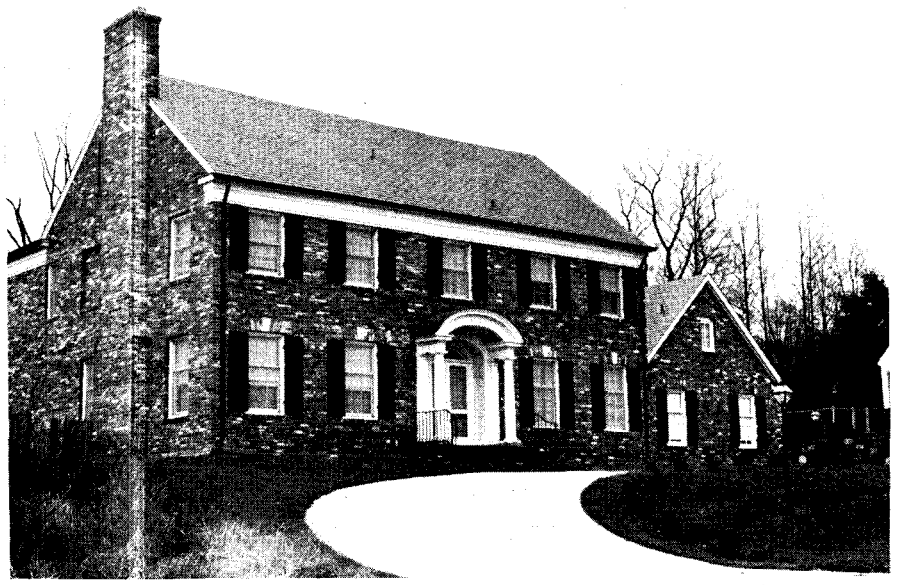
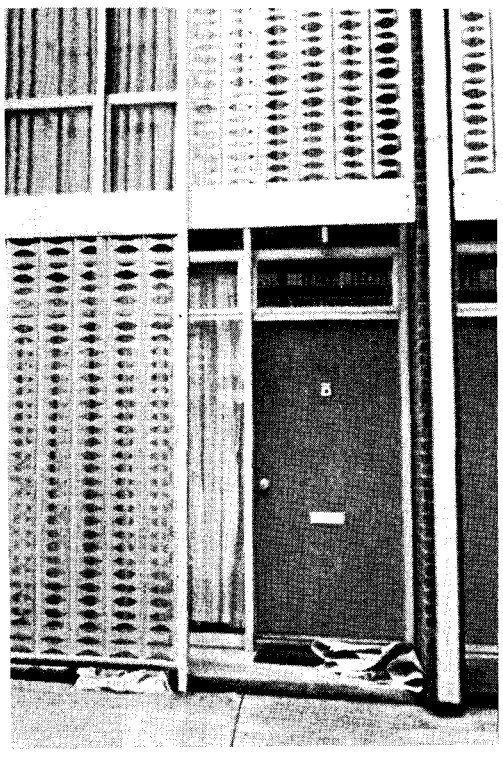


Bobby, his wife and five children recently moved into this $124,500 suburban mansion.

In happier days, Bobby and mink-clad wife, Dorothy, celebrate at friend's wedding.

Baker's administrative assistant, Carole Tyler (right), lived in $28,000 town house which Baker owns; uncollected newspapers in doorway indicate she was not at home.



Congress: A Personal Failure

On a salary of $19,600 he admi

Once elected, virtually the first act of a senator-to-be was to pay a call on Bobby Baker. He was the perfect adviser on where to find a place to live, which of the senatorial elders to cultivate and which committee assignments to try for. A farm-state senator went to Bobby with the intention of getting on the Agriculture Committee. "Don't do it," Bobby told him. "That's for people from safe states. You can't solve the farm problem, and you'll only get hurt at home." This was shrewd advice; the senator was grateful.

For the committees of the Senate, Bobby was like a marriage broker. He knew who was unhappy with what he had, who coveted another's position, who was bored, who was happy. When committee assignments were shuffled, he could play many moves ahead like a computer or master chess player.

Until the very end almost all the senators were fond of Bobby. But a great many of their assistants were not. One reason is that Bobby began to deal directly with senators, bypassing their aides.

"Any time I called Bobby I got him," one senator said. "But my administrative assistant could never reach him unless I was out of town. How would Bobby know I was out of town? I guess I would have called him to see if I could go in the first place."

Anyone studying the evolution of Bobby Baker would find three major influences: Sen. George A. Smathers, the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr; and Vice President Johnson. The fast-climbing Smathers taught Bobby how to dress; the rich and powerful Kerr taught him how to succeed in business; Johnson taught him persuasion, politics and power. The most important, by far, was Johnson.

Bobby's soft South Carolina drawl hardened into an exact copy of Johnson's parched Texas twang, until on the telephone it was almost impossible to distinguish between them. Johnson has no sons, and some people began to call Bobby "Little Lyndon."

Lyndon Johnson not only helped shape Baker; he also transformed the institution they both served. Johnson's skill at fence-mending, logrolling and coalition-building changed the Senate from a loose collection of independent barons to something approaching an organization. No one was more deft at knowing when to grant a favor and when to demand one in return. On a close vote Lyndon Johnson could make favorable senators crystallize out of thin air and cause opponents to dissolve, unheard and uncounted, into the cloakroom. He was a sorcerer and Bobby Baker was his apprentice.

Sometime between January 3, 1955, when Bobby became secretary for the majority, and September 9, 1963, when the Hill lawsuit started him tumbling down, his friends noticed that something was happening to Bobby Baker. Some of his oldest companions think, at least in retrospect, that this change began at the exact moment when it dawned upon Lyndon Johnson that he might become President of the United States.

In the hurly-burly of a national campaign, the former page boy was meeting such people as the Murchisons of Texas; he later took one member of that oil-rich family to see Gov. Pat Brown of California about a racetrack franchise. Bobby became a close friend of Fred Black Jr., a Washington representative of a large defense contractor, who is now under indictment for income-tax evasion. He came to know big-time gamblers from Las Vegas, some of whom he accompanied to New York headquarters of Pan American World Airways in their pursuit of casino privileges at a Caribbean resort.

But Johnson's campaign collapsed, and he was raised to the lofty irrelevance of the Vice Presidency. He left behind an apprentice who knew the techniques but now served a quite different majority leader. Sen. Mike Mansfield, unlike Johnson, believed senators should make up their own minds. Johnson used to superintend Bobby's every move. Until the scandal broke, the quiet, professorial Mansfield did not even know that for eight years Bobby had been available to private clients through his personal law practice downtown.

The fact that there was a "new" Bobby Baker became more evident.

"I was dictating to my secretary in an anteroom just thirty feet from Bobby when they called a vote Bobby knew I was interested in," a senator said of one incident this year. "Bobby seemed to h his mind on something else, and he nev notified me. I missed the vote and I blew up at him. 'That never happened before,' I told him. 'I'm not going to depend on you anymore.' "

"I had a definite date to meet Bobby at his office at ten o'clock, and he didn't show up until eleven-thirty," a Senate aide said. "It was so unusual, we talked about it at the time."

Still another recalled that Bobby used to slap him on the back in good-natured camaraderie. "But in the last year or two when I passed him in the cloakroom, he didn't even nod."

Something also seemed to be happening on the Senate floor. There were some important votes which the leadership thought it was going to win but which it lost by one or two votes. In last year's battle over medical care for the aged, Sen. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, chief Administration strategist for the bill, issued a strange warning against the man paid to help his party: Don't tell Bobby anything. Anderson was suspicious of Bobby's personal allegiance to Senator Kerr, then the leader of the opposition to Medicare. Medicare was brought to a vote after Bobby informed the White House that Kerr would lose by one or two votes. The result stunned Congress: Kerr won by two votes. Some Democrats thought they had been betrayed.

Whatever happened, a part of Bobby's mind was clearly on other things. Stocks, for example. Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corporation, a Milwaukee company which insures home loans, had been trying for some time to get a favorable tax ruling from the Government. Two weeks before the Government handed down the ruling, Bobby acquired son the stock. Immediately after the ru the stock began to soar. Some time later he wrote an intriguing letter, which he dictated to Carole Tyler. It was typed on his official Senate stationery. "Dear Al,"

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...sets of $1,528,436.

it said, "This letter is to acknowledge receipt of $27,444.93, which is my one-half of the receipts from the sale of 3,000 shares of Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corporation stock which you purchased for yourself and myself March 8, 1960. As you know, we received a total of $66,889.86 from the sale. . . . This stock cost us $4,905.00 each."

The letter was addressed to Alfred S. Novak, a business partner of Bobby's who was involved not only in stock deals but also in the Maryland motel which was later sold for $1.2 million.

Novak was found dead in March, 1962, under circumstances which are still a subject of controversy. He was discovered unconscious in his garage, with the car motor running. His subsequent death was ascribed to a heart attack; two months later the death certificate was amended to list suicide as a cause of death.

In 1958 Bobby had amused his colleagues around the Senate with a minor measure allowing the importation of giraffes from Kenya to a private zoo in Florida. The zookeeper was a client of Bobby's law associate, Ernest C. Tucker, and the giraffe legislation was known jokingly as "Bobby's bill." But in November *The New York Times* reported Baker's part in another measure which was no laughing matter. The paper said he "used his influence" to amend the omnibus tax bill of 1962 in a way which could benefit luxury motels such as the one he owned in Maryland.

By this time it was obvious that Bobby Baker had come a long way from Pickens, S.C. In 1956 he told an interviewer he had an outside income of $15,000 a year, mainly from South Carolina investments. By the summer of 1962 he told the FHA that his assets were $1,528,436 and his net worth $826,286.95.

For the first time Bobby began to talk about retiring—perhaps to seek political office on his own in his native South Carolina. But Ralph Hill and his vending-company lawsuit changed everything.

It is typical of the Senate that the official investigation was assigned to placid, likable Everett Jordan of North Carolina, who was the business partner of some of Bobby's partners in a Howard Johnson motel. Jordan first came to the Senate in 1958. His chronological age is 67. But the Senate, like the Christians, Jews, Moslems and Chinese, has its own system of counting time, and the Year One is always the date of a man's entry into its sacred precincts. By this time scale Bobby is an elder. He came in 21 years ago, and only six members of the present Senate were there before him. For the other 94, the kid from Pickens, like the ceramic spittoons and the antique inkwells, was accepted as part of the tradition. And, because he was so much a child of the Senate, when Bobby fell, some of the Senate's prestige fell with him.

At the end of Everett Jordan's first day in the Senate, at dusk of May 6, 1958, a reporter stopped him in a corridor and inquired what great things had transpired in those first auspicious hours.

"Oh, I went over to the Senate chamber," the kindly old man replied, "and I stayed there until Bobby Baker told me I could come home." THE END

When Johnson was Senate majority leader and Bobby was his secretary, the two men conferred regularly in Senate halls. Baker would tell senators what leadership wanted, then report back on how each man was going to vote. Some called Bobby "Little Lyndon."

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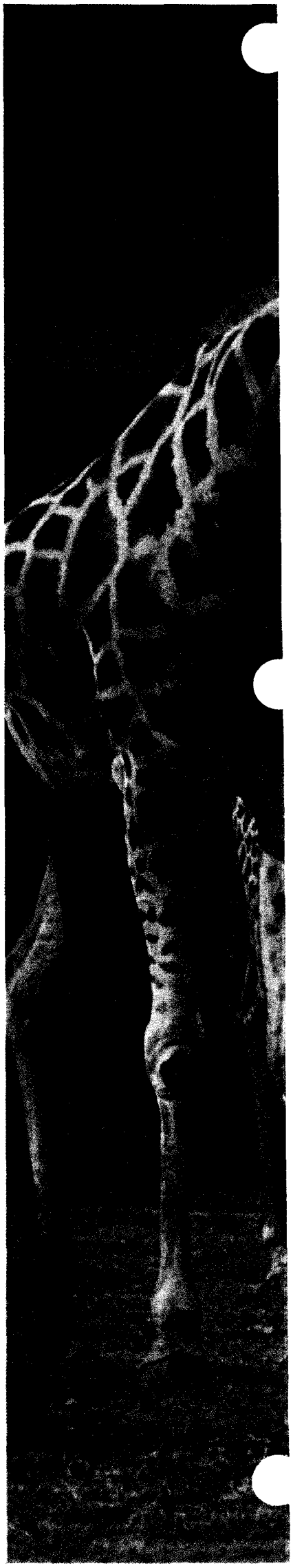
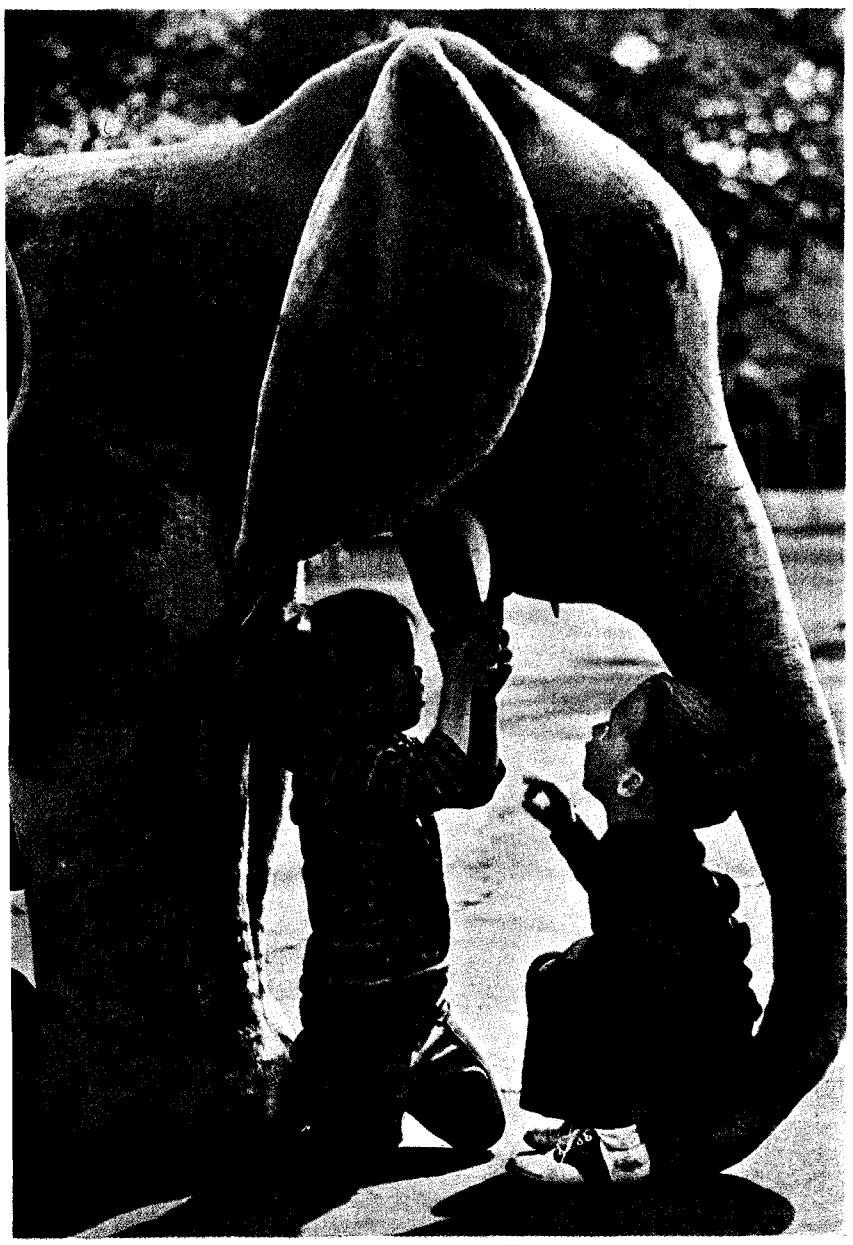
Toy monkey (Ideal, about $15) and live chimp.

New toys that will dismay Santa's helpers

As the holiday shopping season approaches its height, children's visions include toys that are more ingenious and intricate than ever. On these pages are examples of the least and most expensive gifts.





Steiff's 210-pound elephant ($350), stuffed with wood-shavings, is inspected by two youngsters who ignore real animals at Bronx Zoo.

Although the major trend of the toy industry is toward increasing complexity, one old favorite—the stuffed toy—has managed to keep pace with the mechanical monsters. But even the stuffed animal has come a long way from the Teddy bear—and this year's models are bigger and more varied than ever. The biggest name in stuffed toys is Steiff, the famous German firm which has been called "The Tiffany of the toymakers." In the late 1870's polio victim Margarete Steiff picked up some scraps of felt and cloth from the floor of her dress shop and casually fashioned them into a small elephant, thus creating the world's first stuffed toy. She was content with giving her stuffed pets away to the children of her hometown, until her brother decided he would try to sell them. He was so successful in these efforts that in 1880 the Steiffs gave up the dress business to make toys full-time.

In the 80-odd years since then the company's line has expanded to 600 items, including such noncuddly creations as spiders, ravens and a badger named Diggy. Their most popular animal was the brainchild of Margarete's nephew Richard, who joined the firm with sketches of the bear cubs he had made at the Stuttgart Zoo. Stuffed bears first came on the market in 1902, but it was not until 1906 that they hit the big time. Used as table decorations for a party in the White House, they were nicknamed Teddy bears in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Some of Steiff's newer creations, although they are still made entirely by hand, are nearly as big as their living counterparts—as witness the elephant and giraffe shown on these pages. This admittedly makes them somewhat difficult to hide before Christmas. One harried father thought he had solved the secrecy problem by parking his $350, 85-pound lion in the garage. Christmas morning he found a dismembered King of Beasts and a self-satisfied-looking beagle. "Next year," he muttered, "I'm going to stuff the dog."

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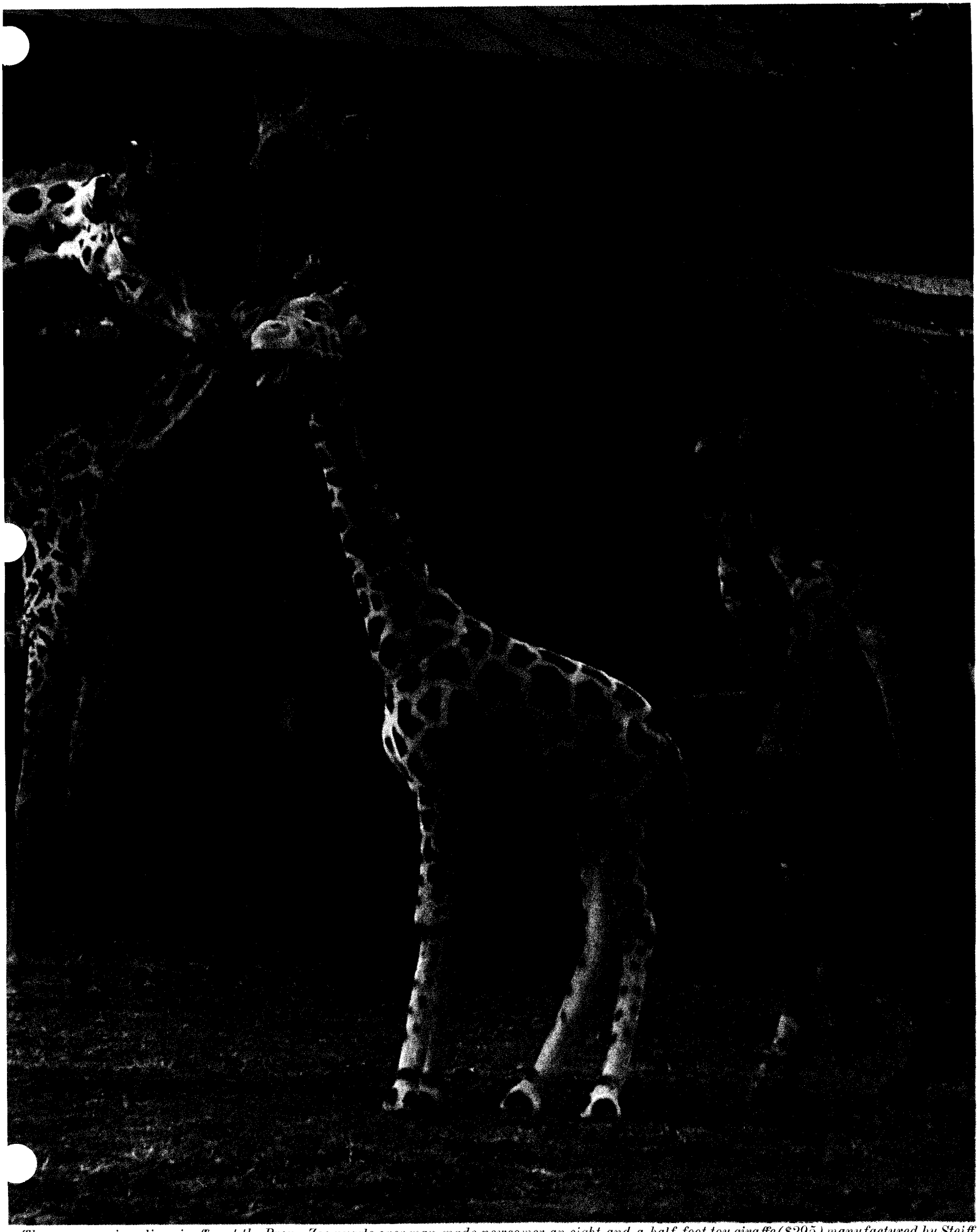

Three very curious live giraffes at the Bronx Zoo puzzle over man-made newcomer, an eight-and-a-half-foot toy giraffe ($295) manufactured by Steiff.

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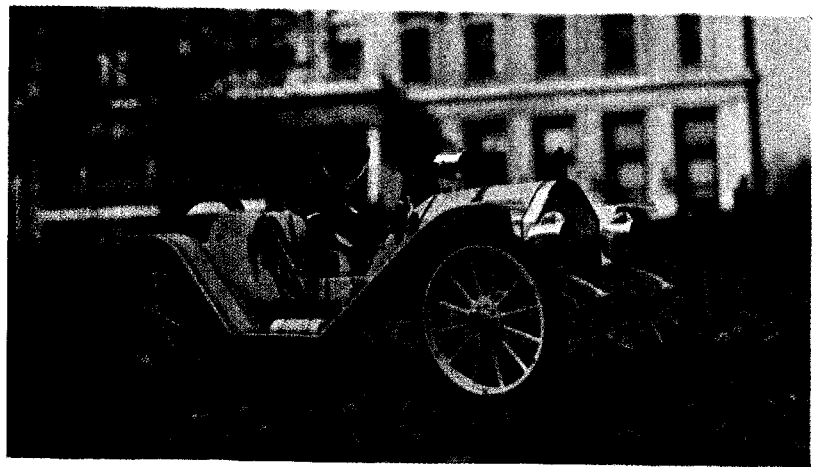
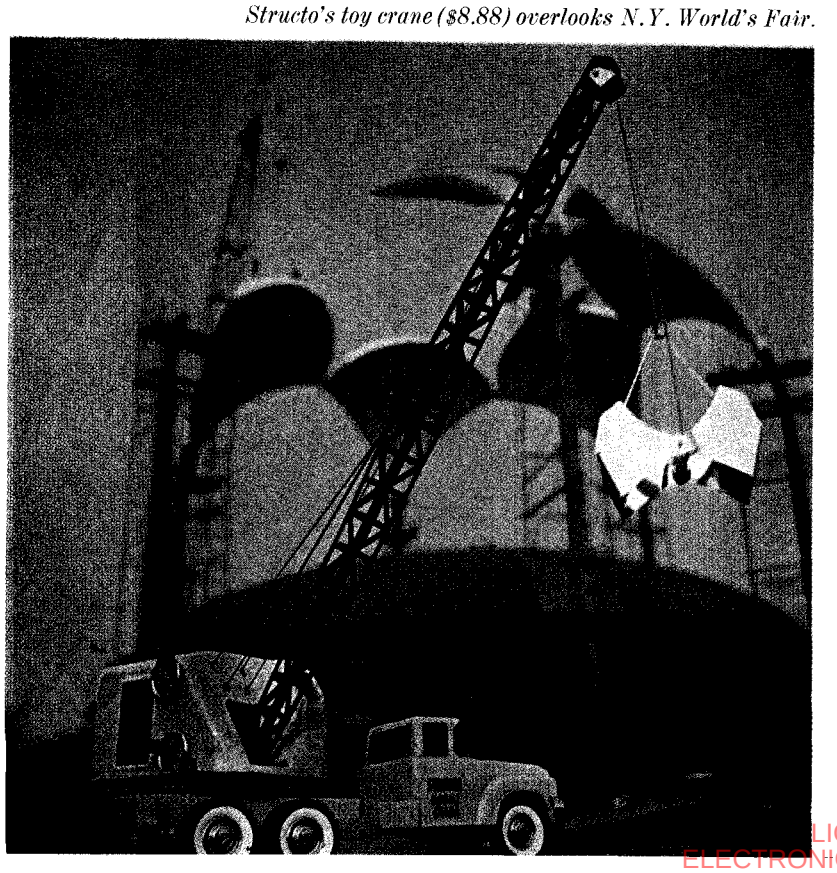
With ancient English battle-axes and modern construction kits, toymakers produce ne

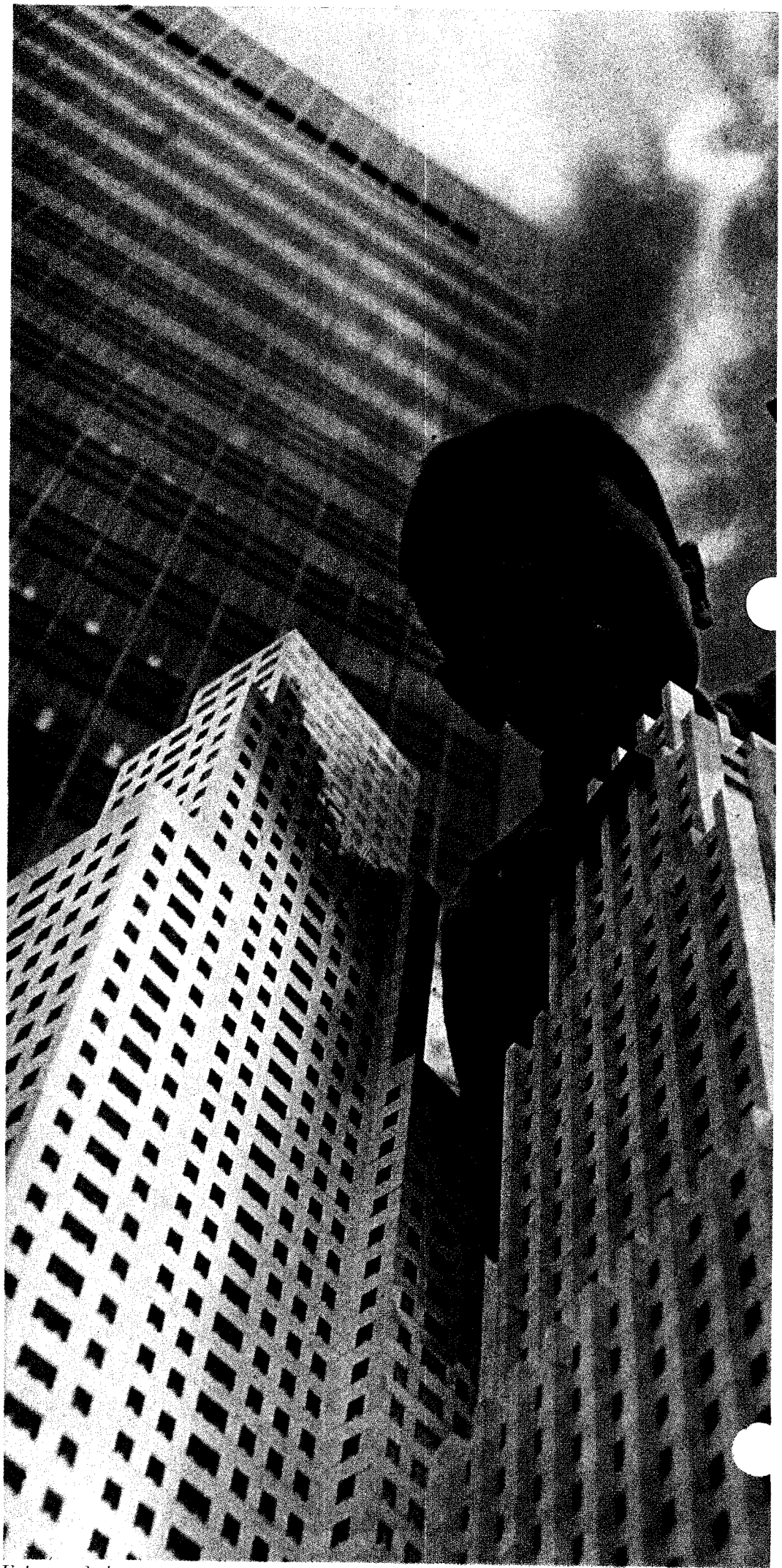
Two toy Tonka fire trucks battle blazing doll house. Pumper, which can spray water, and ladder cost $22.



An Ideal model of a 1911 Mercer raceabout. Price, $6.

Structo's toy crane ($8.88) overlooks N.Y. World's Fair.





Using real skyscrapers as models, six-year-old Brian McGovern constructs his own soari

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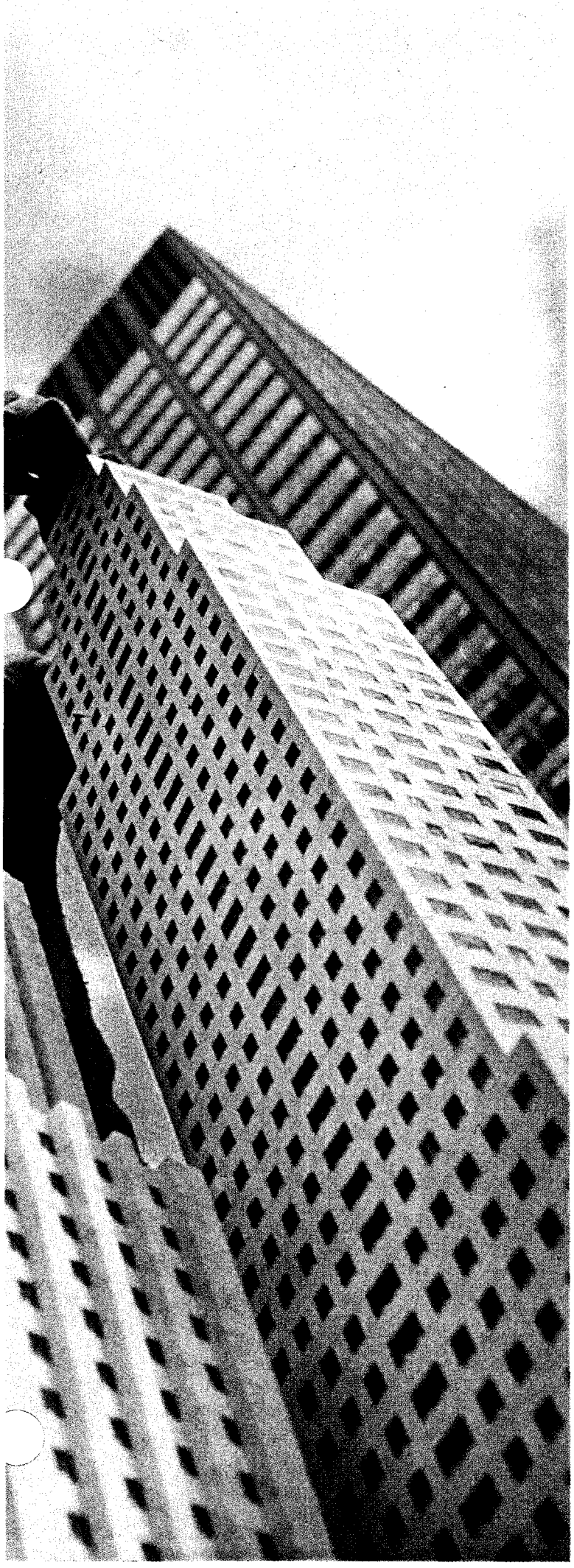
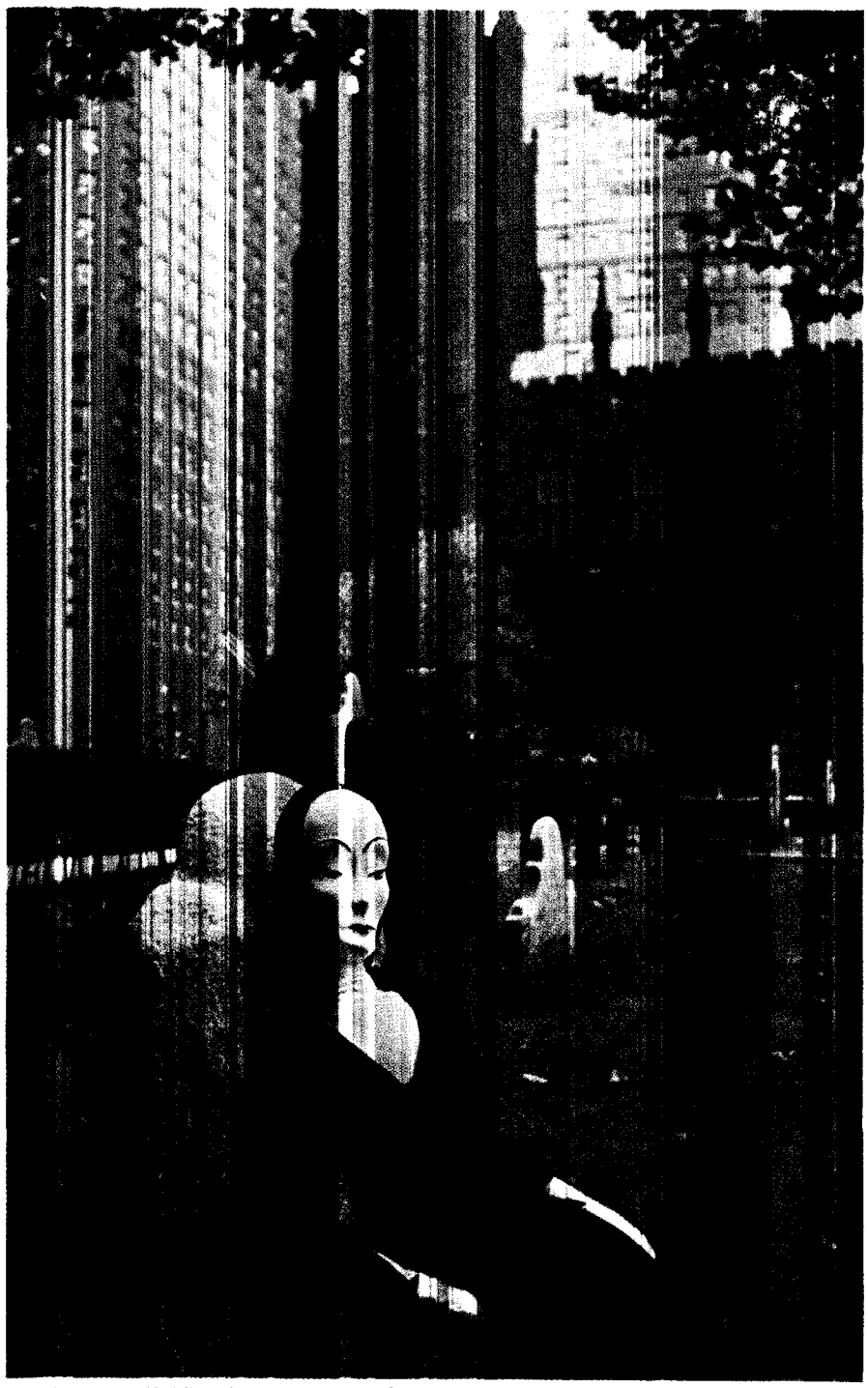
ake-believe worlds of past and future.



ildings out of Lego fabricating kits (165 pieces, Price, $3.69).

In the woods at Malibu, Calif., youngsters give up rifles and ray guns to do battle with Charmarc's King Arthurian battle-axes, helmets and shields (Price, $12.95 per set).



Morticia, a $19.95 doll inspired by Charles Addams, is made by Aboriginals Ltd.

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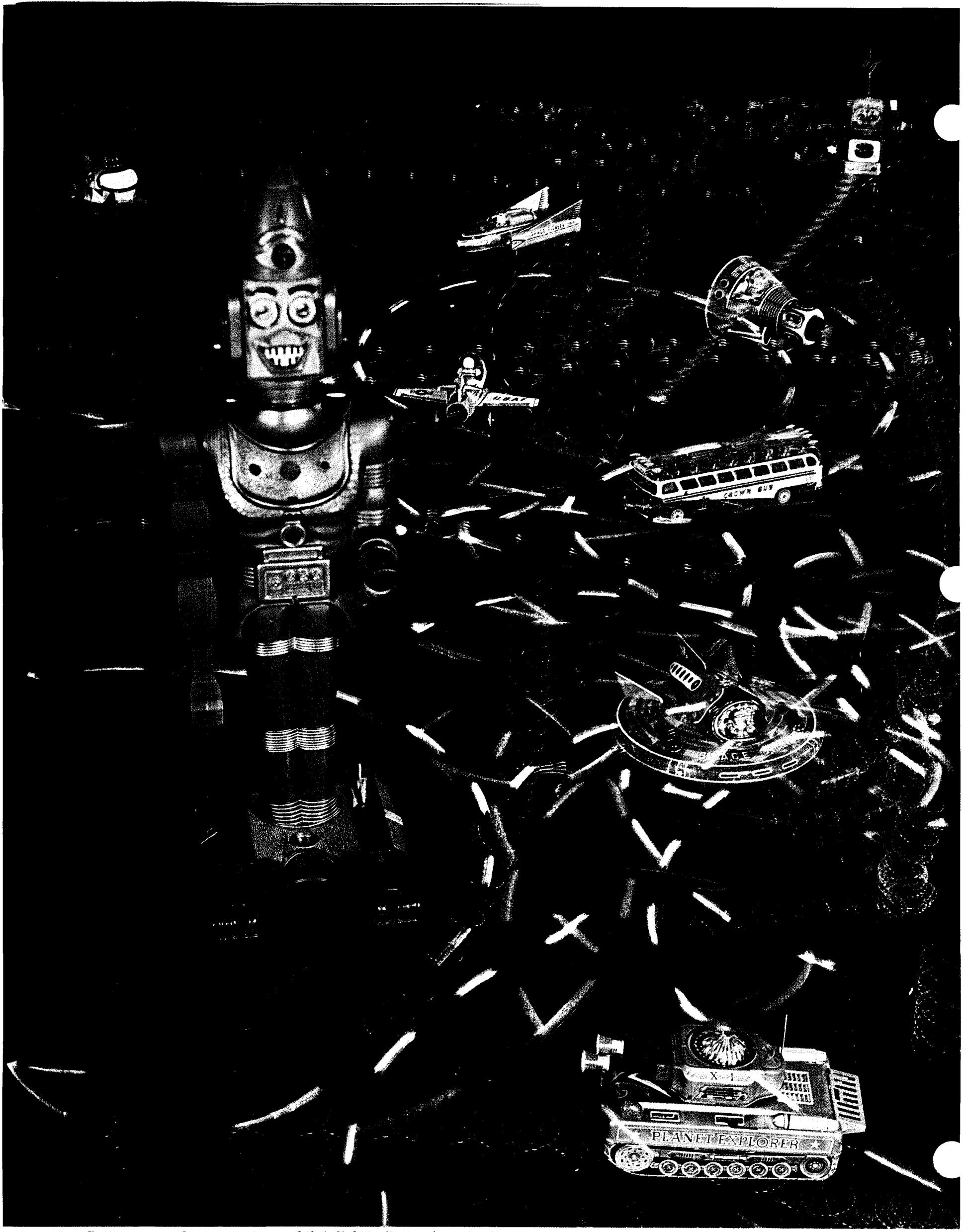

Battery-powered space-age toys and their light trails are shown in this time-exposure photo. The toys circle Marx's Big Loo (about $10), a three-foot-tall moon robot. Big Loo bends down, shoots soft-tipped rockets from his base and chest, fires four plastic balls, squirts water and talks.

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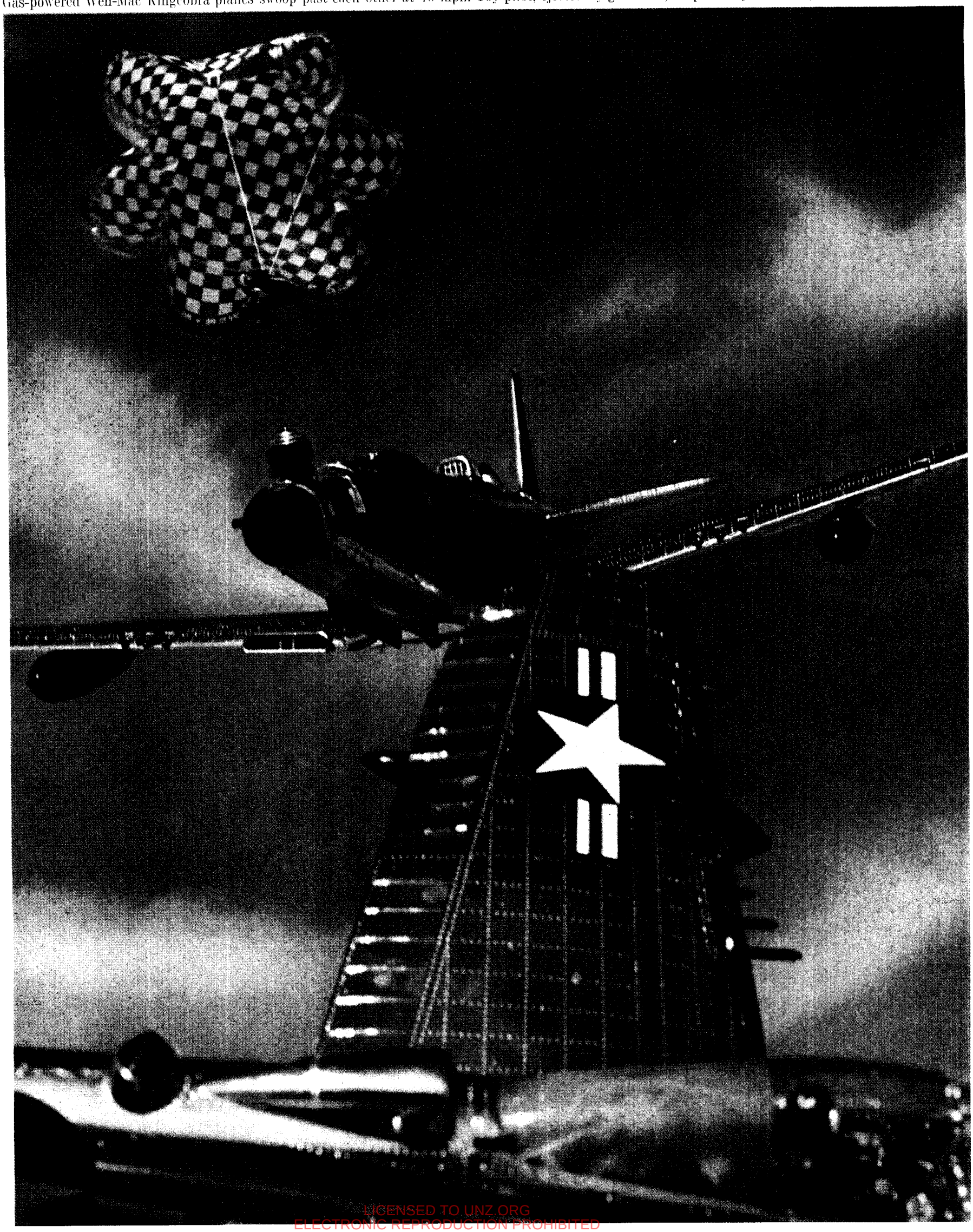
Gas-powered and battery-driven toys help earthbound youngsters leap into the space age.

Gas-powered Wen-Mac Kingcobra planes swoop past each other at 40 mph. Toy pilot, ejected by guideline, drops safely to earth ($12.98 each).



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The Christmas carol in toyland: "Thank Heaven for the little girls."

Cinderella's Drawing Room (price, $75), made exclusively in West Germany for F.A.O. Schwarz, is seen in the real drawing room of decorator Jay Dorf. In the background are 22 Rembrandt etchings.

This delightful Japanese doll with tennis racket displays sweet gamin charm. It is sold at F.A.O. Schwarz for $2.75.

In New York City's Central Park, Nancy Kitko relaxes on back of Steiff's lifelike toy collie (price, $150), while live collie gazes in wonderment.

Mattel's Barbie and Midge (cost, $3 each) wear pearl-embroidered dresses worth $300. ▶

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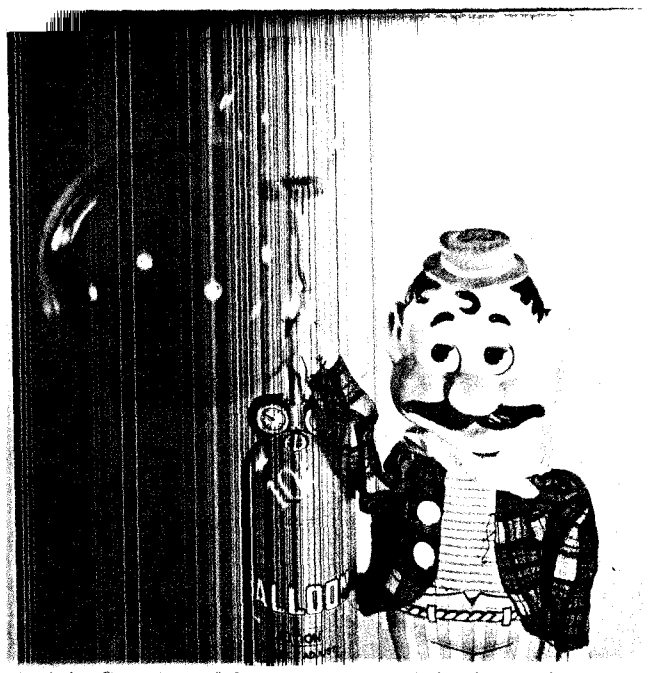

Rosko's Gino is a fully automated bubble-blower. Price, $5.

CHRISTMAS AND FREUD

Yes, Virginia, but Santa is now a psychologist.

By David Moller

A few weeks ago television served up an eerie little show about a talking doll which took a dislike to its owner's stepfather and murdered him. Things haven't quite reached that stage yet, but parents shopping for their children this Christmas may be forgiven for wondering. Like everything else in life, toys are getting more complicated all the time.

A doll, for instance, is no longer just "a child's puppet" (Webster) but a creature which walks, talks, kisses, wets its diapers, and Heaven knows what else. This year, following inexorable laws of evolution (survival of the fanciest) dolls are more talented than ever. Mattel, Inc., largest toy company in the United States, has brought forth Charmin' Chatty, a senior-high-school type with glasses (see cover) and a vocabulary of 216 phrases in seven different languages. And the Ideal Toy Corporation is offering a baby doll called Bibsy who bubbles up a flow of soapy, sloppy liquid from her mouth.

While some rivals in the trade feel that Marvin Glass, Bibsy's inventor, has pushed reality a bit too far, Glass stoutly defends his creation. "Bibsy is indicative of the new dynamic relationship between the doll and the child," he says. "As Bibsy dribbles, the child cleans up."

Mr. Glass's remark is a tip-off to one of the main reasons today's toys are more complicated and, generally, more expensive than ever before. These days nearly every toy company employs consulting psychologists, and most of these have decreed that, for maximum "personality-expansion value," there must be give-and-take between child and toy. A psychologically satisfactory doll can no longer just sit there. For example, the Shirley Temple doll that today's young mothers may have treasured "was not a good personality-development toy, for it did not give in return—it only took," says psychologist Louis Schlon, retained by inventor Glass. "Playing mother in a fantasy world, a child hugged and kissed Shirley, and Shirley did nothing but accept this affection. Back in reality, that child became Shirley and just accepted her mother's affection, returning nothing and learning nothing." Fortunately for the present generation of little girls, toymakers know better now. "The more animation a toy has," Doctor Schlon explains, "the better a child learns to interact with people."

Animation, therefore, is the key to many of today's toys. Backed up by their teams of psychologists inventors have been having a field day dreaming up robots of fearsome ingenuity and mechanical animals which stick out their tongues, climb steps, waggle their noses and squirt water—among other accomplishments. One inventor, whose retaliatory dinosaur spits plastic balls when shot in the tail with a rubber-tipped dart, proudly boasts that "the child can now be taught that if you hit something, it will fight back."

Not all toys, of course—not even all dolls—hit back, waggle their noses or drool. The greatest current successes in the doll business, in fact, are a pair of rival foot-high fashion dolls named Barbie and Tammy, who have figures like movie starlets but don't actually *do* anything. This is not to say that they lack psychological overtones. On the contrary, they are rich in "imagination-stimulus value"—every bit as important in its way as give-and-take. In developing Barbie, Mattel presumably never lost sight of the crucial fact that, while most teen-age girls have given up toys for boys, they have millions of younger sisters who are happy at least to start thinking ahead. Selling Barbie for three dollars and then appealing strongly to the child's collector instincts with a vast number of different outfits and accessories for different social occasions, Mattel has proved that girls in the 9–13 age group want a doll not to mother but as a means of looking ahead to the days of the pizza party, the football weekend and the Junior Prom.

In four years Barbie has accounted for 40 percent of Mattel's $78 million share of the American toy industry's annual $1.1 billion gross. Last fall Ideal challenged Barbie's supremacy with its own fashion doll, Tammy, and in the course of a year Tammy has acquired a car, a house, parents and a brother and sister, a hat case, a telephone, a little dog and 40 outfits. "Kissy, Bibsy, Betsy Wetsy and Thumbelina are all toys we are very proud of," says Abe Kent, vice president of Ideal, "but Tammy is the company's most important item."

With all the ramifications of fan clubs, monthly magazines and look-alike competitions, and with hundreds of licensees turning out such products as Tammy tea sets and Barbie petti-pants, the battle between the two dolls has now taken on the dimensions of a political campaign. Both firms have had to hire people to deal with the daily avalanches of correspondence containing such knotty questions as "Why doesn't Barbie have a parachuting outfit?" and "When will Tammy start dating?"

This last question threw the top executives at Ideal into a huddle lasting several days. Finally they announced that Tammy would not start dating, ever. Meanwhile, back at Mattel, the slightly bustier Barbie has now got not only a boyfriend, Ken, but a girl friend, Midge—and, very likely, an eternal triangle into the bargain. (Mattel insists, however, that Barbie has no marital plans, despite the addition of a bridal-trousseau outfit.)

Dollmakers are not, of course, the only toy people who thank Heaven for little girls—or the only ones who stress psychology in designing their increasingly complicated wares. Since becoming president of the formerly boy-oriented A.C. Gilbert Company, for example, William L. Quinlan Jr. has also drawn a bead on this rich market. "Let's face it," he says, "a little girl's future problems are men, and she should be taught how to face and fight them."

Going straight to the heart of the problem, he concluded that the most useful and profitable thing for Gilbert to do was to "teach young girls the skills and crafts needed to be good mothers and housewives." To this end, the company has recently introduced My Mixer, which will teach youngsters the culinary rudiments—sample menus: Bunny's Secret Salad, Peachy Mousse and Lime Delight—and a miniature version of the Singer electric sewing machine. Louis Marx and Company, doubtless operating on the same philosophy, takes the trend to home crafts even further with its E.Z. Weaver loom, on which the industrious miss can fabricate hats, scarves and even rugs.

To qualify in what the experts call "psychological creative potentialities," these weapons for the battle of the sexes have clearly had to be considerably more complex than toys of yore. But psychology is not the only factor acting as a complicator of toys. A second major force is television. Obviously the kind of toy that lends itself best to promotion on the small screen is one that does something, the more spectacular the better. Mechanical monsters (which give a child "the chance to manipulate at least part of his environment") and military toys (for "working off aggressiveness") are particularly well suited to TV. Sometimes, however, toy retailers have found TV promotion to be a mixed blessing. "Things have got to the point," says one, "where the toy is no longer designed to please the kid but to look good on television."

Moreover, as parents have discovered, TV commercials have a way of making toys look altogether too spectacular. "For weeks," says one father, "our kid drove us crazy about a jet fighter he had seen on television. When we bought it for him, he didn't play with it for more than a day. Having seen it come in on a strafing run, with its machine guns blazing away, on television, he was a little upset when he saw what it would really do. Actually the product was a good one, but it was promoted in such a way that the real thing could only be an anticlimax."

On the other hand, television has created a whole new world of toys derived from the shows the kids watch. The stores are full of Beanys, Cecils, Caspars and Flintstones, and shows like Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare have spawned a seemingly endless array of such licensed products as Ben Casey stethoscopes, medical kits, games and jigsaw puzzles. There is, however, a built-in hazard to TV-related toys, as many a retailer has found. "Television games," says Charles W. Veysey, president of the F.A.O. Schwarz toy stores, "last only as long as the show does. When I first joined Schwarz at the end of the Davy Crockett era, we had 2,200 coonskin hats left over, and they might still be sitting on our shelves today if Daniel Boone hadn't come along."

Movies seem to provide a somewhat hardier breed of model. Shirley Temple dolls lasted far beyond the normal two-year popularity span. And Aurora Plastics Corporation has been doing very well with a line of ghoulish goods called Movie Monsters. With these kits, children can assemble realistic replicas of Frankenstein's Monster, the Mummy, the Wolf Man, Dracula, the Phantom of the Opera, the Creature From the Black Lagoon and other sinister refugees from the neighborhood theater and TV reruns.

Although it is well known that children enjoy a mild fright, these playthings might seem to be low in "personality expansion value." Before embarking on this bold new venture, however, Aurora went through months of tense consultations with batteries of experts to see if their fearsome statuettes would harm the child's impressionable psyche—or Aurora's public image. Once again the psychologists came to the rescue. "Rather than creating fear," they said, "the kids would reduce it, as the monster is actually assembled by the child himself."

Indeed it seems to have worked that way. Since August, 1962, Aurora has produced 3.5 million monster kits and has been deluged with fan mail. The letter which most touched Aurora's heart was from a mother in Newark, N.J. At one time, she wrote, her son was the victim of almost constant nightmares from seeing too many horror movies, but since constructing his own monster he has become a completely relaxed individual.

It just goes to show that there's a lot more to the toy business these days than you might think. THE END

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Here's to your health!

As you can see, Campbell starts with all the good things that make for good cooking . . . fine meats, seafood, vegetables, and other good things that please your taste and satisfy your appetite.

And in the interest of good nutrition, we also make sure that foods from our Kitchens are prepared with your well-being in mind.

The fact is, you might be interested in just how seriously Campbell studies foods and their importance to health. This work goes on every day, all day, at Campbell's Food Science and Nutrition Laboratories.

At these centers, our scientists concern themselves with many problems relating to life and food. Knowledge gained from these studies gives us a better insight as to how we can further improve the nutritional value of our products.

We thought you'd like to know that Campbell cooks with your health in mind, as well as your eating pleasure.

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We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
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Hyman, alias Prudence, pecks out a column.

Prudence Penny

the lady columnist who really isn't.

For seven months a grizzled, portly man has been leading a secret life as a lady cook.

By Hyman Goldberg

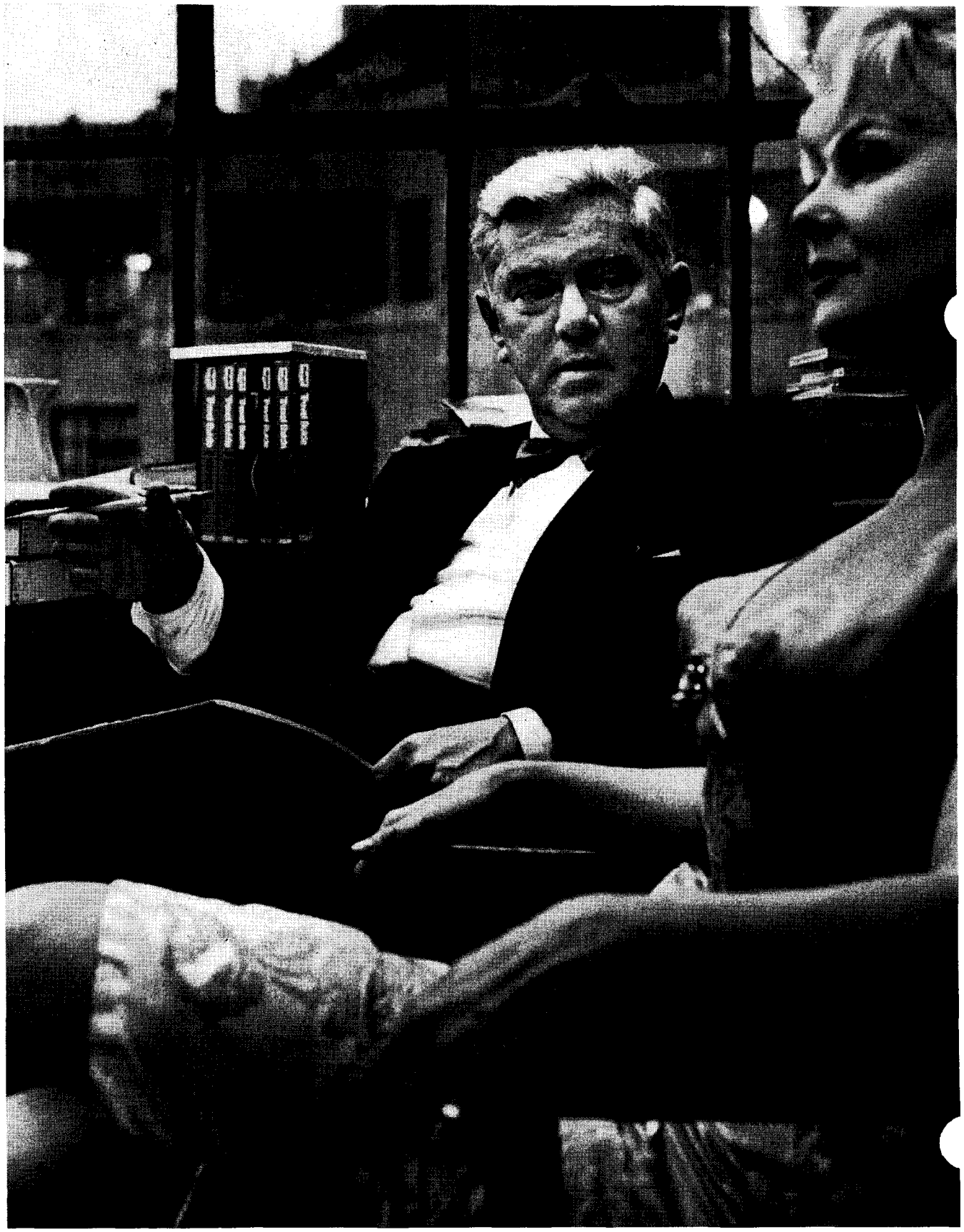
Since last June I have been obliged to laugh with seeming glee whenever some waggish friend hails me with cries of, "Hello there, Prudence." My friends are convulsed by the thought that perhaps a million or more people must think of me each day as a little old lady, presumably a dear old one, while *they* know that for 39 years I have been a cigar-smoking newspaperman working as a New York police reporter covering fires, murders, gang wars, and from time to time interviewing stars of the stage, screen and TV. Not only my friends but absolute strangers, too, are bewildered by the thought that a grizzled, somewhat portly man with a basso profundo voice should be using a name which is so decidedly feminine, and even prissy, and that such a man should be writing about cooking.

The other day the phone in my office rang, and I picked it up and said, as I generally do, "Goldberg." (That's my name, after all.) There was a second's silence, and then a feminine voice said, "I'm sorry, I must have the wrong extension. I'm calling Prudence Penny." I sighed and said, "This is she." There was another silence and then the voice said, "I don't understand." So I explained that I, Hyman Goldberg, am the author of the cooking column which is printed under the name of Prudence Penny. With disbelief apparent in her voice, my caller hesitantly said she would like to French-fry a three-pound chicken and she wanted to know what kind of batter to use. "Two cups of flour," I told her, "two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two eggs and one-and-one-half cups of milk."

When she had finished writing all this down, she said, with doubt strong in her voice, "You sure? This isn't some kind of joke, is it?" "Madame," I said, "I swear, by Brillat-Savarin, by Escoffier and by Howard Johnson, this is not a joke."

In a restaurant where I took my wife to dinner a few weeks ago I had somewhat the same experience, but this time face to face with a disbeliever. I had just eaten a dish which was new to me. The menu called it "Breast of Capon, Mai Rose." I knew that it had in it May wine, cream and the yolk of an egg as part of the ingredients for the sauce, but I wanted to have the precise measurements so after I paid the check, I asked to see the maître d'. The name of the restaurant is not essential, but it is one of the better and more expensive ones in Manhattan.

"I am Prudence Penny," I announced when he arrived, smiling at me with that peculiar mixture of unctuousness and frosty superiority affected by such people



When Goldberg isn't playing Prudence, he spices his life by interviewing actresses, such as Greta Thyssen.

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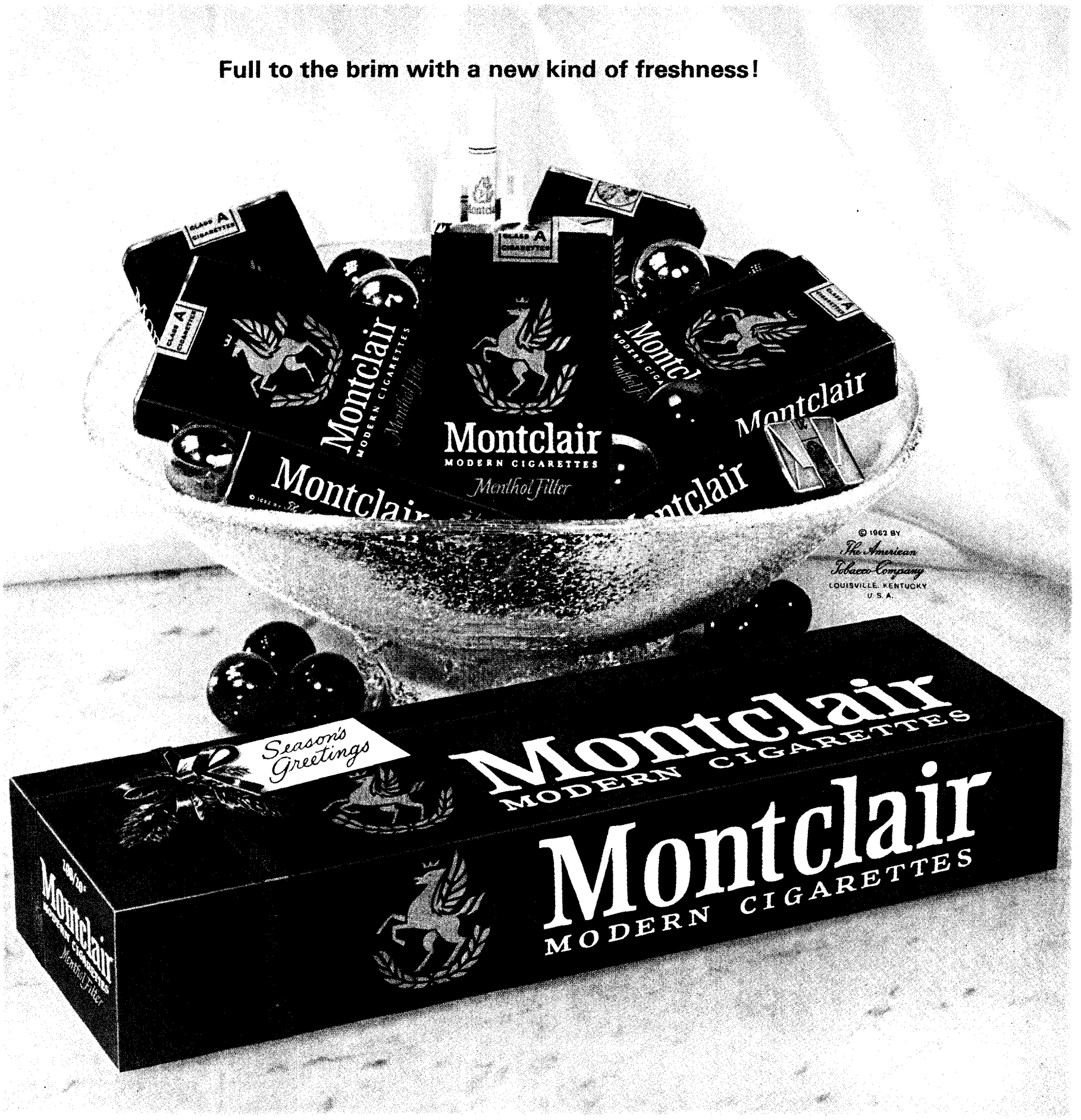
Full to the brim with a new kind of freshness!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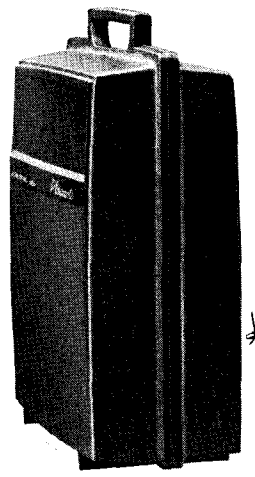

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For 39 years I covered fires, murders,

PRUDENCE PENNY

in swanky joints. Immediately his expression changed. His face mirrored disbelief and, perhaps, dislike. My wife giggled wildly as I explained the situation to the man. It took a long time to convince him, but I finally did, and he got the recipe for me from the chef.

My metamorphosis into Prudence Penny came about when a lady named Vaudine Newell, who had been food-and-cooking editor for the New York *Mirror* for about 25 years, died suddenly one night. A couple of weeks later, upon hearing that the job had not yet been filled, I asked Selig Adler, managing editor of the paper, if I could have it. He laughed. "What the hell," he inquired gently, "do *you* know about cooking?"

I told him something of my secret life as a cook, and then he said that the editor of the paper, not he, would have to make such a momentous decision. So I sought out Glenn Neville, the editor, and asked him for the job. He laughed.

But when he became convinced that I wasn't joking, he said the publisher of the paper, Charles B. McCabe, would have to pass on my request. Neville told me to write a letter to the publisher telling my qualifications and my philosophy of how a cooking column should be written.

The publisher apparently did not laugh. The day after he received my letter he called me on the phone. "About that Prudence Penny job," he said, "let's have lunch about it." So we had lunch and, after some embarrassed haggling about such sordid topics as money, we reached an agreement and shook hands. So I became Prudence Penny.

That by-line was coined by William Randolph Hearst Sr. more than 50 years ago, and it has been used ever since by the food editors of most of the Hearst newspapers. At one time there were 30 Prudence Pennys scattered around the country, and now there are still four, including me. (I met one of them, a nice woman who works for the San Francisco *Examiner*, at the Pillsbury Bake-off in Los Angeles a couple of months ago. One evening at a party we went around together asking people, "Who is the *real* Prudence Penny?")

The pseudonymous life is not new to me. For years I had several articles in the Sunday *Mirror Magazine* each week and, since the paper permitted me to use my name on only one of them, I was forced through the years to invent others. One is Gabriel Prevor. Gabriel is my son's first name and Prevor is a name in my wife's family. I went to high school in Lakewood, N.J., with a boy named Benevy, which I thought at the time had a lot of class, so I adopted Robert Benevy. Reg Ovington was born because I lived at the corner of Ridge Boulevard and Ovington Avenue. The editors once asked me to figure out "a New Englandish-sounding name," so I gave them Amos Coggins. Mannheim Bergold is my name turned around. I also use Jaime Montdor. Jaime, Spanish for James, is pronounced "Hymie," and Montdor, translated from the French into German, means "Goldberg." My favorite, however, was Veigh S. Meer. But someone told my editor that in Yiddish it means "Woe is me!" and he made me quit using it.

I was brought up in restaurants and hotels. My father, a blacksmith, became a restaurateur by accident. He had a one-man smithy in the Bronx when he became ill and had to go to the hospital for an operation. With no money coming in, my mother, with five children to take care of, began cooking meals for men in the neighborhood who were saving money to bring their families to America from

Prudence Penny's recipe for an axe murder.

LIZZIE BORDEN SOUP

3 pounds mutton
1 tsp. salt
1 parsnip
1 turnip
3 small onions
3 quarts cold water

Do you have a warm feeling of kinship for our fellow citizens of our sister state to the north of us, Massachusetts? If you do, perhaps you would like to memorialize a day famous in that commonwealth's glorious history by making a dish which has great significance on this day.

Salt mutton, place in kettle and let stand ½ hour to bring out flavor. Pour in cold water, let stand for 1 more hour. Bring to boil, then simmer 3 hours. Blot up excess fat with paper napkin. Add vegetables, simmer for additional hour. Taste for flavor, add seasoning. Refrigerate overnight. On August 4, 1892, in Fall River, Mass., Mrs. Borden served this delicacy to her stepdaughter, Lizzie Borden. Mrs. Borden and her husband were found, later that day, axed unto death. She had served the soup cold, with a side dish of bananas. For breakfast.

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...ing wars and actresses. Now I cook.

At home in Brooklyn, Prudence adds a hearty slug of sherry to kasha varnitchkas.

Europe. By the time my father came out of the hospital he found, to his astonishment but also great pleasure, that my mother had a flourishing business going. He promptly rented the flat next door, broke down the walls separating them and installed more tables. After a few years he was able to rent a store with a street entrance and opened it as a restaurant seating about 75 people. My two brothers, two sisters and I all helped. I was an expert salad man and chicken-liver chopper at the age of six.

Once he got into the restaurant business, my father set about learning it. Pretty soon he knew everything my mother did about cooking, and blossomed out into a wonderfully daring and inventive cook, developing pleasing and exciting variations on the traditional Russian-Jewish cuisine.

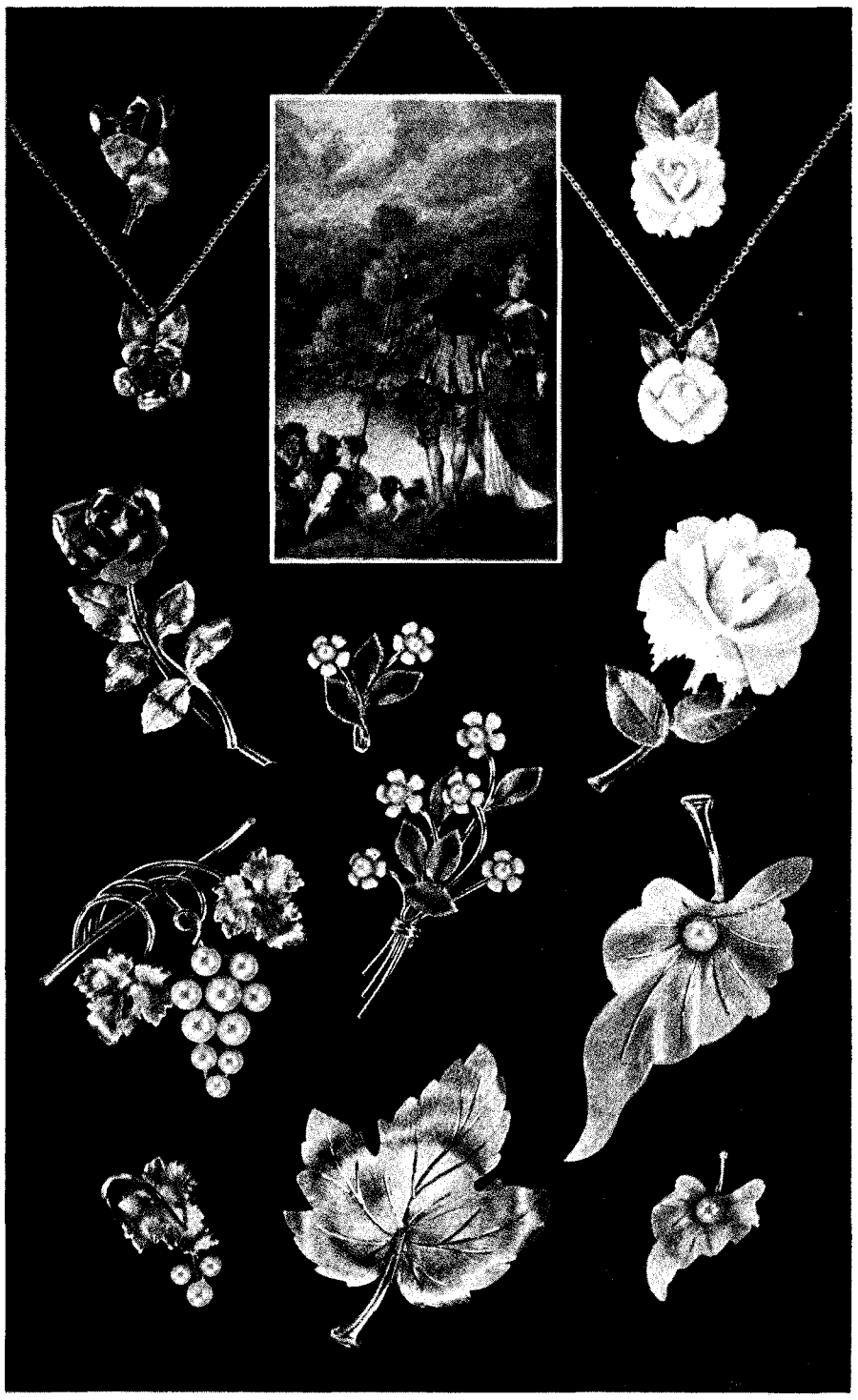
It wasn't until I left my parents' home in the Bronx more than 30 years ago—I'm 55—that I had an opportunity to try my own hand at cooking in the languages other than Russian-Jewish. I had become exposed to other cuisines earlier, when I went to work as a copy boy and then as a police reporter at the age of 16 for the New York *World*, long defunct. (I also worked for the New York *Sun*, defunct; New York *Telegram*, defunct; City News Association, defunct; the newspaper PM, also defunct. And now the New York *Mirror*, defunct. This morbid necrology is giving my new editors on the *Journal-American* pause to think.)

In my letter to Glenn Neville, editor of the *Mirror*, I told how I had become proficient in cooking in French, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and many other styles, including, of course, American. I mentioned the hundreds of recipes I had collected and invented over the years and submitted several sample cooking columns. The first cooking column of mine that was printed began like this:

"There was this woman in The Bronx who bought two live chickens and kept them on her fire escape to fatten them. Sadly, one of them became indisposed. So she killed the healthy chicken to make soup to bring the one that was ill back to health. Here's her recipe for. . . ." And then I gave a recipe for chicken-in-the-pot.

That recipe excited a lady in Montclair, N.J., who wrote:

Dear Miss Penny, Your recipe for Chicken-in-the-Pot came in real handy tonight. My mother-in-law came over to have dinner with my husband and I, and he's always praising his mother's cooking all the time—and I



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Center, Forget-me-not: Earrings $15
Right, Ivory Rose:
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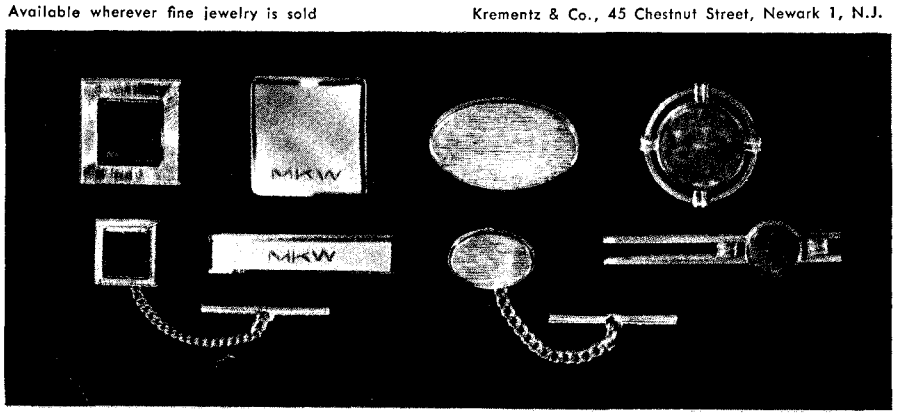

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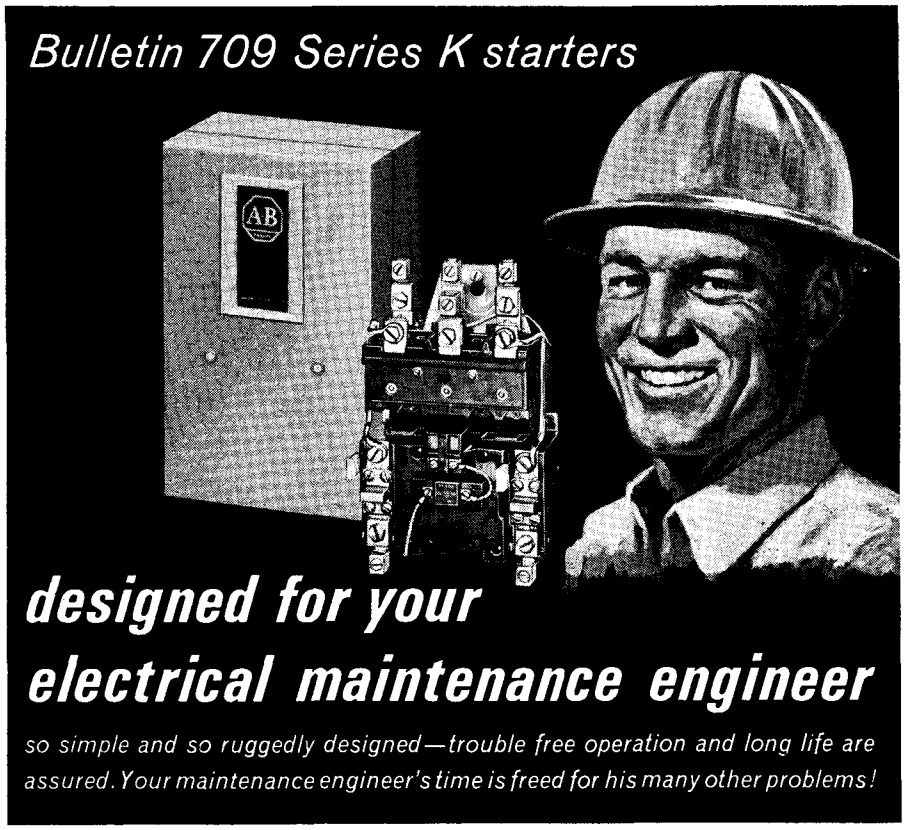
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designed for your
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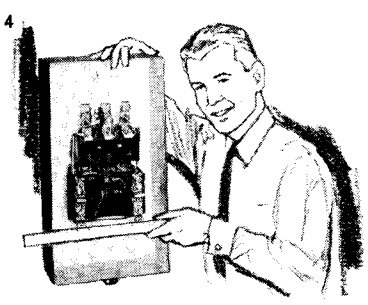
■ Each rating of the Bulletin 709 Series K starters—from Size 0 to Size 5—is assembled from six basic units—all alike except for size—like a child's building block toy—and just as simple. Any electrician having become acquainted with one rating of Bulletin 709 starters has had his "education" automatically expanded to *include* all six ratings. Certainly, this is an important advantage, but there are others equally important to you—who foots the bills.

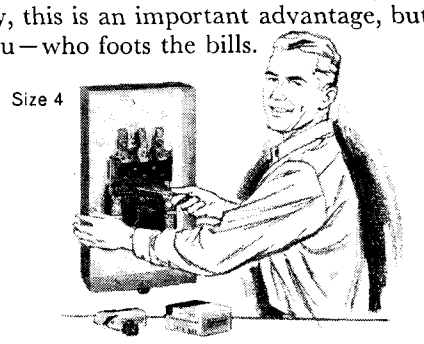
Size 4



extra wiring room, plus white interior

For instance, we could have made all Series K enclosures smaller—but easy wiring saves "installation time." Also, the white interiors make the installation easy, especially in dark areas. The electrician unconsciously does a neater wiring job.

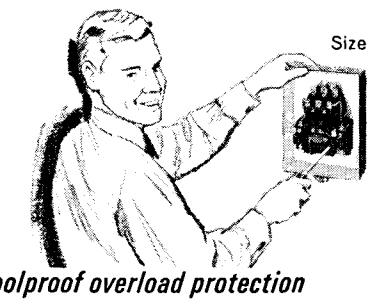
Size 4



completely accessible from the front

All wiring terminals are on the front of the starter and easy to wire. While the silver alloy contacts do not need regular inspection, loosening the two "captive" screws of the arc hood cover brings these contacts out into the open in a matter of seconds. Extra auxiliary contacts can also be added from the front.

Size 1



foolproof overload protection

When you purchase an across-the-line starter, the major portion of your dollar is used to buy reliable safety insurance for your motor. The manual reset relays used as standard with all Series K control not only provide *permanently accurate* overload protection, but they are both foolproof and tamperproof.

Size 1

attractively styled enclosures

NEMA Type 1 enclosures reflect the quality of the Series K starters contained therein. Special attention has been devoted to the "finish" and your experience will prove to you—especially in corrosive atmosphere—that long after other enclosures have begun to rust, the enclosures for Series K motor starters are still like new.

■ See your nearest Allen-Bradley distributor, or write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

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I was an expert salad man and chicken-liver chopper at the age of six.

PRUDENCE PENNY

followed your recipe and he said in front of his mother that he had never tasted chicken-in-the-pot as delicious as what I had cooked. His mother has been bugging me ever since we have been married and you gave me the nerve to tell her to go fustigate herself.

The readers of the *Mirror*, and now of the *Journal-American*, obviously are a sophisticated lot, for they seem to have taken in stride the rather violent change-over in style from the old Prudence Penny, who wrote with deadly seriousness about food. Some have written to say that it is good to laugh while cooking, which is something I have always believed, for food is a great joy, and anything written about it certainly should not be drearily dull.

In addition to writing the food column for the *Journal-American* seven days a week, I still interview actresses. Both are full-time jobs. But I am cursed—or maybe blessed—by an inability to sleep for more than three or four hours at a stretch. For years I would lie in bed, silently formulating foul oaths and pitying myself. But then it occurred to me—and my doctor confirmed my opinion—that perhaps I did not *need* as much sleep as others, just as some people require less food or booze than others. So now, instead of worrying about not sleeping, I get up and work at my typewriter or stove.

My wife is a good cook, and she enjoys cooking, but not, I know, as much as I do. For one thing, she *must* cook; so it is naturally more pleasurable for me. Long ago she stopped being amazed at my daring approach to cookery, for she is what is called "a plain cook." This does not mean that she is not beautiful, for she is; it means simply that she cooks uncomplicated, plain dishes like steaks, roasts, stews. What I like to cook, and I do a good deal of it weekends, are things like *piroshki*, which are Russian meat pastries; *olla-podrida*, a Spanish stew with 19 ingredients; *gandinga*, a wonderful Caribbean dish with ham, pork and the liver, kidney and heart of a hog; *tiem shuen yu*, a Chinese sweet-and-sour fish; *kasha varnitchkas*, a noodle dish with buckwheat groats.

When I first became Prudence Penny, I cooked gefüllte fish and made tschav and invited Glenn Neville, the *Mirror*'s editor, and John J. O'Connell, then also a Hearst editor, and several other friends to eat my home-cooked lunch. We had the lunch-party at the Peking House Restaurant, a Chinese restaurant near my office, whose bartender, Harry Lee, had once taught me how to cook a yellow pike in gin. The gefüllte fish and tschav, the editors told me, established my right to call myself Prudence Penny.

In case anyone is wondering, I also cook in American. I have in my repertoire such things as Mormon stew; Minnesota baked pike, Yankee bean soup, New England clam chowder; Kalamazoo chowder and New Orleans pecan pie. Every winter I roast several geese, for in my family we think goose fat is much better for many kinds of cookery than butter or any other fat. I also have invented a stuffing with fried rice, goose and chicken livers, mushrooms and many onions and much garlic.

Many of the recipes in my repertoire are for dishes I learned as a boy in my father's restaurant; others I have got over a period of more than 30 years from newspapers, magazines, wives of friends and from professional chefs; and I have a couple of hundred cookbooks that I have collected. Since I have been Prudence, publishers keep sending me new ones.

The awful thought is always with me that if I write a recipe for something terrible I might make approximately a million or more people unhappy, or much worse, heaven forfend, ill. So I try to test anything that is new to me before I print it. But anyone who has been cooking for a long time—and professional chefs have told me this too—can tell by reading a recipe almost precisely how it will taste. So, occasionally, I will print a recipe for something I have not tried out, but which I know will be good. Confidentially, I often print recipes for foods I do not care for at all but which I know that many of my readers will like. I will try *almost* anything, and I have eaten, even before I turned into Prudence, some exceedingly strange dishes, to the amazement—and sometimes horror—of my friends.

When I first became Prudence Penny, my wife said that any woman reading the column would know instantly that a man was writing it. If my readers are aware of that, it does not seem to make any difference to them. Most of those who telephone me do not seem at all surprised when I say, "This is she." Neither of my papers saw fit to tell the readers that Prudence Penny is a white-haired, middle-aged, longtime husband and father, but several other publications have asked a lot of questions. One TV man asked if I had ever done any other writing besides newspaper work, and I told him I had written for some magazines ranging from *The New Yorker* to *True Experience*, for which I once wrote this lead, of which I have always been proud. It was ghosted for a girl who had been freed after she shot and killed a man: "I shot and killed my lover, father of my twin illegitimate sons."

As a result of all this notoriety, plans are afoot to syndicate my column to newspapers nationally; 10 publishers of books have called or written asking me to write a cookbook, which I am now doing for one of them, and a few magazines are asking me to write articles for them, some of them not about cooking.

People keep asking my wife how she feels about my being Prudence Penny. She gives them the same answer she has always given people when they told her, confidentially, "for your own good," that they have seen me in a restaurant, bar or nightclub with a beautiful young actress. "Well," replies my wife, who is both philosophical and funny, "he's got to make a living." THE END

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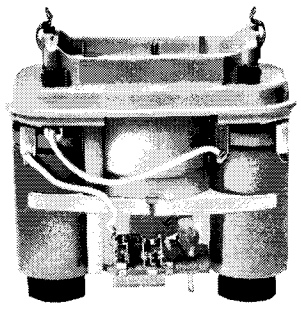

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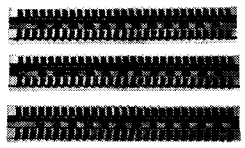

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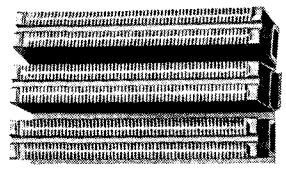

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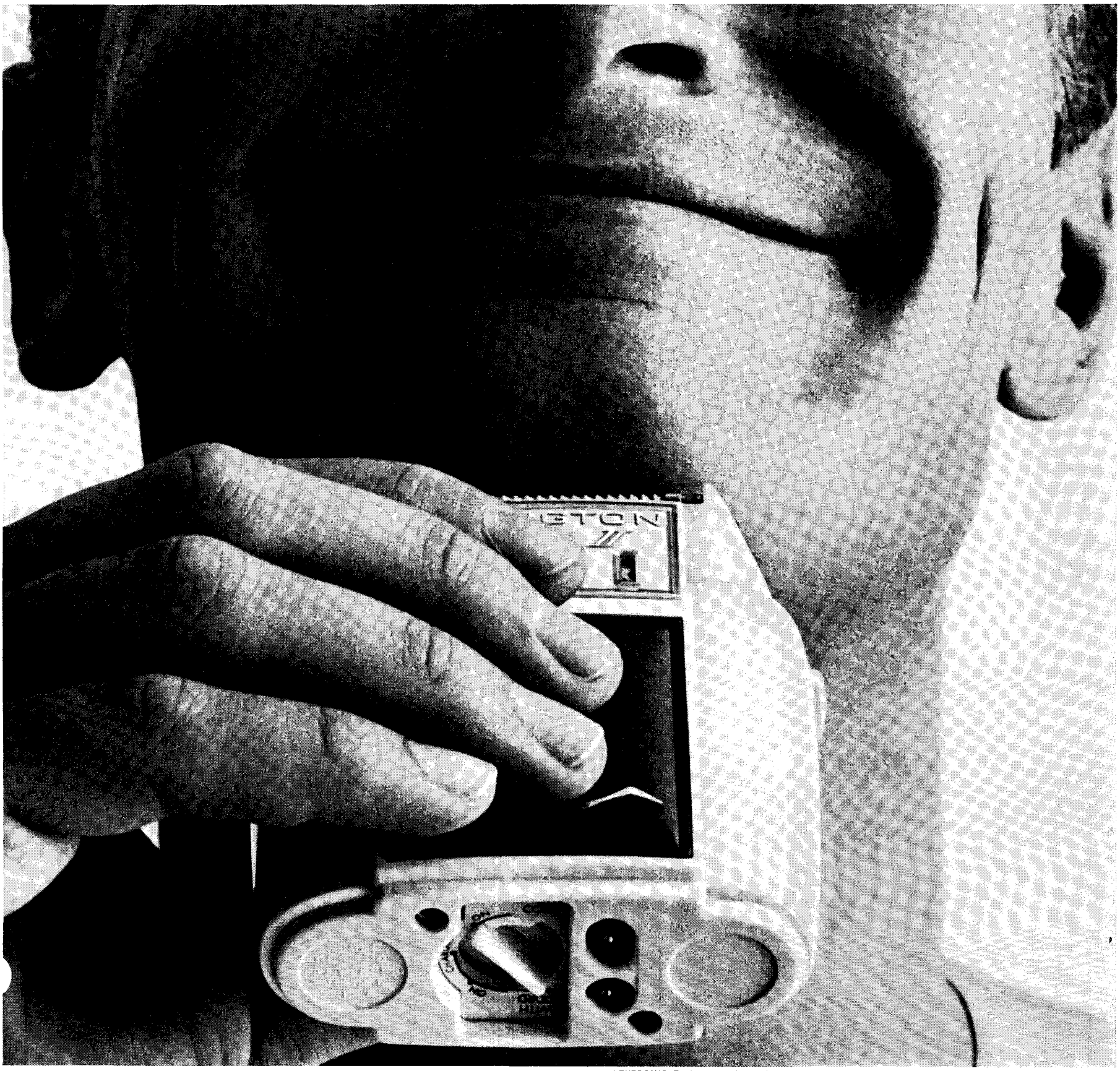

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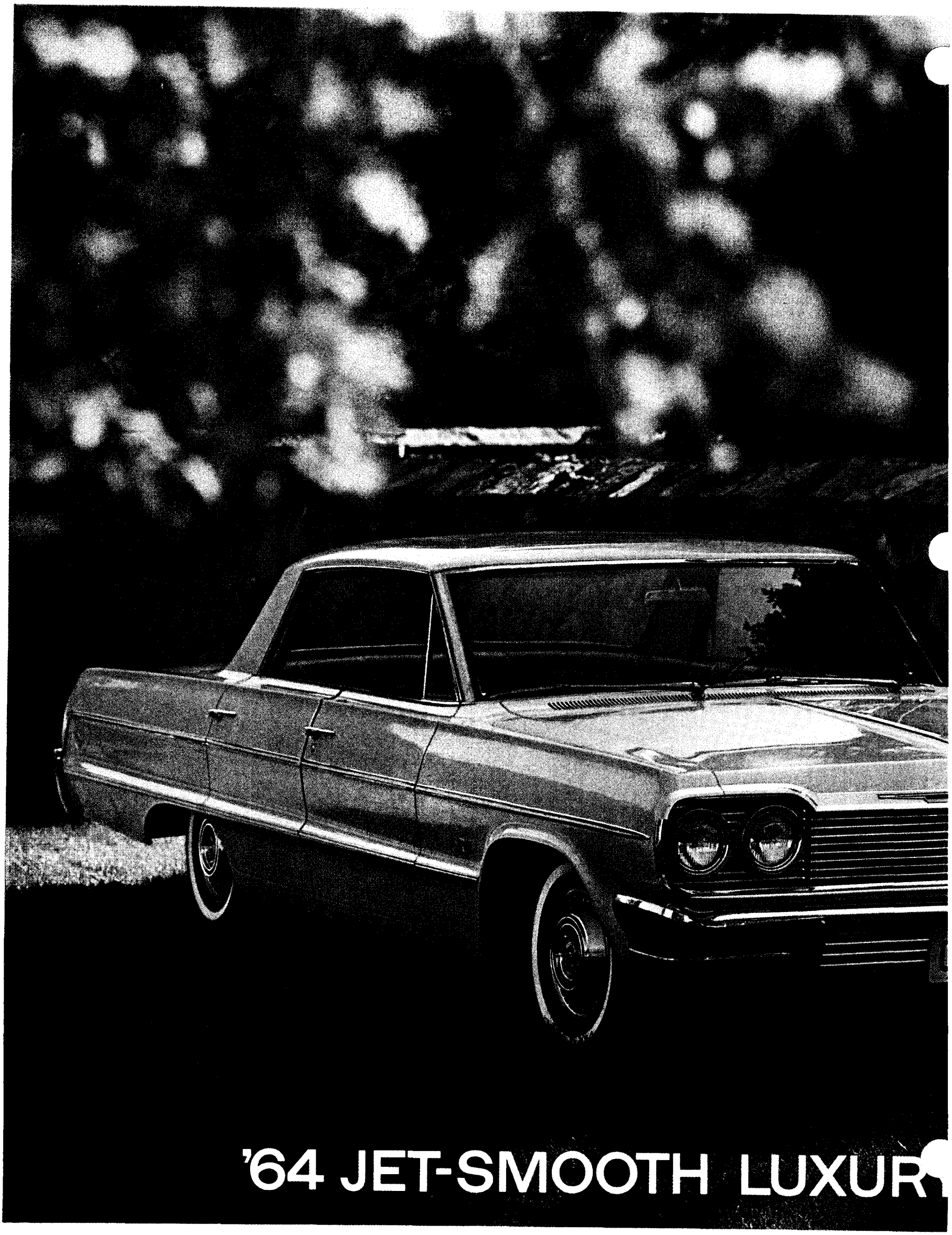

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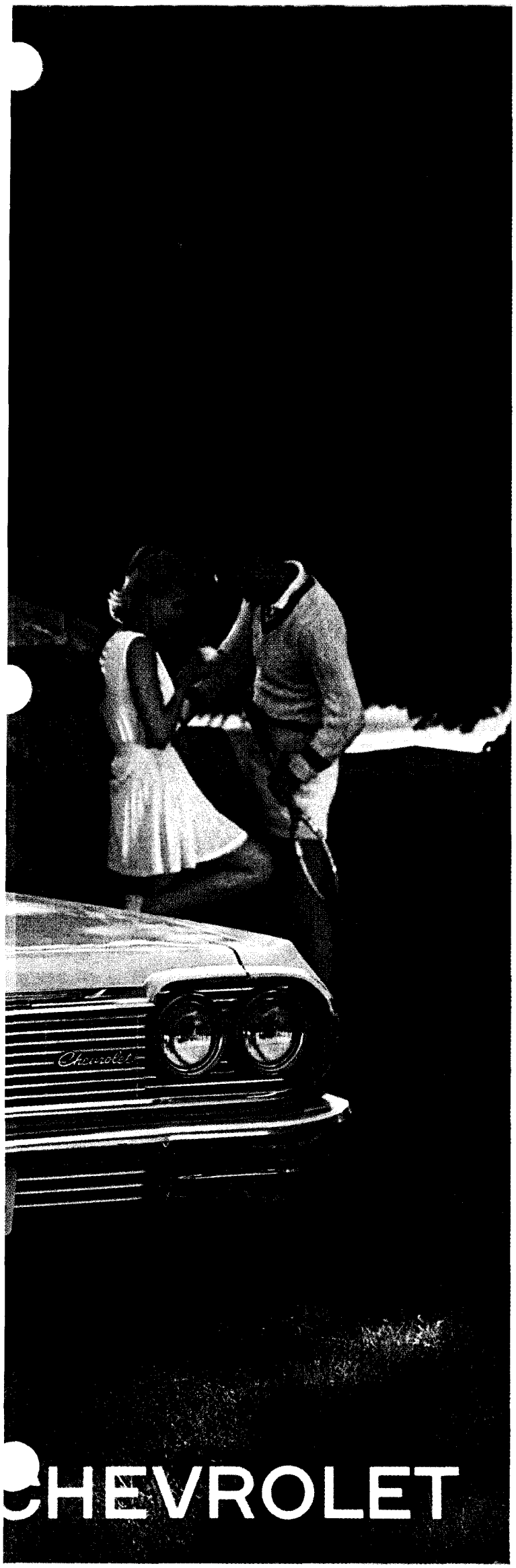

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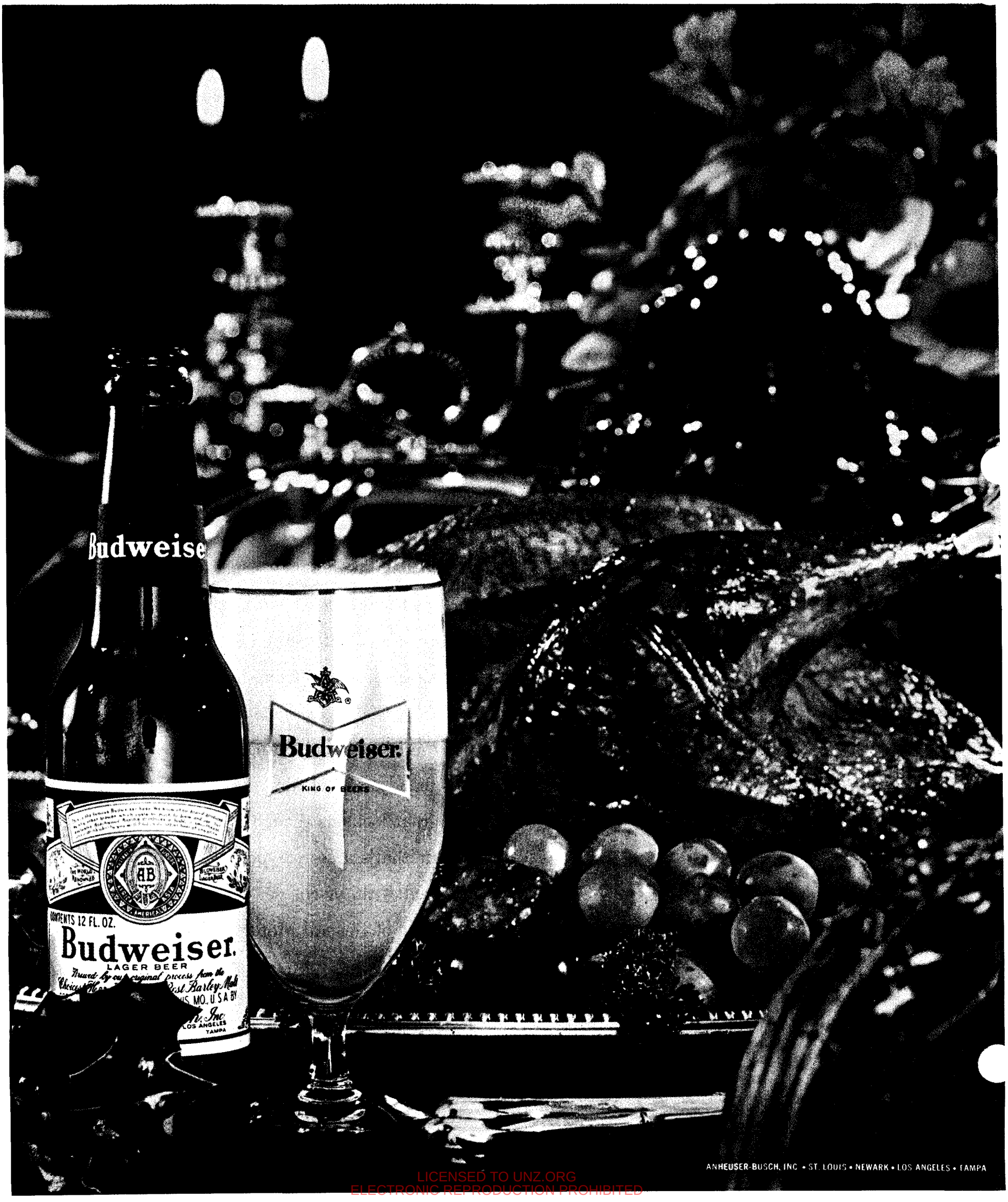

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SOFTLY

By Santha Rama Rau

Distinguished writer and world-traveler Santha Rama Rau was born in Madras, India, in 1923, the daughter of Benegal Rama Rau, a diplomat and onetime ambassador to the United States. After being schooled in England, she came to America in 1941 to attend Wellesley College. Following her graduation, she published *Home to India,* an account of her rediscovery of herself as an Indian after 10 years spent in the West. With her American writer husband, Faubion Bowers, she has continued to travel throughout Asia and Europe, with extended stays in Russia, India and England. Her writing reflects her unusual understanding of people of many cultures. Among her most popular books are *This Is India, Remember the House, View to the Southeast, My Russian Journey,* and *Gifts of Passage.* Her recent dramatization of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* was a success on both the New York and London stages. In *Softly,* Miss Rau draws on firsthand knowledge of Japan, gained in 1947 while acting as hostess for her father, India's first ambassador to that country. Set in Tokyo during the Occupation, this is a bittersweet tale of the love of an American Army officer for an alien yet enchanting land—and for a beautiful, troubled girl. It is fresh evidence of the remarkable talent that has prompted Rumer Godden to write: "Charm and power make a rare combination, particularly in an author, but these two qualities have always been combined in the books by Santha Rama Rau. . . . She is not only rare; I should venture to say she is unique." *Softly* is the opening section of a novel-in-progress to be published by Harper & Row.

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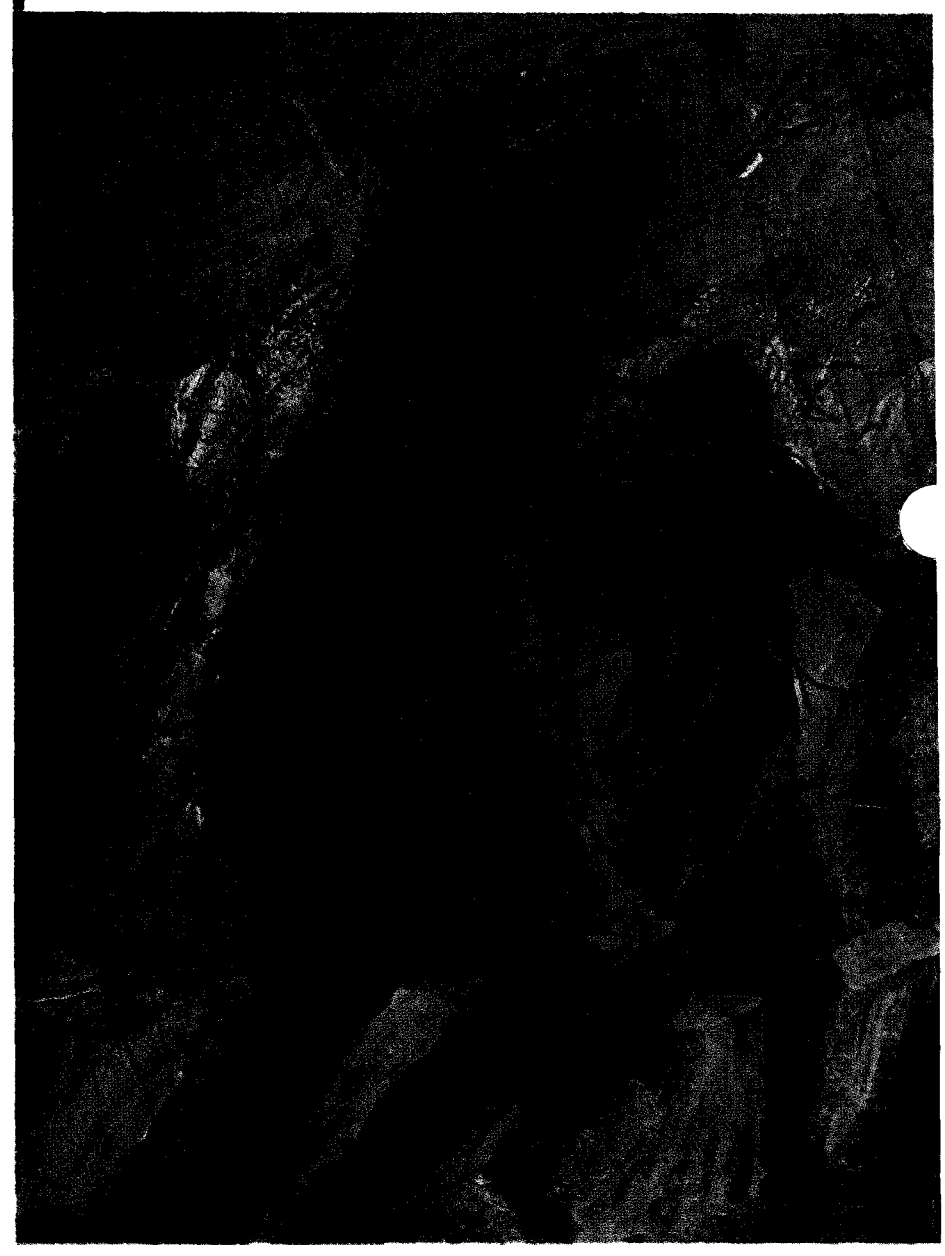
Softly

Love has many dimensions



The summer of 1947 was unrelentingly hot in Tokyo. There were, besides, a couple of other factors that made it unusually tiresome for the Occupation personnel. For one thing, a good many members of foreign diplomatic missions had arrived. Houses and cars had to be requisitioned for them, and the already overcrowded living conditions of the city were further strained. For another, "dependents" were arriving in force from America to bedevil numbers of men who had, in the course of two years of Occupation life, worked out pleasant, exotic and thoroughly satisfactory arrangements with Japanese women. Many of the men had arrived in Tokyo after the war expecting to find the Japanese plain, if not positively repellent. They scarcely noticed the moment at which their eyes changed, the moment at which their own women began to seem both domineering and colorless. Later they were astonished when newcomers commented on the ungainly posture of the Japanese, on the broad features and flaming cheeks of the country girls who had come into Tokyo to find work, on the thick legs and seedy clothes of the pom-pom girls who loitered under the railway bridges in the center of town or paraded beside the bombed-out lots and shattered factories near Army billets. Often the newcomers would mimic the sad little pom-pom girls' refrain. "Harro, harro, GI, prease. How much, you say?" And the veteran members of the Occupation would look embarrassed and change the subject.

That summer, in any bar in any American billet there would be the familiar quota of men sitting alone, sipping whiskey and glumly considering how they would tell some Japanese girl that a wife (or mother, or daughter—anyway, a dependent) was arriving and that life would be different from now on. They were the men with a Personal Problem—a "pp" as it came to be called, or, as some musically minded wag had insisted, a Softly. There would be brief exchanges of this sort:

"What's the trouble, Dick?"

"The usual," Dick would reply. "A Softly."

"Yeah," his friend would say sympathetically. "A Softly does it, all right."

Looking at Charles Beaver, sitting alone in the bar of the Imperial Hotel, one could easily have supposed him to be a Softly victim—a civilian government employee, scowling over a letter that was evidently hard to write. The last of the late leavers, a young colleague who had drunk his lunch, stopped by Beaver's table on his way out of the bar. "Boy, you sure look solemn," he remarked in half-drunken friendliness.

"Yeah," Beaver said, scarcely bothering to look up.

"A Softly, I guess. A Softly does it."

"A *what?*" Beaver asked, startled out of his absentmindedness.

"A Softly, kid. You know—a Personal Problem."

"Look, either you're drunk, or I'm ——"

"A Personal Problem—a 'pp.' Get it? Didn't you ever have to take music lessons?"

"Yeah, pp, a Personal Problem, pianissimo. Yeah, I get it," Beaver said.

"So it's called a Softly. We all have them. I had one. Hardest letter I ever had to write. To little Fumi *san*. Telling her my wife was coming out. Couldn't bear to tell her in person. Waited till the last moment."

"Listen. It isn't that kind of a Softly."

"Any kind is murder."

"I'm writing to my wife."

"Don't do it, Beaver. Take my advice. We gotta go back to the States after all this is over. A Softly is a Softly. Don't louse up your future for one."

Beaver said patiently, "I'm writing to my wife, asking her to come to Japan with our children. I'm not in love with some Japanese girl. I just *like* the damn country."

"OK, OK. You had me worried there for a moment, though. Some of these nuts really do wreck it all just for . . . But they sure are accommodating, you have to admit."

"They're trained to be," said Beaver. He returned to his letter with an air of dismissal, and his friend went reeling off happily, leaving Beaver to the emptiness of the bar.

Beaver was drinking Coca-Cola, not whiskey, and he *was* writing to his wife to urge her to come to Tokyo. He had fallen in love, not with a Japanese girl, but with Japan—a much more difficult thing to explain in a letter.

"To you, of all people," he had written, "I should be able to say all this so it makes sense. But all I seem to repeat is that if you came out here you would understand—not the Japanese, necessarily (and I couldn't

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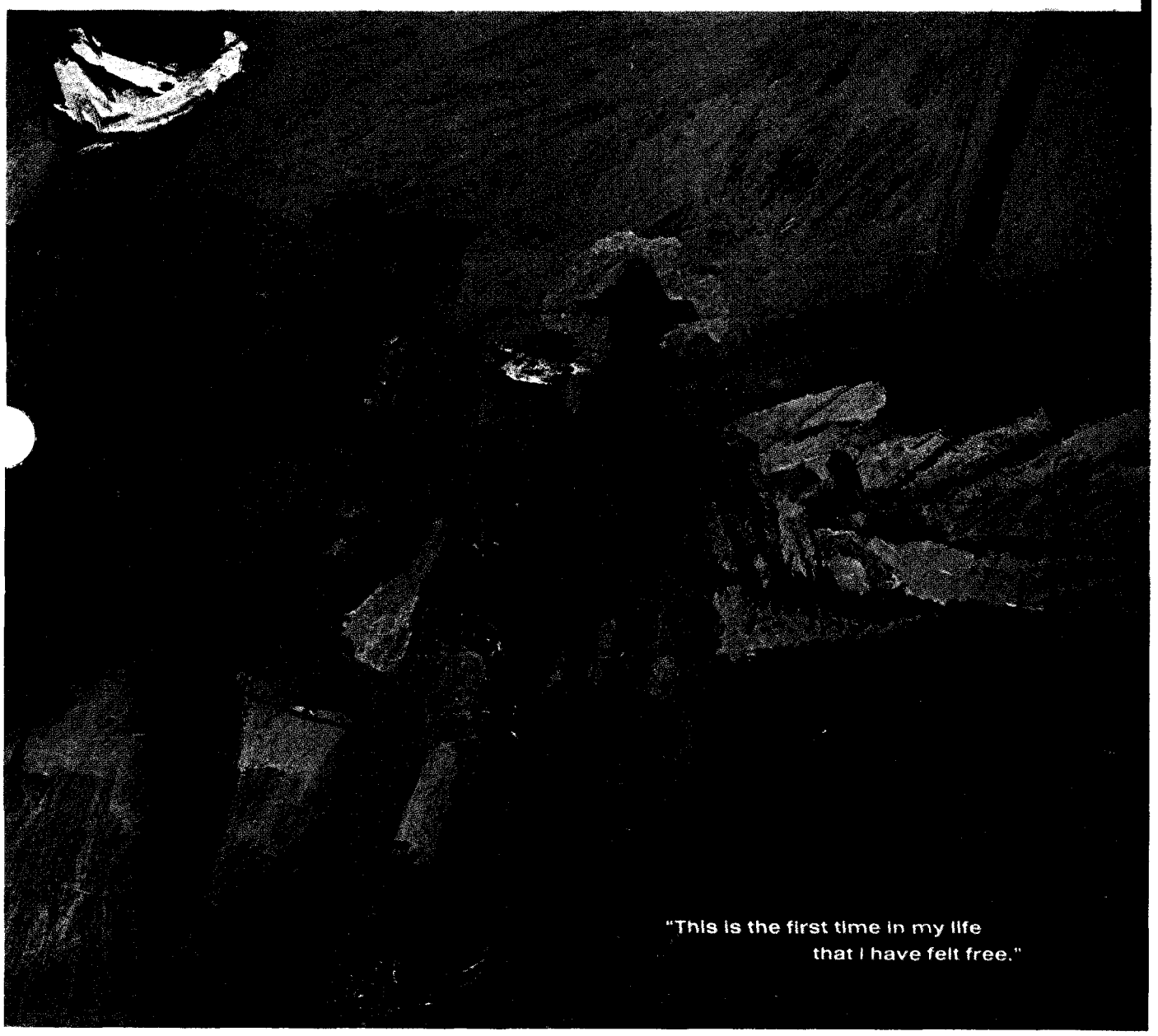
but can it encompass mistrust?

By SANTHA RAMA RAU



blame you)—but why I want to stay on after my regular tour of duty is over." He stopped to reread his hopefully false words, and imagined Susan opening the letter over breakfast in the tiny dining room of the Georgetown house. The house had been Susan's idea, an extravagance before the war, a remarkably good investment ever since. Her hair would be neatly brushed, and she would be wearing what she called a brunch coat, but no lipstick. First thing in the morning, it makes a woman look hard, she had told him once. His two daughters, equally tidy, would be finishing breakfast. Susan would say, "Your father writes that he's fine. He's enjoying himself in Japan. He says it's very hot, though I guess it's no hotter than Washington right now." She would put the letter away for consideration later, after the rest of the mail had been dealt with, after the house and the girls had been organized for the day.

"I wish I could give you some really cogent reasons why I feel so strongly about this. It is an extraordinary privilege, at our age, to find the opportunity of exploring a foreign and a deeply rewarding culture." He stopped again to stare at the clumsy, stilted phrase. The fact was that he couldn't write, "I love the place. For the first time, my life seems to hold something unpredictable." In the years during and since the war, he and Susan had exchanged many letters, from Army camps in America, from Australia, from New Guinea, from Japan. She had soon worked out a formula. She used to keep a diary which she mailed to him once a week. In it she recorded her daily activities, the health of the girls, news about friends. Each installment ended, "We all love you and miss you." He had soon fallen into the pattern, thinking it wise of her to save them from easy emotionalism. He, in turn, described his food and his living conditions and tried to add a bit of interest to his letters by putting in a few facts about the country in which he found himself: Australian sheep farmers, in their vast isolation, get medical advice by radio; or New Guinea natives eat wallabies—that sort of thing. He always closed with, "I think of you and the girls all the time."

It was too late now to change the tone of his writing. He should have started long ago, when he first began to feel the excitement of Japan in small things—the elegance with which the Japanese wrapped a parcel, the most ordinary parcel, for instance. Or the sound of a flight of ducks over the lake in Ueno Park: a sudden whisper of wings on a cold evening, and there were the ducks, wheeling black against a rose-pink sky.

"To be practical," he wrote, "you should have no trouble renting the house. I'm pretty certain I can wangle us a good house here, if you don't mind living a bit out of town, and Japanese servants are excellent. Actually, I'm entitled to it—as you know, they still grade us according to our Army equivalents, so I'm a civilian colonel. The girls can go to the American school here. It's run on the same system as the ones back home, so they won't be missing anything academically. I don't think they'll be lonely here, as there are plenty of American families in Tokyo by now. Besides, they have reached an age when travel really can broaden the mind instead of simply confirming one in one's prejudices."

Beaver looked up from his letter when the door of the Imperial bar swung open. Usually he could count on having the bar to himself at this hour—too early for the after-office whiskey, too late for even the most

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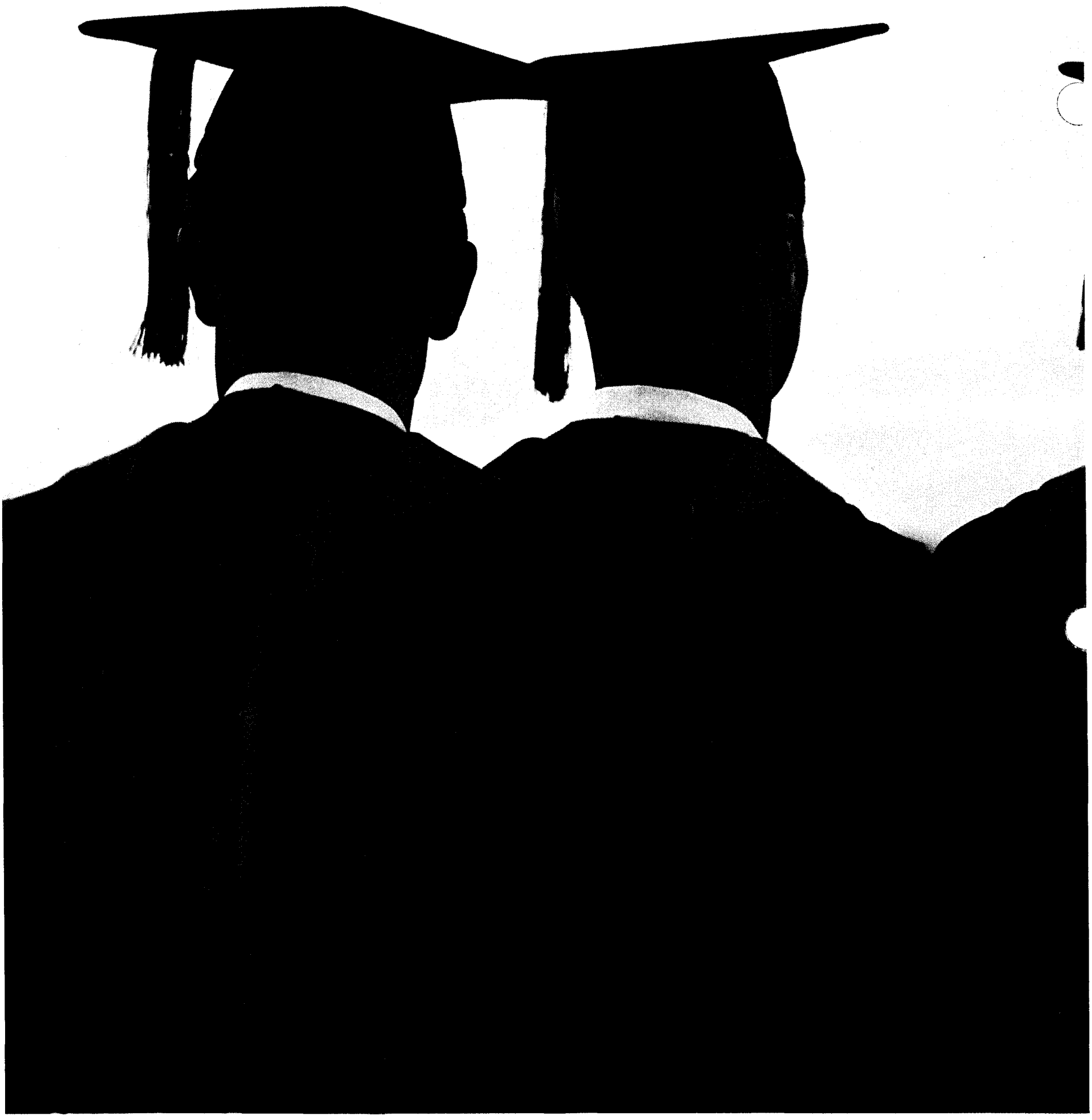

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long-drawn-out lunchtime Martini. He could have stayed in his room to write his letter, but the bar was air-conditioned, and his cramped room in the hotel was not. With vague resentment, he saw a girl come into the bar. She wore a white silk suit, startling against her deep sunburn. She carried an enormous white handbag, almost as big as a briefcase, and, since she was both short and slender, it gave her a look of slightly ludicrous importance. With only mild interest, Beaver wondered who the lucky man was that could claim her as a dependent. He thought she looked vaguely Latin. Spanish, perhaps.

"As it happens," he wrote, "there is another advantage. You know that living here is very cheap, so what we could get in rent from the house would cover . . ."

The girl held herself very straight, and walked across the room with an air of both grace and defiance. She took a table near Beaver's and for a couple of minutes stared down the length of the room toward the bar, where one of the bartenders was hunched over a ledger illuminated by a gooseneck lamp, flicking the beads of an abacus. The other bartender was gazing out of the window at the coming-and going of jeeps and occasional diplomatic limousines.

At last the girl said in a high, clear voice, "*Ano ne!*"

The bartender turned, sidled out from behind the bar and came over to her table. With a quick glance at Beaver's drink, she said, "I would like a Coca-Cola, please, with plenty of ice."

The thing that made Beaver look at her sharply was that she said it in Japanese. Simple enough words, certainly, but she spoke them with the fluency that could come only from experience with the language. He continued to watch her as the drink was poured out and set before her. Then she reached into her handbag and brought out some Japanese money. The man smiled at her and explained, wearily, that he couldn't accept Japanese money.

"If you prefer military scrip," the girl said.

The bartender shook his head, still smiling.

On an impulse, Beaver leaned across his table. "You need chits," he said, holding up a little white book.

A look of defeat crossed the girl's face. "Chits?"

"Didn't anyone tell you?" Beaver asked. "You can buy them at the desk in the lobby ——"

The girl got to her feet.

"—if you're a resident of the hotel."

The girl turned to him with a distress quite out of proportion to the significance of the incident. "But I'm not. I was supposed to meet somebody here. What shall I do? I was supposed ——"

"Well, don't get excited," Beaver said. "I'll pay for your Coke. It's only a nickel. Your friend will probably turn up before you've finished it." He smiled at her and handed the bartender a slip of paper.

"I didn't know about chits," the girl said, and didn't add the thank-you that would have ended the matter. "You live here in the hotel, I suppose?"

"For my sins."

"But it's a very nice place. The best. The best of Western style, that is."

"Mm. I'd rather live in a Japanese house."

She turned her full attention on him for the first time. "Do you like the Japanese?" she asked, as if she seriously wanted to know.

"I suppose I do," he replied. "Anyway, I like Japan."

"Is that fashionable now?"

Unaccountably irritated, he said, "I wouldn't know." After a pause, he added, "Damn it, the war's been over some time. Any fool ought to know they aren't all monsters. I suppose you don't trust them?"

"I know them very well," she said noncommittally.

"That's a rash statement. B.I.J., I take it?"

"What? B.I.J.?"

"Born in Japan—missionaries' children and that sort of thing. If you had been, you'd know B.I.J."

"No, not B.I.J."

"Then how come you know the Japanese so well?"

"I've lived here."

"Well, at least you don't find them inscrutable. Most dependents do, and that's a bad way to begin, because you can't unscrew the inscrutable."

She hesitated for a moment, and then decided that this was a joke. She gave a sudden clear peal of laughter that made the bartenders look up in surprise. Beaver thought she was quite beautiful when she laughed. He was certain that she couldn't be American, not only because of her accent, but because he thought an American woman's laughter would not be so happily released. He tried to think of something funny to say. In the silence, she poked at the ice in her glass with a straw, and his eyes returned to his letter. ". . . what we could get in rent from the house would cover . . ."

She was the one to break the silence, and with some amusement Beaver heard her offer that sturdy gambit of pickups: "Could you give me a cigarette? I seem to have come out without any." She hadn't opened her bag since she had produced the Japanese money to pay for her Coke.

"I don't smoke. I'm sorry."

"Can one buy them here?"

"Not here. At the PX, of course, and ——"

"Never mind. It's probably good for me not to smoke."

"Not if it's a real pleasure to you. I just don't happen to, but ——"

"But it ruins your sense of smell, and that is important. There is a moment of the year—autumn, in the mountains—when the country is twice as beautiful if you can smell it. And moss. Do you know that moss has a scent?"

"Damp and sort of moldy, you mean?" Beaver asked, smiling at her gravity and remembering that most of the foreigners found that the country smelled of night soil and the city of pickled radishes.

"No, no! Beyond that. Very faint, very delicate, but lovely. And certain fruit woods, when you burn them . . . You are laughing at me. Still, here it is an art to use your nose."

"Here, what isn't an art?"

Beaver got up from his table.

"You're going?" the girl asked quickl

"I'll be back in a minute." He arranged his papers and an airmail envelope addressed to his wife, face down on the table. He left the bar, conscious that the girl was watching him, and straightened up from his normal slouch as he went. In the steamy corridor outside he didn't pause to wonder why he was doing this, but walked across the dark landing to the small reception room that was used as an auxiliary PX for the convenience of generals, colonels, diplomats and top civilians who lived at the Imperial. He did work out in his mind, while he was waiting for his carton of cigarettes, that if she wasn't American, she wasn't a member of one of the foreign diplomatic missions either, or she would have had access to embassy stores. If she were Japanese, she shouldn't be in the Imperial at all. Japanese were not permitted in the public rooms of Army billets. He wondered which of his fellow-residents at the Imperial might have made a date with her.

When he returned to the bar, he stood in front of her table with his hands behind his back. A glance at his own table showed him that his papers had been disturbed and rather clumsily replaced. He dropped the carton of cigarettes in front of her.

"Go ahead and ruin your sense of smell," he said cheerfully.

She stared at the carton for a long time in silence. At last she said, "One always hears that Americans are very generous."

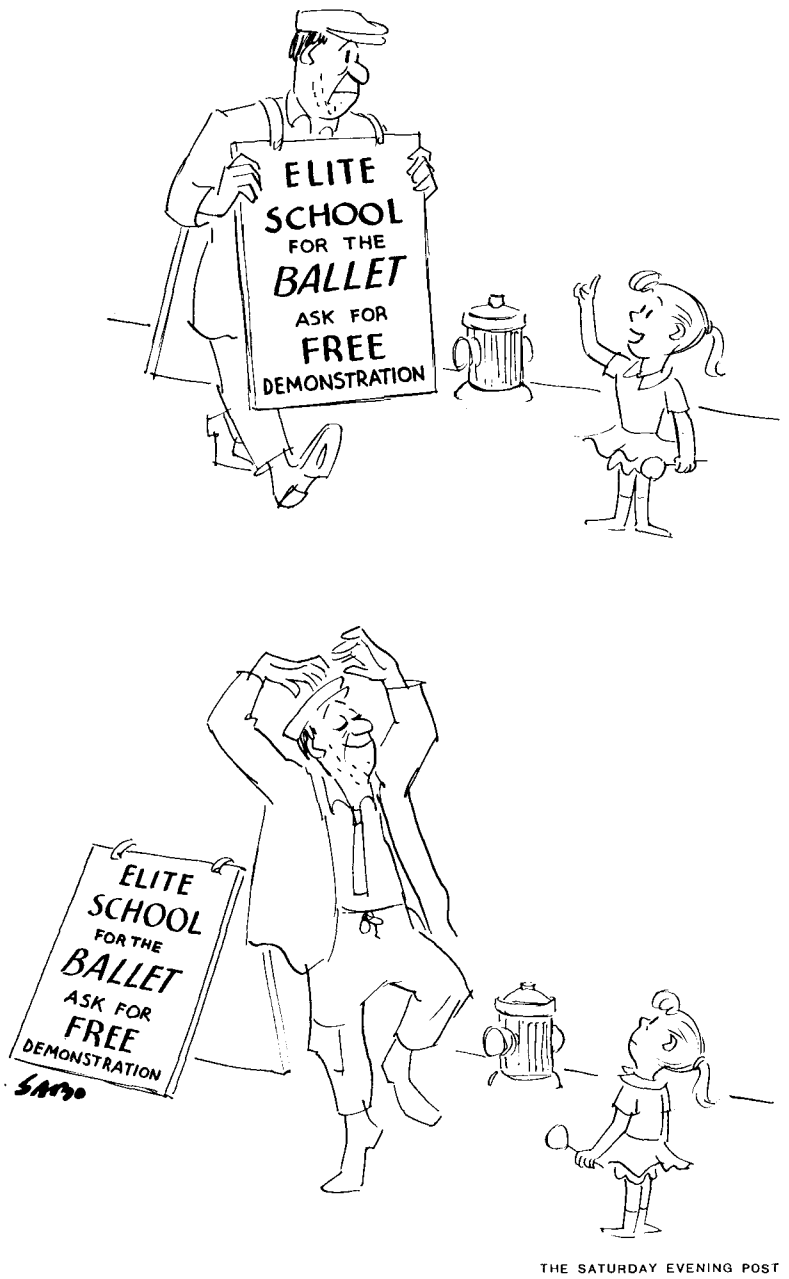
"Generous, or guilty, or eager to be liked," he said. He called the bartender over and, while he ordered two more Coca-Colas, moved his papers over to her table. "Unless you prefer something stronger?" he said, as an afterthought.

"I don't drink alcohol," she replied, still staring at the cigarettes.

He shoved the carton toward her. "Go ahead," he said. "They're tax-free." He sat down next to her. She took one pack out of the carton and put it on the table. The rest she slipped into her bag. When the bartender returned with the drinks, he put a box of matches next to the cigarettes without being asked.

At five o'clock the bar started to fill up. Civilians and Army officers stopped in on their way from work, often without going to their rooms first, for a breath of air conditioning and a drink. Later the dependents would join them, women in summery cocktail dresses, powdered and scented for the evening. Many of them would carry Japanese fans; some would have flat, gold-brocade bags made from obi material; all would have a recognizable air of conquest.

Beaver and the girl talked about Kyoto. She seemed to know the city pretty well. "I used to stay with friends there," she told him, and did not elaborate, so they discussed palaces and gardens, selecting their favorites and explaining why. Beaver found himself remembering Kyoto with enthusiasm, though during his one visit there he had been, if not disappointed, at least uncomfortable, sometimes bored and always a foreigner trapped in a foreign life. The previous spring he had taken a week's leave to spend in Kyoto, traveling down by the day train for th short glimpse of Mount Fuji throug the carriage window. His excitement mounted as he saw the familiar outline of the volcano, all blue, almost perfectly symmetrical, its peak showing above thin,



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horizontal bars of cloud, like a painting one has loved from childhood.

In Kyoto, however, his mood changed. He had a cold, Western-style room at the Miyako Hotel because the Japanese inns were not open to Occupation personnel. Since the restaurants, too, were closed to foreigners, he had to eat his meals at the Miyako—the same Army rations that he swallowed without noticing in Tokyo—and that first night, looking around the dining room, he realized with a sense of depression that his tours of the city, his attempts at sight-seeing, would be accompanied, dogged by scores of dependents. Some were escorted by their men; some had come in parties of their own. The one thing they all knew to be worth seeing in Japan was spring in Kyoto, the cherry blossoms and the brightly dressed girls in the processions. Later, when he thought about the many lovely things he had seen in Kyoto, his memories were laced with the avid chatter of the dependents, their unfailing amusement and fuss at having to take off their shoes before they entered a palace or a teahouse, their predictable doubts about the cleanliness of the felt slippers provided. Even his solitary walks through the city took him past antique stores and silk shops where greedy Americans were buying, buying, buying, bartering PX stores for a celadon bowl or paying in illicit yen for a length of brocade or a ceremonial kimono.

Now he recalled one or two other moments and told the girl about them with an eagerness that surprised him. Once, at the Katsura Imperial Villa, he had been left alone for a few minutes in one of the rooms while the rest of the sight-seeing party wandered after the guide. He had pulled back the sliding screen across a window, and had stood staring out at that perfect garden, the little lake, the carefully casual trees, all blurred by the spring rain. "I even wrote a poem," he said without embarrassment. "In my head, I mean."

She nodded. "Very proper," she said approvingly.

"But of all the places, I think the one I liked best was the Ryoanji Temple. Most of the others couldn't see its garden at all—it just looked like a mess of gravel and rocks to them."

"They probably didn't stay long enough. You have to wait until you hear the sound of the sea in the trees. Then the gravel turns to water, and the rocks become islands, and there you are, looking down from a long distance at the ocean."

He was halted by the certainty in her voice. "Well, I guess I didn't really see it either. At least not like that. I just liked it as an abstract."

"An abstract what?"

"Well, I don't know. An abstract design, I suppose."

"I always prefer things to have a story."

"Listen ——" he began, and then noticed that she had reached down for her bag and was pushing her chair back from the table. He hurried on, holding her with the pleading in his voice, to tell her of an evening after dinner when he had walked all the way from the Miyako to Gion, the geisha section of Kyoto. As it happened, he had not gone into any of the geisha houses (though he hadn't planned to describe this part), not solely because they were off limits, more because his Japanese wasn't good enough to conduct an evening of banter or elegant conversation with geishas, and he was too timid to try anything else with them. He had been to occasional geisha parties with Japanese businessmen whom he had to meet in the course of his work in the Economic Section in Tokyo. They were elaborate affairs with beautifully arranged food and wine and presents afterward, but the geishas were always quiet and discreet, recognizing the occasion for what it was, a business dinner. In Kyoto he had hoped to sample something gayer, but the sight of those shuttered doors, the unobtrusive signs with the names of the houses, the thought of the distant, secret life behind the exquisite wooden façades had defeated him. He had wandered (and this was the part he emphasized) through the crosshatching of narrow, charming alleys, aware, with relief, that there wasn't a sign of bomb damage: darkness hid the evidences of the war. Somewhere near the river he had paused under a lighted window and listened to the sound of a samisen accompanying the sharp wail of a Japanese song. It was at that moment, when he was alone on the nighttime street, that Japanese music had become music to him, moving and intimate, not simply a meaningless twanging of ill-tuned strings. He didn't get much of a response from her to all this because she stood up and remarked briskly, "I must go now."

"You haven't even smoked a cigarette," he said.

"I'm saving the pleasure for when I can give it my full attention. I haven't smoked an American cigarette for a long time." She picked up the pack from the table and put it in her bag.

"Your date seems to have stood you up."

She said nothing. So Beaver asked her straight out, "Who were you meeting?"

"Colonel Peterson. Do you know him?"

"We meet occasionally. Transport, isn't he?"

"I believe so."

Beaver looked around the room, at the tables along the walls and under the windows, almost all occupied by now. He stared for a long moment at a table by the door. He turned back to the girl thoughtfully. "If you really must go . . ." he said.

"I'm afraid so."

"May I call you—tomorrow? Soon?"

"I'll call you."

"But you don't even ——"

"Charles Beaver, Economic Section. Or Imperial Hotel," she recited rapidly. "I looked at the return address on the letter to your wife. While you were getting the cigarettes. You don't mind, do you? I was inquisitive."

Beaver said slowly, not really meaning it, "I don't mind. But I'm willing to bet you won't call."

"Tomorrow. You'll see. Good-bye."

Like just about everyone else in the room, Beaver watched the girl walk to the door. If we ever dance together, he thought, I shall look grotesquely tall next to her.

Outside the Imperial, the girl walked toward the Dai-Ichi Building. She walked quite fast and the heat didn't bother her. At the second big intersection she paused on the sidewalk and for a few moments watched the traffic go by. It was the height of the rush hour, and the buses and tramcars were dangerously crowded, with people standing on the steps and platforms, clinging insecurely to handrails or to other passengers. At every stop a tangle of men and women would fight to get on, several would get pushed off, others would find an invisible foothold. It seemed a miracle that the babies strapped to their mothers' backs were not smothered in the crush. There were not yet nearly enough trams and buses back in operation to meet the needs of the city, and the Japanese were not allowed to ride on Occupation transport. There were few private cars among the Japanese, but some taxis were on the streets; many of them, converted to run on charcoal instead of gasoline, carried clumsy metal stoves riveted to their rear fenders, with rattling pipes puffing out heat and smoke. In the middle of it all, an American MP, directing the traffic from a giant pillbox, performed a fantastic kind of ballet, waving his arms, stamping, swinging his body round in movements of exaggerated precision.

The girl waited for him to signal that pedestrians might cross, and then decided not to join the queue at the bus stop. Instead she walked on to the subway station. The subway would be just as crowded, but the ride was quicker. Jammed in with hundreds of other passengers on the platform, she still caused a flurry of attention. She was the only person dressed in white. Most of the others still wore practical dark clothes that didn't show the dirt, many of them—kimonos, dresses, business suits—made of the ersatz materials of the war years.

She was unaware of the scrutiny. She was thinking of the look of the subway stations during the bombings, the frightened women and children crouched against the frivolous pink and yellow tiles of the walls, their neat bundles of food and clothing tied up in squares of patterned cloth. Tokyo subways are so shallow that you could hear the noise of the raids outside, and afterward you walked home by circuitous routes, followed by the sound of the fires crackling through the houses.

In the Imperial Hotel bar Beaver got up, gathered his papers and walked to the door. After a moment's hesitation he stopped at the table near the door and said, "How are things, Colonel Peterson? I thought you'd left the Imperial."

"I have," the middle-aged man in uniform replied. "My wife and family arrived two weeks ago, and we moved into our new house."

"I hadn't expected to see you here," Beaver said carefully.

"I stop in every now and again, after work, for old times' sake. It was good in those days."

"What was good?" Beaver asked.

"Tokyo, Japan, whatever ——"

"Before the dependents arrived, you mean?"

"Well. Not that I'm not ——"

"—devoted to your family. But you had a Softly?"

The colonel looked up sharply, and began to bluster. "No, no, of course not. Nothing like that, but now it's 'What about the stove?' and 'You *must* requisition some new living-room chairs,' and—well, you know."

"I soon will. I've just been writing my wife to tell her to come out to Tokyo. I'd hoped it would be better living in a Japanese house than in the hotel." Beaver sounded thoughtful.

The colonel said uncertainly, "Yes, sure. Why, sure it is. . . ."

"Well, I've got to be going. I expect you were meeting someone?"

"No," the colonel said sadly. "No, I'm expected home for dinner."

Three subway trains passed without space for more than the most aggressive of the front line of passengers. At last the girl found herself pushed through the doors, wedged in with the solid crowd, traveling in silence like the rest until she could squirm her way out again at Shibuya station about fifteen minutes later.

The main streets in Tokyo had clear marked names given them by the Occupation—A Avenue, or B Street, or Meiji Road—but the Japanese, accepting this innovation without rancor, continued to give an address or find their way about

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Angel Food

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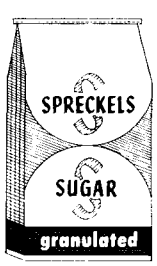

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by the old landmarks—a bus stop, a police station, a famous building, the name of a ward or subdistrict. The girl soon turned off the main street outside Shibuya station into a smaller one (without a name) and from there into a blind alley (without a name) known only as the turning between the Ichi Riki *sushi* shop and the grocer's. Halfway down the lane there was a long wooden fence, recently mended in places, cut by a gate which carried a new board painted with the name COL. F. R. PETERSON. According to the tradesmen, Colonel Peterson had moved into the house behind the fence only two weeks before, when his wife had arrived from America. So far the Petersons had hired a local man to get their garden back into shape, and the daughter of the Ichi Riki proprietor as a maid. The people of the neighborhood were interested and, so far, pretty well pleased with the Petersons, although they had seen very little of them because either the heat or the problems of getting settled in an unfamiliar house had kept the Petersons indoors.

There was still a Japanese man nailing the final slat in the fence. He bowed to the girl as she passed. She returned the greeting and hesitated before she walked on. "*Konnichi wa*," she said, smiling. "You are working so late?"

"The colonel *san* too. He isn't home yet."

For a second she looked alarmed. "Really? I heard that they spent every evening at home."

"Yes, yes. They do. There is still much to be done in the house and garden, his wife says. She says that after it is all in order, then will be the time to go out."

"Then why isn't he here?"

"Sometimes he works late at the office. The *ojosan* tells me, so I know."

"I see," she said, with a note of relief in her voice. "I must be getting home."

"Your husband is better?"

"Yes. Much better, thank you."

"My respects to all your family."

"My respects to yours." They both bowed again.

The girl walked to the far end of the alley, where she pushed open a gate, stepped into a tiny garden and crossed the garden to the sliding wooden doors of a modest house. In the foyer, she slipped off her high-heeled shoes, padded barefoot to the inner screens and called softly, "*Tadayma*—I'm back."

Instantly the reply came, "*O kaeri nasai*," which has the sense, if not the meaning, of "Welcome home." An elderly woman in a gray kimono and white cotton socks came into the narrow passage. "We have been waiting for you," she said in a gentle, accusing voice.

"I'm sorry. The subways seemed unusually crowded."

The woman nodded. "These days will pass."

"Eventually, I suppose. Meanwhile. . ."

"Meanwhile, was it all right? Are you ——"

"Yes, I'm all right. And it went quite well. For a beginning."

"You look tired, child. Please go in and see him now. He has been anxious." Without a pause, she raised her voice to call out pleasantly, calmly, "Keiko *chan* is here!"

The girl walked through the house to a room at the far end of the corridor. A very thin man looked up when she entered. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor. On the low table in front of him were a neat pile of flimsy paper, a bottle of ink, and a steel-nibbed pen.

"Are you writing a letter too?" the girl asked. "To the military authorities again?"

"No. No, I have no claim on them. It is not a war wound."

"But it's because of the war that ——"

"Kay. We know all the arguments." He smiled as though it hurt him. "Now tell me what happened this afternoon."

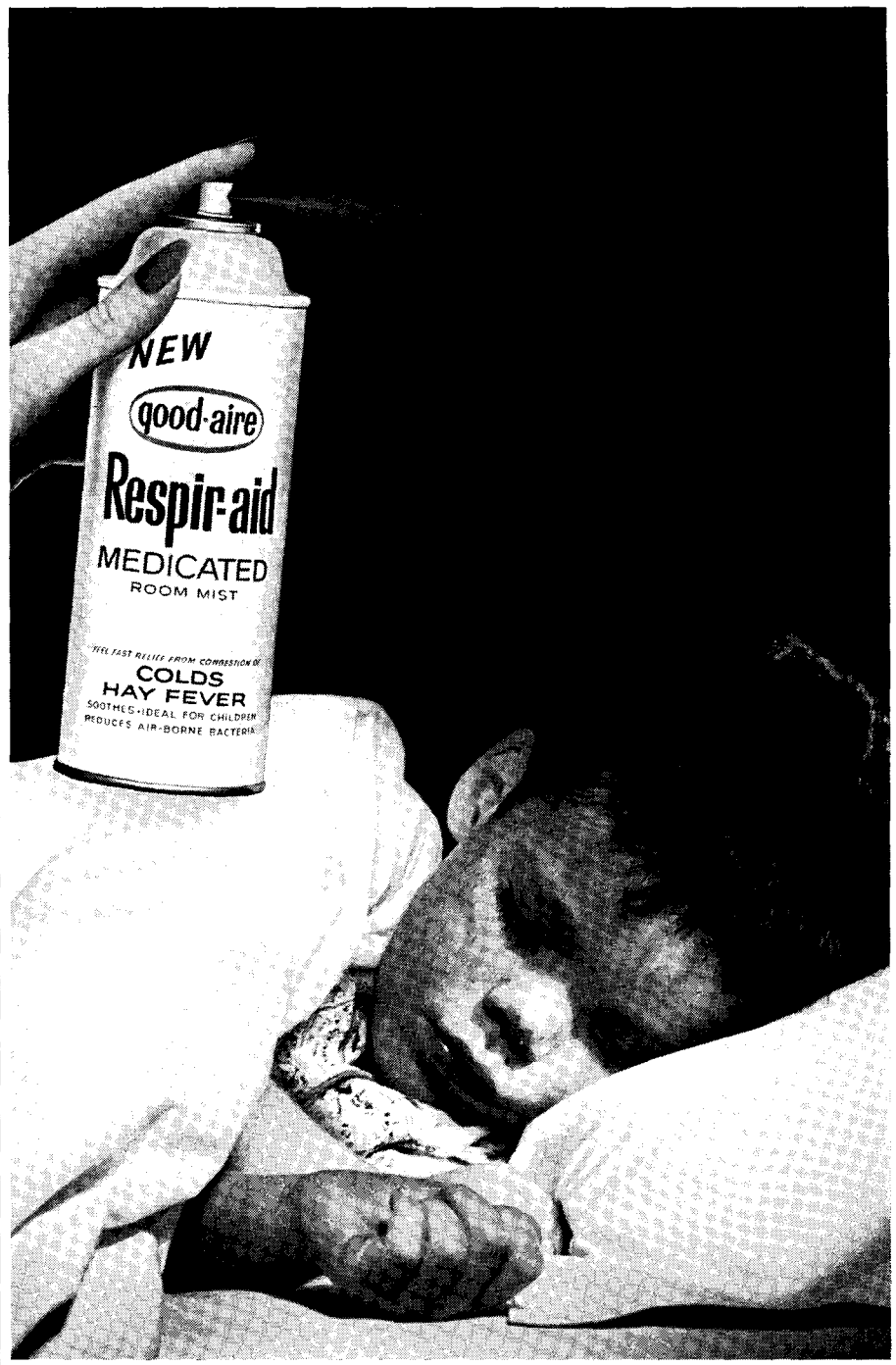
"Then why are you wasting your energy writing letters?"

"Takahashi's wife came in to see my mother. It seems that she knows of a sanitarium, in the mountains, that has space. Her daughter lives in the village, so the information is reliable. Also, she will give my letter to the superintendent personally."

"A private sanitarium?"

"Yes, that's the drawback." He looked away with an expression that Kay thought was partly fatigue and partly embarrassment. Where the paper screens were drawn back they could see a dusty gardenia bush growing against the wooden

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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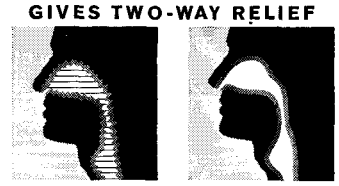

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fence, with a strip of paved path separating it from the house. She knelt on a square, flat cushion, across the table from him.

"Well, it needn't be so much of a drawback now." She opened her big white bag and started piling cigarettes on the table, while he watched in silence.

"Ten packages of American cigarettes," he said. "Where did you get them?"

"In the Imperial Hotel bar. An American gave them to me."

"Just like that? A stranger gave them to you?"

"They are very softhearted. Anyway, he doesn't smoke."

"That isn't a reason." He was beginning to look frightened.

"For him it's a reason. I am to telephone him tomorrow. There will be more things, I am sure of it. Perhaps not cigarettes, but still things with value."

"All for kindness? This fortune?" When she didn't reply, he continued painfully (and, unexpectedly, in the most formal manner of speech), "I must express my profound gratitude to you."

"Oh, listen," she said, with tears in her voice, "you should be in bed. I can't think why you're up. I can't think why you speak to me in that way." She stood up in a quick movement. "Your mother can write the letter. You must rest. You're feverish. I can tell by your color."

"It's the heat."

"Even if it's the heat . . ." She walked to the sliding doors of the cupboard opposite the window and began to pull out thin mattresses covered in faded silk. In a few moments she had arranged them in front of the window and, with a kind of angry efficiency, tied the tapes that fastened the sheets to the quilts, spread the coverings, and placed at the head of the bed a hard little pillow stuffed with pine needles and covered with coarse cotton. She looked up only when the old woman came in with a tray of tea things. Kay said, "Thank you very much, *obasan*."

The man said nothing at all. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the activity around him. But both he and his mother, one sitting almost motionless, the other busy setting out teacups, kept glancing toward the stack of American cigarettes.

"Mr. Beaver? Good morning."

"Hello? Oh, it's you."

"You didn't think I would call."

"I was *afraid* you wouldn't. Which is rather different." He heard her laugh, and imagined her, for a moment, sitting with her head tipped back in the Imperial bar. "Well . . ." he said hesitantly. He hadn't had an occasion in years to ask a girl for a date.

"Well," Kay said, with laughter still her tone, "you are in your office, and can't talk because your secretary is sitting at her desk in the corner, I suppose, and although she pretends to be typing or reading or something, she is really listening to your conversation."

Beaver joined her mood cheerfully. "As it happens, I'm alone. A poor office, but my own. My stenographer (who isn't really mine—I share her with two other people) works in an immense room called the secretarial pool."

"It sounds like an aquarium."

"Lord knows there are some pretty queer fish in it."

"I've always wondered ——"

Beaver took a deep breath and interrupted her. "Look, when can we meet? Are you free for dinner tonight?"

"Yes."

"Yes?" he repeated anxiously, and then, with enormous relief, said, "Fine. Where shall I pick you up?"

"I'll meet you outside the Ernie Pyle cinema at seven."

"Good lord, why the Ernie Pyle?"

"I thought it would be convenient. It's so near the Imperial."

"I can pick you up. I have a jeep."

"No," she said slowly. "You see, I'm staying with some people who wouldn't understand."

Then he remembered something that *he* didn't understand. "You know," he said in a cautiously offhand voice, "your date didn't stand you up yesterday."

"My date?"

"Colonel Peterson. He was there all

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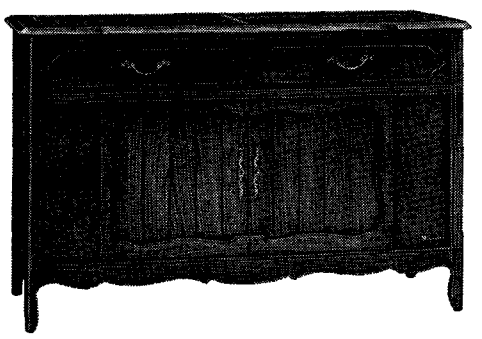

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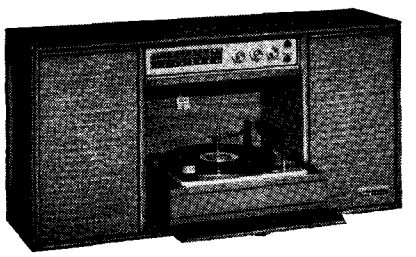

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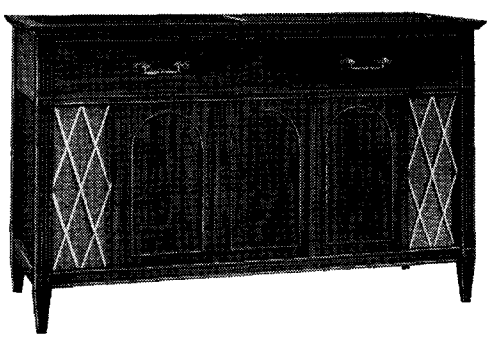

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the time. Not *all* the time—he must have come in sometime after five, I suppose. I'm surprised you didn't see him."

After a pause, she said, "You sound as though you are demanding an explanation."

"It's none of my business."

"You will think me very silly. And vain. I'm very nearsighted and I hardly ever wear my glasses."

"He was sitting right next to the door as you went out."

"I don't walk around staring at all the men I pass."

"I see."

"And I *didn't* see," she said, laughing. "In a way it's lucky, isn't it?"

When she had hung up the receiver and paid the proprietor of the Ichi Riki for the use of his telephone, she produced the ten packs of American cigarettes.

"Any use to you?" she asked, as though it meant nothing.

His expression was greedy, though he said quite lightly, "Yes, I can use them. Who can't, these days?"

"A price." Her voice was harsh.

"Of course," he said. He scribbled on a piece of paper and handed the paper to her.

She looked at it resignedly. "Yes," she said, "it will do. It will have to do."

"Nothing else?" he asked.

"Not just yet. Later, I hope."

"I hope."

"*Domo, Sumimasen,*" she said, bowing.

"*Dom arigato gosaymas,*" he replied, bowing.

With a look of distaste, she took the money he handed her and returned to her house.

The old woman hurried to the door when she heard Kay's voice calling, "*Tadayma!*"

"*O kaeri nasai.* Did you speak to him?"

"I am to dine with him tonight."

"Alone?"

"Of course alone. Don't worry, *obasan.* It is quite proper among Americans."

"Perhaps he will have enough tact to invite some others."

"If he does, it won't be from tact. It will be because I told him a lie and now he doesn't trust me. I told him I was meeting Colonel Peterson yesterday."

"But you don't know Colonel Peterson."

"Exactly. But I had to explain my presence. I thought Colonel Peterson would be safe because the *ojosan* from the Ichi Riki says they never go out."

"So. It was a wise choice."

"By some mischance, yesterday he was in the bar."

"*Ara!*" the woman cried, accepting disaster at once. "And you were forced to confess."

"I told him that I do not see well, and when I walk I do not look at men."

"Then he will admire you for your modesty. Where should your eyes rest except on the ground before you?"

Kay said in exasperation, "Even if he believed me, it will not be long before he wonders why Colonel Peterson didn't recognize *me.* Surely you understand that?"

The old woman seemed to have caught only the tone, not the meaning of Kay's words. She said, "However all this may turn out, Keiko *san,* we will always realize how much you have tried to do for us."

Kay gestured toward the closed doors at the end of the passage. "You talk like him," she said bitterly. "What is the matter with you people? Can you never accept anything simply? Please make no mistake. I am doing all this for myself."

"It is only politeness that makes you say so," the woman replied coldly.

That evening Charles Beaver had to wait only about five minutes outside the Ernie Pyle (which used to be the Takarazuka Theater and was now, with wartime memories embedded in its new name, reserved for Occupation personnel). He stood rather awkwardly, watching the stream of GI's walking through the swing doors or loitering in the lobby, and the small gang of American teen-agers with their blue jeans and checked shirts and candy bars, and the American women in their fresh cotton dresses, and the soldiers strolling in pairs along the sidewalk, heading for the Ginza to look for girls. It occurred to him that he was considerably older than most of the people around him, and he thought it absurd that a man of forty, wearing the new Palm Beach suit that his wife had sent him, should be waiting on a street corner for a girl he had picked up in a bar, a girl who told silly lies. Japan—or the girl—had brought out this unaccustomed boldness in him. A couple of wolf whistles made him turn, and with a rush of pleasure he saw her walking toward him.

"Good evening," she said. "Am I late?"

"I was early. I usually am. The result of inner tension, I expect."

"Of what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anxiety. Giving too much importance to details and to . . . You look very nice."

"So do you," she said, smiling.

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"Well, let's go and get a drink." He gripped her elbow to take her across the street. "We can get in through the side entrance over there."

"Not to the Imperial," she said, stopping abruptly.

"We can go to the Dai-Ichi if you prefer. I have a friend there, and we sometimes trade chits. Just for a change of scene."

"I thought we might go to a Japanese restaurant."

Beaver tried, with no success, to read her expression. "They're off limits, you know. For us."

She said reassuringly, "Don't worry, Mr. Beaver. You will be visiting the home of a Japanese friend."

"Even that ——" he began, and then decided he didn't care. "Don't call me Mr. Beaver. My name is Charles."

"All right, Charles. I am Kay."

"Kay anything?"

"Just Kay will do for the moment."

"Anything you say, Kay."

They walked to where Beaver's jeep was parked, and got in. He started the jeep, and for the next few minutes he concentrated on Kay's directions and on watching roads made treacherous by potholes left by the raids. At last Kay said, "You can park here."

"Where?"

"Anywhere here. Then we'll walk to the restaurant. If the MP's spot your jeep," she went on, "you can always say you wanted to take a walk. They won't know where to look for you until you come back to the jeep."

"You think of everything."

"One learns to be careful."

The proprietress of the restaurant bowed low to them when they entered. She ushered them into a small room, bowed again and left, closing the doors behind her. The first time Beaver had been in a Japanese room he had had the odd sensation of stepping into a cigar box. By now the quiet contrasts of color—beige and tan and sand—were familiar to him, and he noticed with pleasure the flawless proportions of the room and the subtle juxtaposition of textures: the woven reeds of the *tatami* covering the floor, the grain of the wooden beams and pillars, the translucent rice paper of the screens that opened to a small garden partly obscured in the gathering darkness outside. The only furniture was a low table in the middle of the room, and the only decoration a scroll painting of a masked figure, set in an alcove with a bamboo vase of flowers before it.

Watching Beaver's appreciative scrutiny of the room, Kay said, "This used to be a famous restaurant, before the war. Actors came here a lot."

"You were here before the war?"

"And ever since," she said briskly. "The *kakemono* is a scene from a *no* play—a ghost. Very appropriate for summer. It's supposed to chill you."

"Don't change the subject. What on earth were you doing ——"

"A student. I was caught here when the war broke out."

Feeling ashamed of his urge to pry, Beaver said, "No fun. Prison camp, I suppose? . . . I'm sorry. Don't talk about it if you'd rather not. In retrospect it seems I had a very comfortable war. At the time I felt sorry for myself."

"As long as one survives," Kay said. She rubbed her finger on the polished surface of the table. "I should have been interned like the rest of the Filipinos. As it happened ——"

The proprietress came into the room with tea and cold, damp towels on little lacquer trays. She knelt beside Beaver and began to set things out on the table.

Kay said, "I think perhaps I had better order the meal. A lot depends on what they have been able to get in the market"; and after the long, courteous exchange between the two women, there seemed no occasion to return to the earlier conversation. Instead, Kay and Beaver talked about trivial things and found that they were enjoying themselves very much. A small joke, a passing observation or expression received a heightened response; in that quiet room, with the lamplight spilling into the shadowy garden, there were no distractions. As the succession of fastidiously assembled courses began to arrive—the raw fish with its sharp, vinegary sauce; the grilled eel, the rice, the tiny pickled eggplants and cucumbers—Kay instructed him in eating etiquette. Always pick up your sake cup when someone is about to serve you, but never with your left hand—that is the sign of a drunkard, a "lefthanded drinker" who is so eager to have his cup filled that he uses the hand nearest the maid instead of showing a decorous reluctance. But never pick up your teacup to have it filled—you could scald your fingers, and, besides, a slight bow of the head is sufficient acknowledgement of the service. Never leave your chopsticks in your rice—this is done only in an offering to the dead. Never "dirty" your rice with sauces or fragments of food (in the vulgar manner that the Chinese affect), and always leave your rice bowl clean so that it doesn't seem to have been used at all. Never touch a dish unless you are going to eat it all—food has always been precious in Japan.

Beaver was enchanted. These fragments of information gave detail to his picture of the elegances of Japanese life, and he was pleased that Kay offered them as a kind of game. At one point she came around the table to his side and, kneeling on the *tatami* on his left, gave an imitation of a geisha, slightly drunk, flirting with a client and acquiring yet more elaborate turns of speech and gesture with each shared cup of sake. The proprietress came into the room in the middle of this performance, and the three of them laughed together. "One day," the woman said to Beaver, "if you come back here, you must hire a real geisha. We need only a day's notice."

Beaver was so pleased at having understood her words that he agreed enthusiastically. In a moment, though, he was suddenly serious.

"Something's the matter," Kay said, her expression immediately matching his.

"It's just occurred to me. I haven't any yen—I never thought to change any. And it's against regulations to pay the Japanese in dollars."

"Is that all?" Kay said, sitting back on her heels. "You will be my guest tonight."

"No, no. I asked you to dinner."

"Well, tomorrow's just as good. I've known her a long time. She won't mind." Kay turned to look out of the window. "Or, if you want to do something really nice for her—she has two grandchildren, war babies. If you wanted to—well, what they need is powdered milk, vitamins, things like that. I mean, she can't buy them. Not if you'd rather not, of course—it's just . . . Those kids have never even tasted chocolate. Though I don't suppose that matters. During the war, people used to make a sort of sticky mess out of maize flour and molasses—it was the closest most kids came to candy."

"I'll see what I can find at the PX."

"You don't have to," Kay said quickly. His expression had made her uneasy.

"I'd like to." In fact, Beaver was frowning because, although he knew perfectly well that day-to-day living for the Japanese was complicated by shortages, rationing and the shockingly high prices of things on the black market, he had somehow managed to keep from relating this knowledge to a specific individual. The few Japanese businessmen and economists whom he met in his work never mentioned such matters, and he had no Japanese friends. Reflecting rather sourly that Americans had a reputation for being sentimental about children, he still realized that it was the thought of those grandchildren, to whom corn flour and molasses was a treat, that had disturbed him. The older of the two neat little girls in the Georgetown house had, some time before, touched him very much by telling him in a letter that she had decided to eat less candy. "Chocolate," she had written, "is *very* bad for the teeth. We learned that in hygiene."

Before Beaver had finished his afte dinner tea, Kay stood up. She said she would explain the situation to the proprietress. It would be more tactful that way—one never discussed payments with the person immediately involved, particularly a transaction as unorthodox as this one. However, their conversation seemed to be as speedy as it was delicate, and Kay soon reappeared, smiling and a little excited.

When they left the restaurant, they walked slowly, in the summer night, toward the jeep. "I can't remember how long it's been since I had such a nice evening," Kay said.

Beaver stopped to look down at her in the darkness. "There'll be others," he said, surprised to find himself whispering. He held her bare arm above the elbow to pull her toward him. The deserted, quiet alley gave them so great a sense of isolation that they turned, guilty as lovers, when a child stepped out of the deeper shadow of the jeep, smiling at them hopefully. "Harro, Joe, harro," he began in the usual way, and then made the familiar request for candy, cigarettes and chewing gum.

Beaver, in an expansive mood, smiled at the child. Kay said, "We have none. Leave us alone."

The child retreated to the shuttered doors of a house. Beaver took his hand away from Kay's arm, and the two of them walked stiffly and in silence the few yards to the jeep. As Kay stepped up to her seat, Beaver said, "You could have given him a cigarette. It's not much, is it? Or did you come out without any—again?"

"I came out without any."

He climbed into the driver's seat. "Well, where to?"

"Could you take me home? Shibuya station."

"OK. Shibuya station."

The streets were empty and ill lit, until they reached the main road leading to Shibuya. There, as though the lights and the sight of people on the sidewalks had brought her back to life, Kay said, "I suppose I should tell you. It is true that I have no cigarettes with me. I gave them all away." In a clear, conversational voice, without hesitations, Kay told her story. Beaver, listening, turned from time to time to look at her face, which was alternately shadowed and illuminated as they drove by bomb sites or clusters of newly built shops. He felt he was out of his depth with her, and waited for deceit.

"It's odd, isn't it?—out of all the people you know, the ones that actually help you. Accident? Circumstances? A sort of universal kindness? I don't know what makes them decide to protect you. They are seldom your closest friends. I knew such a girl—well, actually it was her mother more than the girl herself that I'm talking about."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"The cigarettes. The cigarettes, and a friend of mine, Sakiko's mother. Sakiko and I were fellow students. She was not a very clever girl, and we hadn't even very much in common; but I liked her because, in those months before the war, foreigners—English-speaking foreigners, that is—were not very popular. Most of the students were polite, but wary. Sakiko's manner never changed. They had stopped teaching English in the colleges by then. It was German instead. But Sakiko, for some reason, wanted to keep

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Dear, have you seen my charge plate?"

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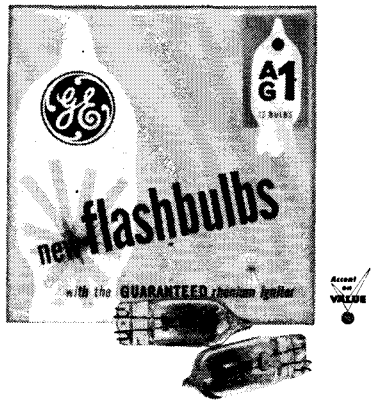

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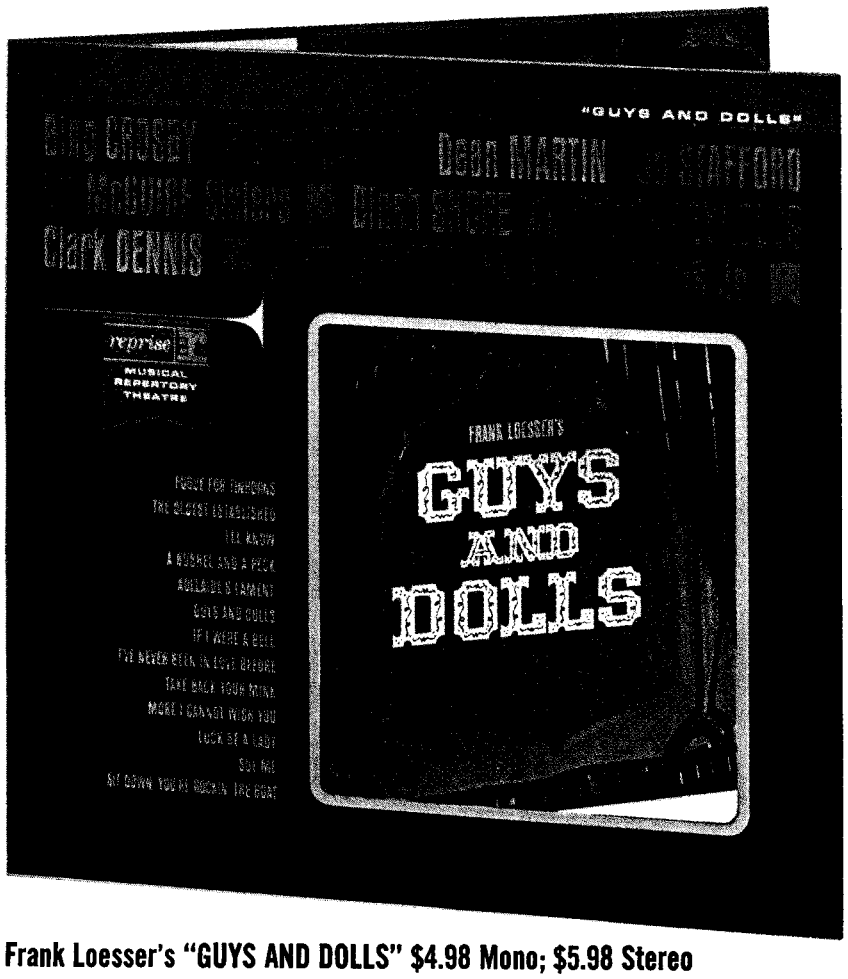

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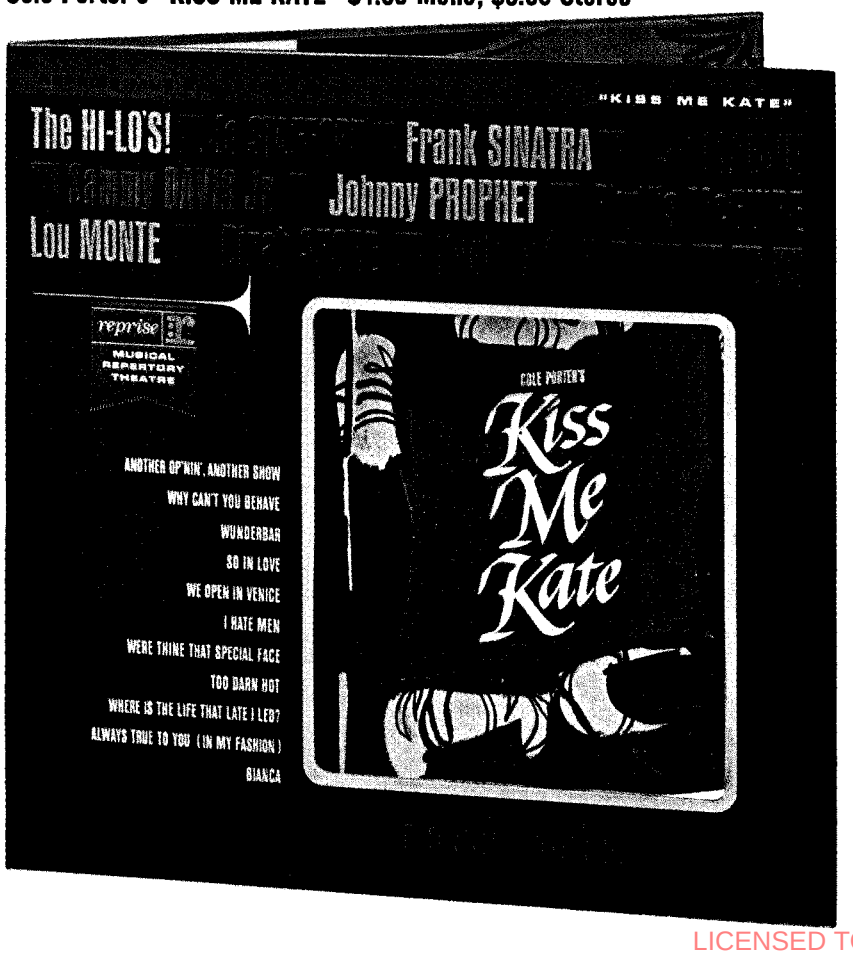

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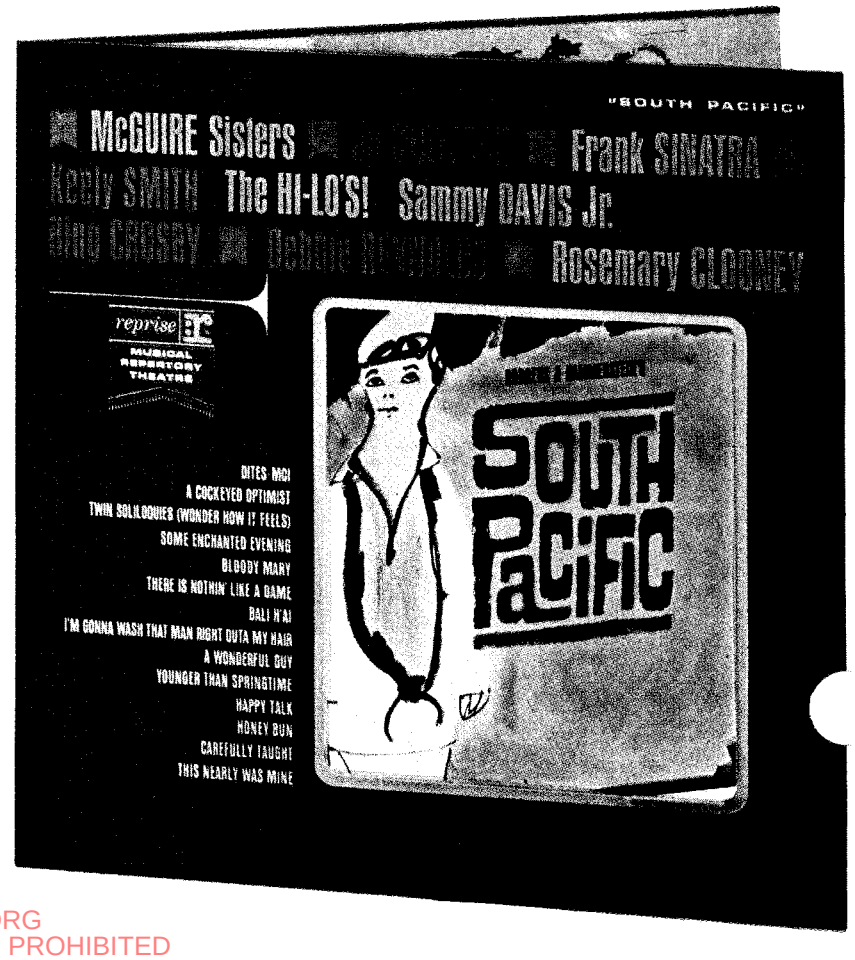

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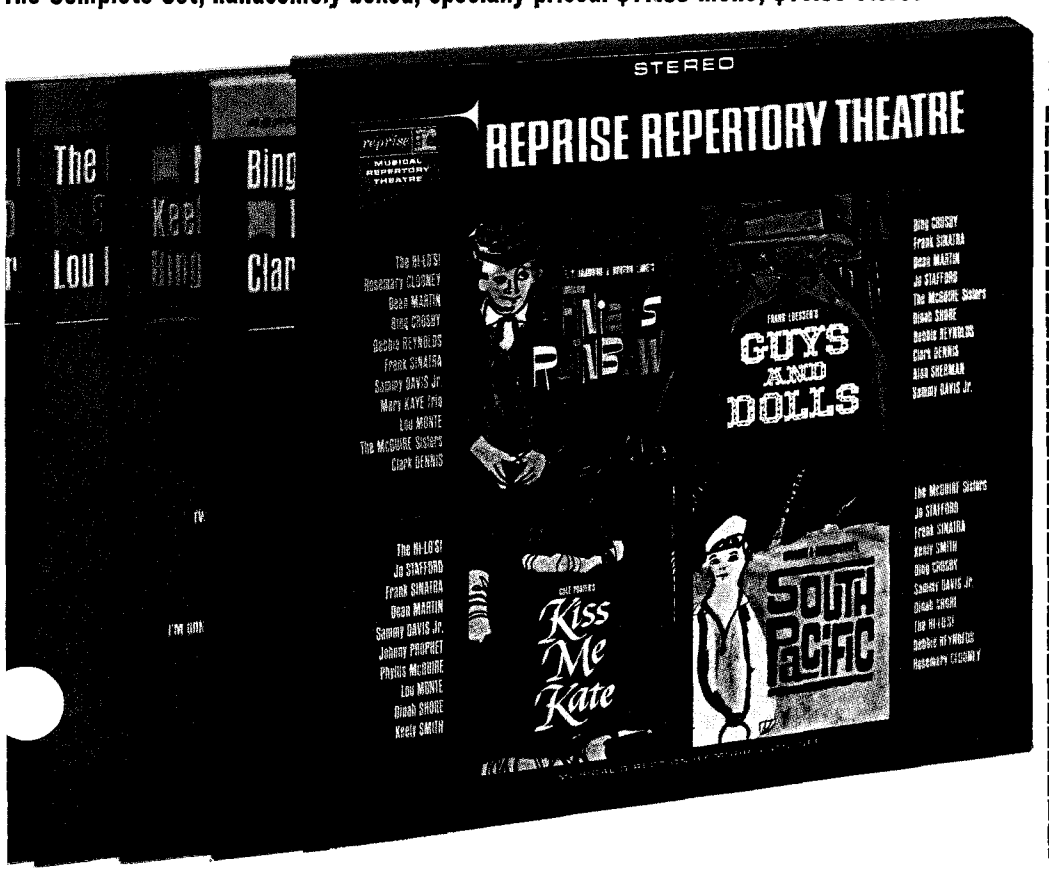

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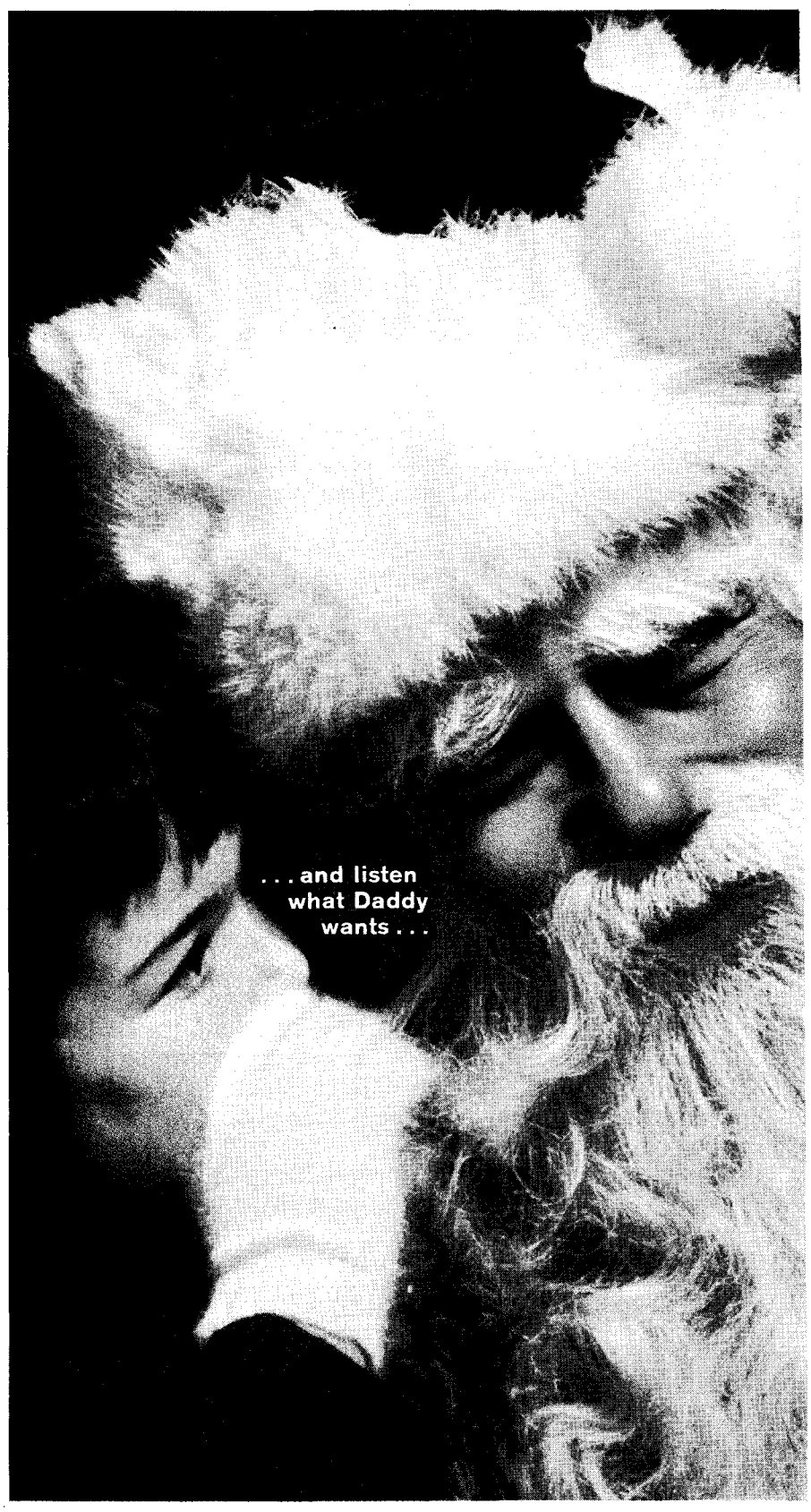

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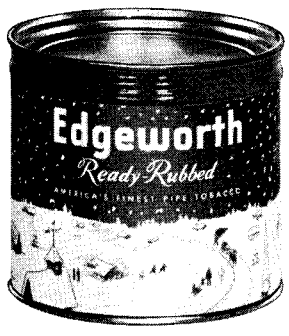

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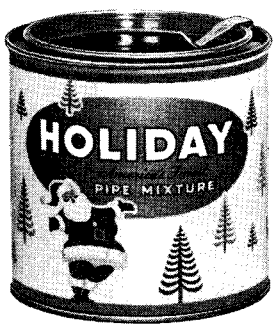

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up her English; it was one of her best subjects—perhaps that's why. Sometimes I used to give her lessons in the hostel where I stayed. Sometimes she would take me to her house for tea or a meal. She was a dull girl, you understand, but in the circumstances I liked her.

"I was at her house on the day of Pearl Harbor. She and her mother and I all listened to the radio together. Afterward the mother said, 'What will you do?' and I said, 'I don't know. What do you think?' She said, 'I don't know.'

"Of course, both of us knew. For the first time I really looked at Sakiko's mother and saw that she was my friend, not simply an old person who lived in the house. I couldn't, you see, think of myself as a 'colonial.' There were other foreign students—Filipinos, Indonesians, Indians—who were bitter about the West. They had nothing to fear. But I had never thought much about it—the student talk, the debates, the freedom of Asia. I wanted to be an artist. If I talked, I talked openly, approving or criticizing. I suppose I was pro-American. Anyway, the idea of America excited me—as a Filipino, that was not unnatural—and I hadn't been cautious in the way I spoke.

"We stayed up until late that night, listening to new bulletins as they were broadcast. When I got up to leave, the mother said, as though it were all arranged, 'You will stay the night in Sakiko's room.' We all knew it would be more than one night.

"In the next few days we learned things—from the newspapers, from the neighbors, the radio, gossip. Tokyo was full of rumors. Months before, we had all started to carry our papers with us, so I had no reason to return to the hostel.

"I won't bore you with all the lies and tricks of those months, the visit of the police, the discretion of the neighbors. The fact is, they sheltered me for more than two years. At first it was only a question of hiding. Later it was a question of food. Of course, I had no ration card. Sometimes I used to stand at night in the little garden and think: It is one prison or another. And even though I tried to make myself useful in the house, the mother would get angry with me, and I would be resentful. You can thank people for small things, you know, but not for your life.

"Sakiko had given up her studies—she never much cared for them. She was doing war work. I used to see her in the mornings, in her *mompei*—do you know those funny overalls? Sort of baggy trousers? It was practically a uniform for th girls doing war work, even the schoo children. She looked happy, and she had a boyfriend, her first. The war brought its liberties too, for some people.

"In the end it brought me a kind of liberty as well. The raids started, and once we had grasped the extent of the bombings, the recurring confusions and fires, the lost homes and the dead, we—the mother and I, that is—decided to kill me too. It was surprisingly easy—there were so many burned, unrecognizable bodies. We charred my papers and passport, quite exhilarated at the thought of *doing* something. After that we had only to bribe the fishmonger's wife to turn them in to the police, to say she had found them in a pile of rubble, the debris of a burned house. I was dead.

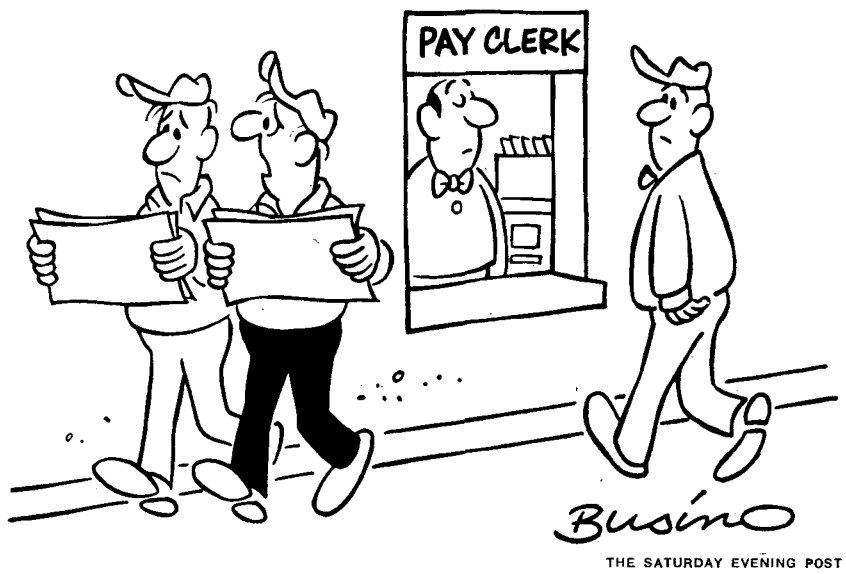
"Life is different—in this case, easier—without an identity. They managed to smuggle me to Kyoto, where Sakiko had an uncle. He was old, a retired professor, and he asked no questions. He lived on the edge of the city, and I was to keep house for him. I had only to be silent. I was a distant relative, badly shocked in a raid." She touched her temple lightly. "Not quite . . . you know."

For the first time since Beaver had started the jeep, she turned to look at him. "I'm afraid this is a long story," she said.

"I'm listening."

"Oh, well, there were a lot of things in Kyoto—the quiet and the blackouts and the anxious faces. I had my ups and downs. Some of it required ingenuity. Mostly we were left alone. People had their own troubles. Nearly everyone had someone—a relative, a friend, someone—staying with them. People didn't ask too many questions. The old professor was a solitary, and he was indulged, his eccentricities and everything. And I was one of them, or accepted as such. He was the one who took me to the gardens—you remember Ryoanji, and the sound of the sea? Well, that was him.

"Then the rest, when the war was over. I had expected a reprieve, or something of the kind—I don't know why. By any standard, I had been lucky. But I was tired and much older. At first, when the Japanese were winning the war, it had all gone much faster. It took a long, long time when they started to lose. With



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought they gave in too easily when our grievance committee asked for larger paychecks."

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them, I saw the victory as a defeat. By then they were my people, sort of. Still, I expected a kind of reprieve, though I'm not sure just what I meant by that.

"I came back to Tokyo, and went at once to see Sakiko and her mother. We had written no letters, of course, and the old professor had never given me their news, if he'd ever known it himself. And this is where it really begins—my explanation, I mean. Sakiko had married, and she lives in Nagoya. The mother was alone, though she lived with friends—hired a room, that is. Her house had been bombed. She was—is—very ill. I didn't realize it at first, though I noticed she looked frail, but I thought that was only time and the war. I stayed with her. It didn't occur to either of us that there should be a different arrangement. I wanted to take care of her. It wasn't long before the people in the house where she lodges told me that she has tuberculosis. A disease of poverty, of deprivation.

"I thought I would get a job. She needed money, of course, and treatment. Sakiko could send us very little. It's quite difficult to get a job without papers, but peace—or, rather, defeat—had brought me advantages. It was suddenly very useful to know English. I found pupils and gave lessons. The most recent was the girl from the *sushi* shop on our corner. She wanted to get a job with an Occupation family.

"Now we manage, but it is still not enough. The old lady must go to the mountains. She must have proper care. You can see that I must do my best for her."

Beaver said, "We are almost at Shibuya. What do you want me to do?"

"Stop anywhere," Kay said sadly. "I'll walk home from here."

Beaver pulled up at the sidewalk. He lifted his hand from the wheel to touch her shoulder. "You never thought of going to the embassy? To some authority?"

"What would be the point?"

"You might get help. At least you could get your passport back, your papers."

"I'm scared to try. After all, I'm not really alive. And if I am, I'm probably a war criminal or something."

"But surely ——"

"Well, a collaborator, anyway. No, no, I just want to get her settled. I can manage by myself later." She took a deep breath. "Just so I can get her settled."

"Kay—look. I'm sorry ——"

"Oh, for God's sake," she said impatiently. "It's a long way of explaining about the cigarettes, but there it is. I sold them on the black market, to the proprietor of the *sushi* shop. Still, there it is, and now you know. And now I'd better be going."

She felt his hand tighten on her shoulder. "I want to help you," he said.

She shook her shoulder free. "It's the old lady who needs help."

"However you want to put it. Will I see you again?"

"And I told you another lie."

"I know."

"About Colonel Peterson. I don't know him, and I didn't have a date with him at the Imperial."

"I know. What *were* you doing in the bar?"

"Looking for you. Or someone like you. It sounds awful, doesn't it?"

"An easy touch, you mean?"

"No. I hadn't expected your generosity with the cigarettes. I just wanted advice. I wanted to see if I could get some Occupation jobs."

"Why didn't you apply to the regular SCAP agency? Each section has its translators' pool, you know."

"Without papers?" She smiled. "Even the smallest fish in your aquariums needs papers. I was thinking of people who might want to practice their Japanese, or even the new dependents, women who need someone to go shopping with them—that sort of thing. You can see that their dollars, or things from the PX, would help Sakiko's mother much more and much sooner than the few yen I earn. But anyway, it doesn't matter. I'll think of something. I just wanted to tell you that bit of it, since I was telling you so much. I'll say good night now. And," she finished, like a well-behaved child leaving a party, "thank you for a lovely dinner."

Beaver, who had been wanting for some time to kiss her, climbed down from the jeep so that she could wriggle out on the side away from the traffic. He helped her on to the sidewalk, and kept hold of her hand. "I think I'm old enough," he said, "to ask whether I may kiss you good night. Without offending you, I mean."

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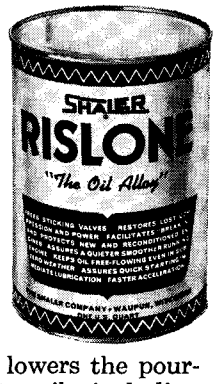

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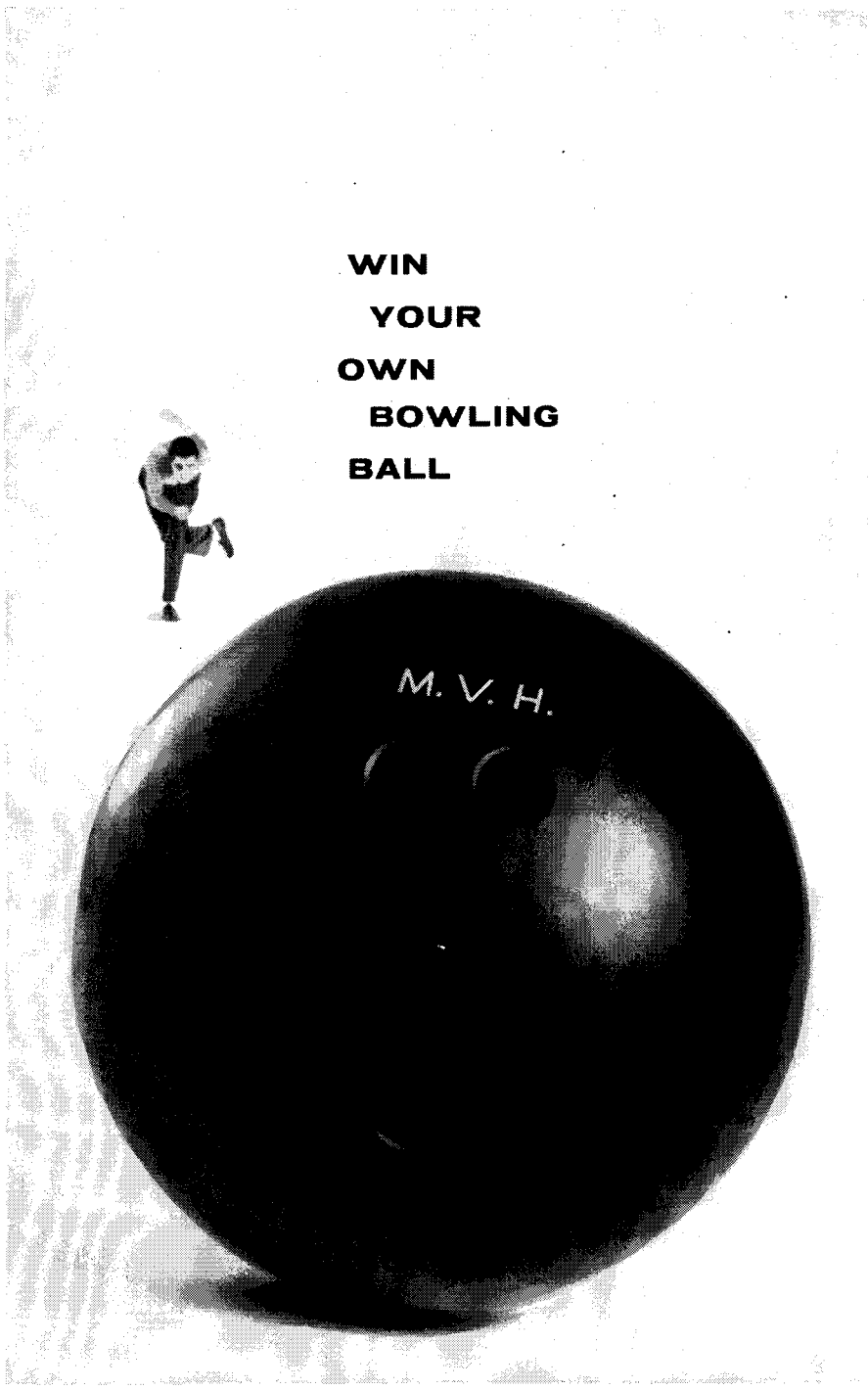

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SOFTLY

Almost before he had finished asking, she reached up and held his face between her hands. Stooping toward her, he said, "We'd never be able to dance cheek to cheek—not comfortably, that is." After he had kissed her, he said happily, "Anyway, I'll have to see you tomorrow to give you the stuff for that restaurant woman. I don't think for a moment I'd be able to find my way back there."

"Till tomorrow."

"Six o'clock? In my room? I can't very well carry cans of things around."

"Yes, in your room."

Beaver watched her walking swiftly into the crowd in front of Shibuya station. In a minute her small figure and her purposeful bearing were hidden by the crowd and by the dark of the summer night.

Late that night Kay woke up to the half-heard sound of her name.

"What is it? Nobu *chan?* What is it?"

"A dream." His whisper hardly disturbed the quiet. "I don't sleep well in this heat."

"I'm glad you're awake. I wanted to tell you—we can send you to the mountains. I made a deal—a business deal."

To his silence she replied, "I have a job. Helping an American woman set up house here. Hiring servants, gardeners, buying china, arranging with the florist—that sort of thing. Getting the place running. She will pay me in dollars. Afterward, I am sure, there will be other jobs. You know how many of them are coming to Tokyo now."

"Keiko," he said wearily, "don't tell me lies."

"I'm not telling lies. I'll introduce her to you, if you like."

"No, no."

"Then believe me. Or trust your mother. She will help me with all this. I couldn't do it alone."

"Go to sleep," he said. "It's too hot to argue."

"In the mountains it will be cool and dry. You can lie outdoors all day. It's not for long. You will soon be well. And the autumn will come, and winter. Snow a sun. It won't be long."

"Go to sleep," he whispered.

During the weeks that followed, Beaver and Kay saw each other almost every day. They did many things that Beaver had counted as pleasures even before he knew Kay—walks in the Tokyo parks; visits to museums, temples, gardens; long, idle pauses on one of the bridges across the Sumida, watching the languid pace of the river traffic below. Once, on such an occasion, Kay told him a story that stayed in his mind. A courtesan—beautiful, of course, much desired, of course—floated with her samurai lover on a boat down the Sumida when the cherry blossoms were in bloom and the falling petals scattered like pink snow across the water. As they drifted down the river, she sang to him the most beautiful love songs. But he was jealous and convinced that she was really singing the songs to some secret lover. He killed her in his passion of love and suspicion, and learned only later that she had, in fact, been entirely true to him. "So now," Kay told Beaver, "in the springtime, when the trees along the banks flower, you can often see young girls standing on the bridge, their eyes filled with tears, dreaming of love and death. They claim that sometimes you can still hear that sweet singing."

Often Kay took him to Japanese restaurants—this one famous for ayu, the tiny trout served whole with their tails curled high; that one for its view over the river and the moving lights on the black water; yet another where she insisted that he eat iced noodles to cool him against the dense heat of the city. He always allowed her to make the arrangements, and grew accustomed to paying for their meals with candy, cigarettes, canned food. He hardly asked himself whether he was violating regulations, and was even rather moved when Kay conveyed to him the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oops! Do you have another bag?"

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profound thanks of the various proprietors.

At the beginning he had been embarssed at the idea of barter; money seemed ɔ him a cleaner, more impersonal way of paying for things. When Kay had come to his room the evening after their first dinner, he had pushed a package of PX stuff into her hands with the air of a reluctant thief. He had given considerable thought to ways of helping her, had looked through the crowded displays at the PX searching for something useful that he could give her without insulting her. He had found nothing, and in the end had hit on a better idea. After she had slid the smaller items (the vitamin pills, the Hershey bars, the chewing gum) into her big white bag, and had made a neat bundle of the canned goods in a purple crepe *furoshiki*, he said, "And this is for you."

Kay had looked without surprise at the five ten-dollar bills he gave her. "What is this for?" she had asked.

Almost gaily, Beaver had replied, "You said you wanted a job. You said you would help Americans practice their Japanese, and show them around Tokyo. Well, I'm your first customer, and this is a down payment."

"Thank you very much," she had said, without shyness, and he had been pleased that matters had been settled in so businesslike a way. Later he found that she was quite conscientious about her duties, making him talk, ask directions, give orders in Japanese. He picked up her accent, the overemphatic "r's," the toosibilant "*shi*'s," but he didn't care, because Kay had changed his view of himself and the tenor of his life in Tokyo. A poor accent seemed a small price to pay—he could even congratulate himself that he recognized it as a poor accent.

Some Saturday or Sunday afternoons they drove out to Kamakura or to Kawana, finding in both places too great a concentration of foreigners, and occasional, unnerving confrontations with Beaver's acquaintances. They explored further, driving one weekend along the coast of the Izu Peninsula, a shoreline scalloped with coves and painted in the familiar design of Japanese landscapes: the angular, tormented pine tree growing from dark, seamed boulders against the grayish glitter of the sea. They spent the night in a village hotel high on the cliffs, and from their room they could see the flares of men searching for crayfish far below them on the rocks. Early the next morning, while the first chill was still in the air, they climbed down the cliff path to swim. Stepping carefully over patches of wet lichen on the rocks near the edge of the water, Kay suddenly stooped to pick up an iridescent bubble of thick glass that must have floated away from one of the nets and was miraculously preserved in a crevice. It was washed by the sea and reflected the pale colors of the morning, and she held it out to Beaver with an air of wonder that he remembered for a long time afterward. It was the only present she ever gave him, and even after it had dried to a pale, dull green, he kept it. He took it with him back to Tokyo, where he hid it carefully in the drawer containing his socks and handkerchiefs, as if it had enclosed forever Kay's expression of unguarded pleasure and some agment of the happiness of that morn-ıg.

But it was the Chiba coast, rather than the Izu Peninsula, that eventually came to be their favorite. On one of their long drives north from Tokyo, they had come upon a fishing village—a scatter of huts, nothing very impressive—but there was a charming inn, practically on the beach, which appealed to Beaver at once. He felt secluded there, far from Tokyo and the Occupation, and he preferred the flat expanse of sea and sand to the more predictable and more picturesque Izu landscape.

Every weekend through high summer and into early September, they drove to Chiba, and the fact that the whole area was off limits to Occupation personnel gave each trip a fresh sense of adventure. With an exhilarating consciousness of daring, Beaver had worked out an obscure route along unsurfaced beach roads to avoid the roadblocks and the MP's; and on Saturdays, at noon, he and Kay would set off in the jeep, a package of egg-salad sandwiches between them and bottles of Coca-Cola and beer under Kay's feet. When they were beyond the straggling, ramshackle suburbs of the city and had reached the manicured landscape of rice fields and compact villages in the heat of midafternoon, they would stop by the side of some shady road to kiss, to picnic, both of them already, in their minds, smelling the sea, feeling the cool wind off the Pacific.

The innkeeper in Chiba had come to expect them in the gilded early evening. They brought him presents of food and sometimes a bottle of whiskey. He, in return, had the bath ready for them (an expensive courtesy in those days), gave them his best room, a room rich with the sound of the surf, and left them to themselves. In Chiba, Beaver had so deep a feeling of well-being that he assumed it was love, and he wanted to do everything in the world for Kay. But she would hold his hand and say that there was nothing that she wanted, that she was superstitious and he mustn't cast the evil eye.

One evening, walking along the beach, they were drawn to a small crowd of villagers near a fishing boat and peered into the big baskets that held the catch, each a miniature earthquake of fish, scarlet, silver and blue, slithering and jerking about. On the spot, they bought some, choosing by color and not caring if the price they paid was fair. They carried them, wrapped in seaweed, back to the inn, where the cook shook her head in amusement but managed to make something out of the fish for dinner. After that they often bought fish on the beach, learning to be choosier, finding that they enjoyed bargaining about the price.

Once, on a night of brilliant moonlight (both of them wearing the blue-and-white kimonos provided by the inn for after-bath or informal lounging about), Kay and Beaver raced along the sands and arrived laughing and excited, as if they had just escaped a storm, at a point of the beach where they had dimly seen an eddy of activity. To the inflexible beat of a chant, somewhere between panting and singing, the fishermen, naked except for G-strings, and their bare-breasted women were pulling on ropes that gradually hauled a fishing boat onto the beach. The lacquer of moonlight on wet skin, the presence of Kay beside him, her hair loose on her shoulders, the slow movement of the hulk of the boat, the gasping chant and the slapping waves all fused into one impression in Beaver's mind. This is the first time in my life, he thought, that I have felt free.

Later he and one of the fishermen fetched beer from the inn, and all of them sat on the sand, drinking from the bottles and passing them around. There was an

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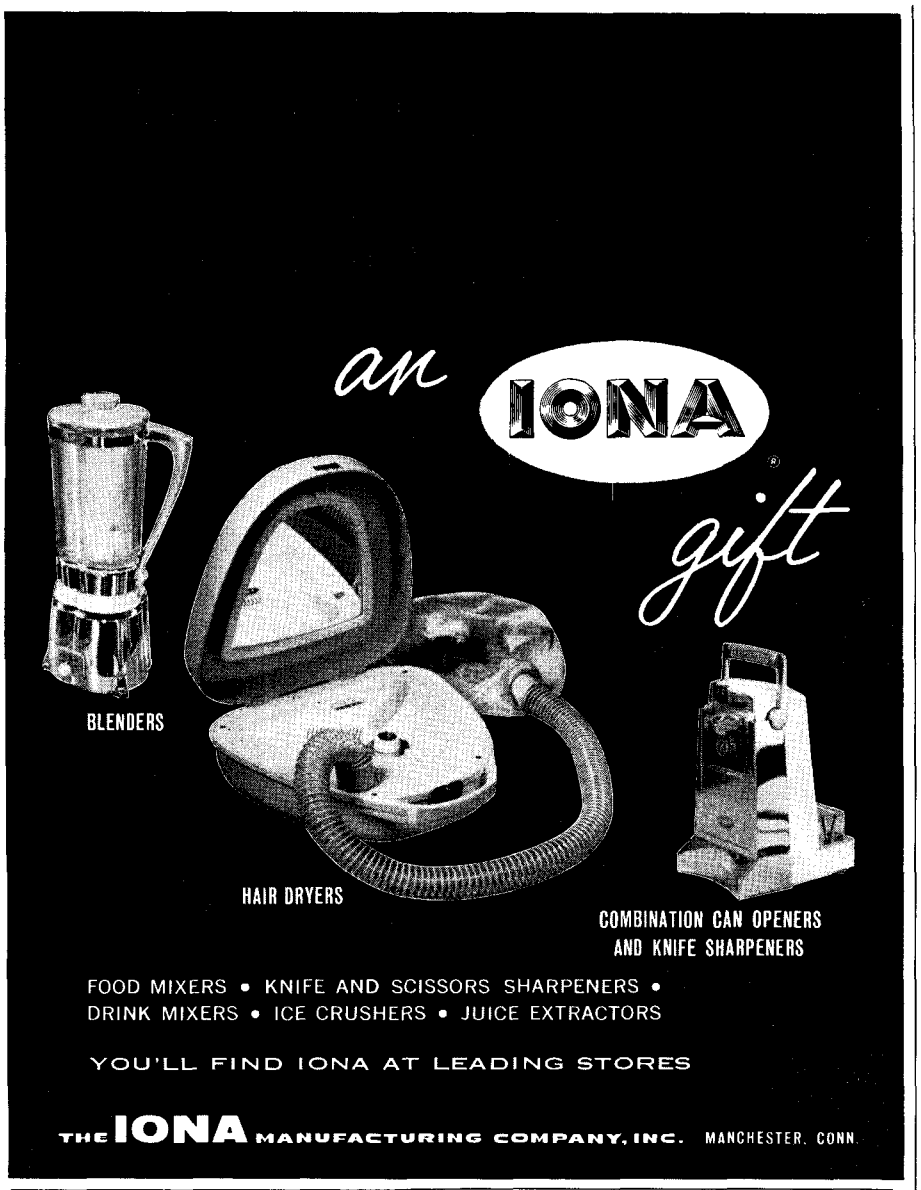
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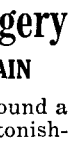
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SOFTLY

air of hilarity over everything, though Kay could catch and translate only a little of their fast, humorous patois. The woman next to Beaver pulled on his sleeve and asked if he found the night so cold that he needed to keep his kimono on. She gestured toward the rest of the men, but since Beaver didn't understand her, he thought she wanted a drink. He handed her a bottle of beer with the only toast he knew, "*Kampei!*" As he said it, he remembered that it meant "Empty your cup," a ridiculous phrase under the circumstances, but she laughed as though he had said something witty, and he laughed with her, pleased by her pleasure, the night, the mood, and even the pervasive smell of fish.

In their room at the inn, Beaver didn't need to turn on the lamp. The moonlight reflected from the sea brightened the walls and the simple furniture with an almost theatrical radiance. Embracing Kay, he said, "It's more than just loving you."

"It's the moon," she said. "Everyone gets a little crazy."

He hadn't the words to explain his moment of liberation on the beach, or the neat irony of the fact that in the same moment he had seen himself trapped, enmeshed by Japan and Kay.

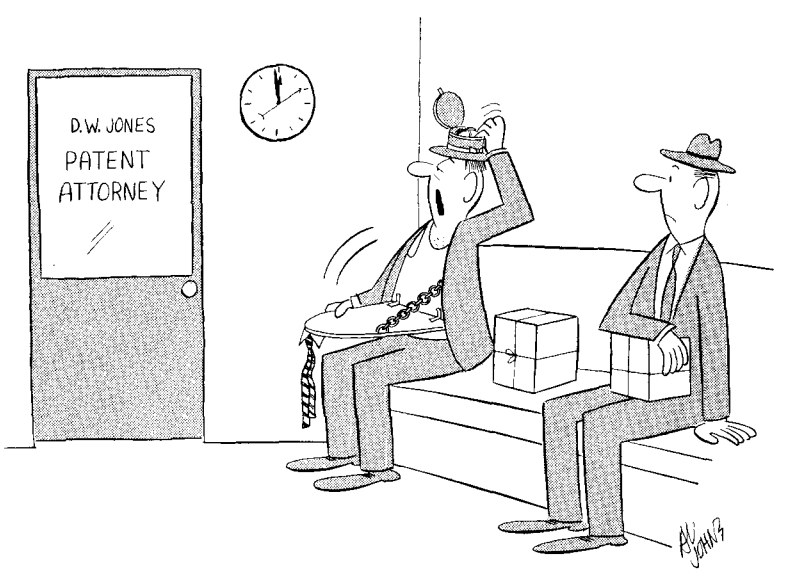
Late in August, Kay skipped one of their weekends. She explained to Beaver that she had to go to the mountains, to the sanitarium. "She has been writing to me," she said in the measured tone she used when she spoke of the old lady, a tone that indicated worry and affection but left no room for sympathy, that gave the impression she didn't want to discuss the matter, but there were certain loyalties that she couldn't abandon. "She is much better, but she is lonely. There is a difference between the good care that professionals can give and the other sort of caring from other people." Beaver, feeling quite desolate, gave her some extra money for the trip and wondered what to do with the weekend.

He returned, without enthusiasm, to the old pattern of his days—indifferent meals eaten indifferently in the hotel dining room, solitary evening walks along the moat enclosing the palace grounds, a long letter home written guiltily with the hope that its length would make up for its triviality. By now he was out of the habit of telephoning an acquaintance or a colleague to suggest meeting for a drink, and the few Occupation families that had, before, invited him for dinner, or for a lazy American Sunday spent with the children in the suburban housing projects, had slipped from his life entirely. They had been put off too frequently with transparent excuses. In short, Beaver was recognized as a man with a Softly.

But he himself did not identify his predicament until the following Friday, when he found a letter from his wife waiting for him on his return from the office. He knew only that he missed Kay, that he was disconsolate, that the Occupation life was now unbearable, that even the things that had first appealed to him about Japan lost some of their color without Kay's presence. Now he felt the distance between himself and his colleagues not only because he appreciated things about Japan that only bored them, but because Kay had given him an intimacy with the life of the country and its people. In his mind he often contrasted the graceful Japanese manner of doing things with the coarser American way. It was not surprising that on the Monday afternoon after that weekend he greeted the sound of Kay's voice on the telephone with the uncritical joy of a prisoner released from solitary confinement—a joy that did not diminish in their subsequent meetings that week.

On that Friday, after he had read his wife's letter, he was, at last, forced to admit that he was in the commonplace, almost comic position of the man with a Personal Problem. He was distressed but not really alarmed. He saw the resolution of his Softly as already determined. He was pleased (he felt it saved his self-respect) and he set himself apart from the other American men who would have agonized in the same situation. So it didn't occur to him to change his plans for spending the weekend with Kay in Chiba.

Many weeks before, on the night he had first met Kay in the bar of the Imperial, Beaver had finished his letter to his wife and mailed it. Since then he had half forgotten about it, though now and again he was aware of vague anxieties. But Susan had felt it worthy of a special answer, a letter written in the middle of the week, not just included in the usual diary she mailed on Saturdays. She had



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, I see it's time for lunch."

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written seriously and sympathetically, but had reminded him that it was not only his own career that was in question. It was also her future and the education of their children. "It needs more thought," she had said. "Of course we want to be with you, but this is such a big step that we must be sure that we are not making a decision (which, after all, will affect our whole life) on the basis of a whim or a passing idea."

Beaver had shrugged his shoulders and thought, Well, I've done my best—and what's more, I meant it at the time. But Susan had been aware of a change in the tone of his letters. He had always insisted that he was enjoying himself in Japan. Now he sounded happy, and that was quite another matter. She had written now to say that she had thought the whole thing over and was convinced that since he felt so strongly about Japan, she and the children would join him in Tokyo. "We have always tried to share everything," she wrote. "It has been one of the best things about our marriage. If I seemed to hesitate before, it was mostly worry about the girls. I'm still apt to think of them as babies, but they are, as you say, old enough to have their horizons widened. But more than anything, the reason is that we miss you and love you."

Walking hand in hand with Kay along the Chiba beach, Beaver broke a silence to say, "Kay, I have something to tell you and something to ask you."

"Oh, why *now?*" she said. "Just when I'm looking forward to buying the fish. All shiny and pretty and slipping about and ——"

"There's never an exactly right time. This is as good as any. But it can wait, if you'd rather."

"Silly to put it off now, and have you fretting for the next hour." She smiled at him disarmingly. "You won't have your mind on the fish."

"Well, then." He paused. He hadn't really planned how to begin, only how it would all end. They stopped walking, looking at each other warily, like duelists.

"I suppose you are going to tell me that your wife has decided to come to Japan. What else could there be in that letter you carry around so importantly? Reading it over and over when you think I'm not watching. And what did you want to ask me? What we are going to do now? Whether we can go on this way? Well, the answer is, of course we can't. You will have no time, and it will all be too complicated. You have no talent for explanations. Anyway, I doubt if you'll want to. More likely, you'll wonder how in the world you ever came to be involved in this. The first sight of her and the children will probably be enough, but certainly after a week or two you will ask yourself: What could I have been thinking of? A summer lunacy. Now come along. Shall we go and buy the fish?"

Beaver walked on beside her and, looking straight ahead, said, "You're wrong. I wasn't going to ask that. I was going to ask if you would marry me."

"No, *no!*" Kay said. "How can I marry you? No, no—it's impossible. Don't speak about it."

"Kay, please ——"

"No, no! Don't go on ——"

"Kay," Beaver said, with an uncertain firmness of tone that he hoped would give him some kind of control over his dismay, at the unexpected violence of her rejection, "it can all be worked out. I'm sure Susan will be reasonable. Heaven knows, I'm not the sort of person people fight over."

"I can't marry you," Kay said with finality. "Anyway, I'm married."

Beaver, who had expected problems and discussions, even tears, was not prepared for drama. "What?" he said. "What?"—as if he were deaf.

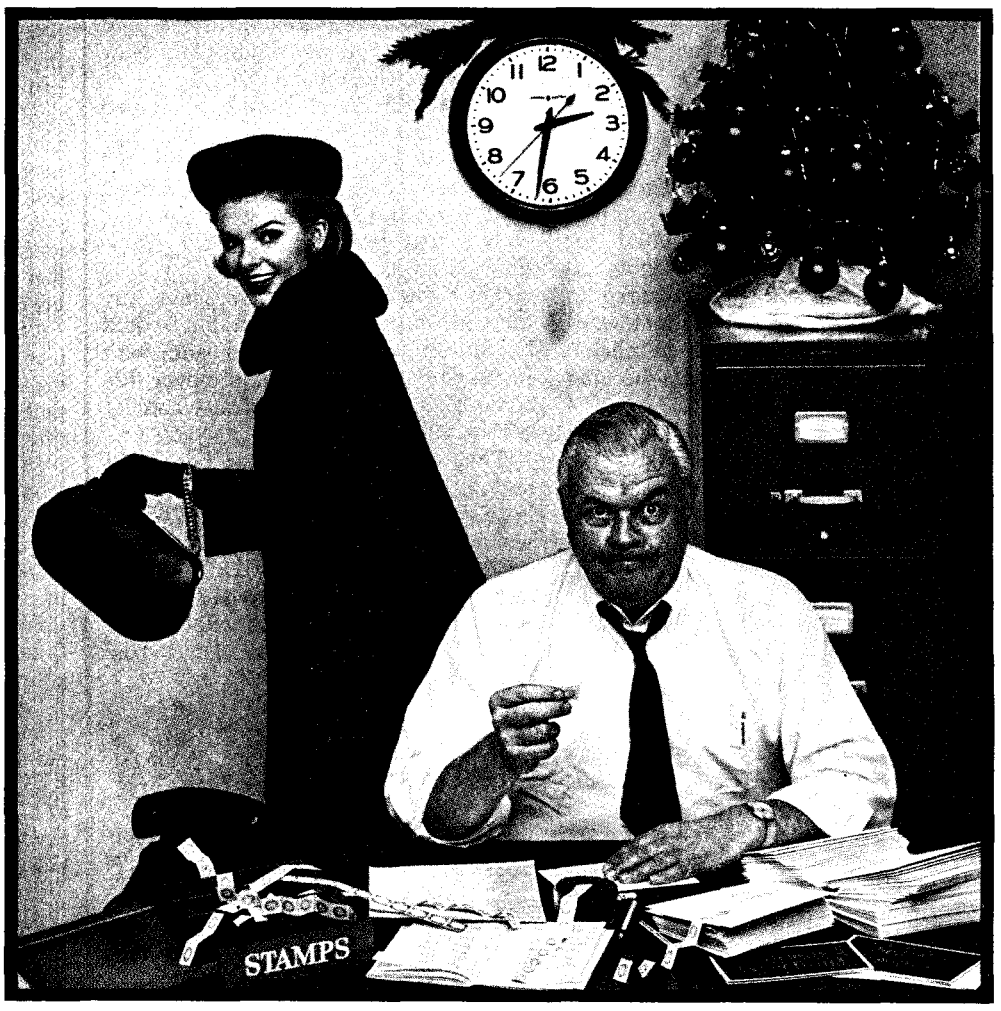
"What an awful moment to start this," Kay said gloomily. "I didn't tell you before because I didn't think it was any of your business. By the time it *was* your business, I didn't want you to know. I was afraid ——"

"How long could that have gone on?"

"I don't know. I tried not to think about it. It's been a long time now that I've tried not to think about my marriage." She stared angrily out to sea, and Beaver could see only the back of her dark head, tilted up defiantly, and hear the light, distinct voice that was threaded through his days and nights, saying, "I suppose you'll want to know who to. Sakiko has a brother. I'm married to him. It explains a lot, doesn't it?"

"You'll have to tell me what it explains."

"Why Sakiko used to take me home with her from college so often. Her brother, Nobuo, had something of a crush on me; he used to make her invite me. And why their mother protected me. And why the police left me alone after that first visit to the house. Everyone had to be registered with the local police station in those days, and there were fre-



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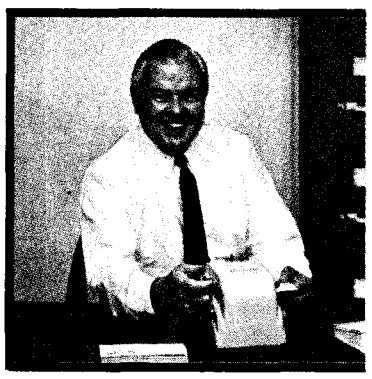

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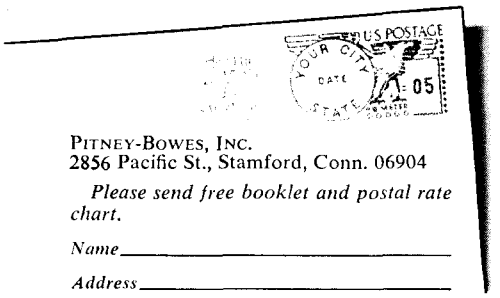

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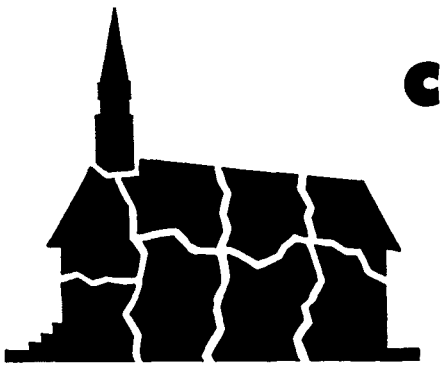

CAN WE EVER HAVE CHURCH UNITY?

Is it possible to get denominations together in real unity? Can present efforts to unify all churches into one universal church succeed? Or is it more likely that such ecumenical movements are doomed to failure because "faith cannot be legislated"?

Getting two denominations together by the present efforts means compromising the views of each enough for them to become one new denomination. In other words, they "agree to disagree." The present plan toward unity would continue such a scheme until all churches eventually became one great universal church.

Such a plan for unity probably will never succeed, because it allows the many contradictory characteristics and doctrines of the various denominations to continue in force. Unity would become meaningless. It is as if we tied a dog and a cat together. We would have *union* but certainly not unity.

Individual believers in Christ, however, can achieve real and enduring unity. They can have unity by repudiating all man-made doctrines and by becoming and remaining plain New Testament Christians.

Such individuals would be saved from their sins according to the conditions of salvation outlined in the New Testament. They would be added by the Lord (Acts 2:47) to the true church that Jesus himself built (Matthew 16:18).

They should then never join any humanly organized church but would be united with each other and with Jesus Christ. They should never become a party to any division whatever within Christianity.

They would have no creed but Christ and no guide book except the Bible. As in New Testament days they would worship in the Lord's church throughout the world and would be united in one body, in one Spirit, and with a common faith (Ephesians 4:3-6).

In this way we can have true church unity.

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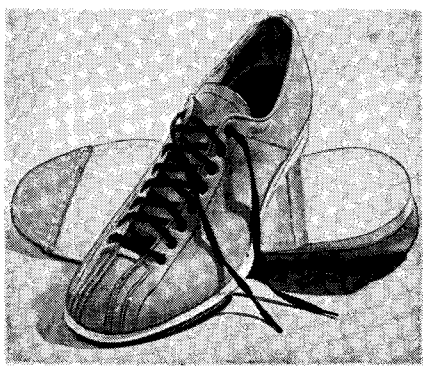

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quent checks and searches. They couldn't really have hidden me very long. There is not much privacy in Japan: The houses are open, the walls are thin—any extra person automatically broadcasts his presence. One of the neighbors would have talked. There would have been—I don't know—trouble, anyway, possibly internment, prison camps, the rest. I don't know, but certainly *something*. Beaver, you have no idea what those days were like. But never forget, they *did* protect me. In the only way they knew how.

"We were supposed to be engaged, Nobuo and I. You can see how useful that was. Whatever I'd said before—the rash talk, the lack of enthusiasm about the New Asia—well, it was all excused as youthful foolishness, now that I'd committed myself to a Japanese, a Japanese soldier. If anything, I was a heroine. Can you understand that I thought myself remarkably fortunate? There was a lot of fear at that time, and I'm not very brave."

"But you *married* him," Beaver said incredulously. "You, who are so good at explanations—unlike me—you can surely pull something out of the hat for that one. Come on, Kay, let's not ——"

"Dear God! How American you are. You don't understand, do you? The moment of no hope, a defeat. When you know"—she turned to stare directly at him—"when you *know* there is no future for you. I married him before he was sent overseas, because he wanted me to. I didn't care, and he thought he was going to die."

"And you didn't care if he died?"

"That's not what I said, but in fact I didn't. It was the old professor in Kyoto—he brought me back to a sense of life, I mean a sense of what life is like beyond violence. Well, Nobuo wasn't killed, and I was even glad about that——"

"I bet you were."

"—because I thought that now we could settle everything honorably and leave each other. We had, after all, served a certain need in each other's lives. . . . That isn't how it turned out."

Beaver said, "Look, Kay. I can't believe that this is the way things happen. Whatever it is, however it turned out, you can get a divorce. I can, too. It has to work. *I want to marry you.*"

"Oh, my darling," Kay said, "oh, my darling, let's just go on for—for however long it is, and forget about the rest. Nobuo won't divorce me. He's very Japanese. Like the rest, he's greedy for impossible contests, the kind no one can win. He knows I want to leave him. That is enough reason for him. And he knows about you—well, not that it's *you*, but that there's someone. It's not hard to check. I tell him that I'm visiting his mother in the mountains or that I'm working. He can't argue, because he can't afford to help his mother, and he's glad that I don't ask him for money. Mostly we live in a terrible silence. The silence hasn't been too bad. But then, I hadn't expected to meet you."

"Kay, just tell me. Do you *want* to ——"

"Marry you? No. Or rather, yes, if it were this minute. But with all the fuss in between, no. I just want to go home—home to the Philippines, I mean. We have a house near Baguio. Not big—but the hills are very cool, and misty, and bright green in the rain. It's too large an ambition to think about."

Touched by her look, the lost and bewildered look of a child caught in some inexplicable grown-up situation, and struck by the pathos of her dream, Beaver said gently, "Please, Kay, there has to be ——"

"—a way out? Yes. Oh, yes." She stared at him with something like hatred in her face. "Yes. Money."

Startled, he said, "Money?"

"Disgusting word, isn't it?" She sounded mocking. "And you thought we were talking about love."

"You mean you can *buy* him off?"

"Come. We've said enough. Let's go. It will be too late for the fish."

"The hell with the fish." With rising agitation, grabbing her arm, he went on: "Look, we can manage it. An economist doesn't earn much, but then again, for years I haven't spent much ——"

"Alimony," she interrupted harshly.

"Oh, Susan will have the Georgetown house. It's a good investment, and besides, Susan will be ——"

"—will be reasonable. Good old reasonable Susan. Really, Beaver, sometimes I am so much older than you."

She smiled, and, knowing he had won, Beaver said joyfully, "You'll see. I'll write to her tonight. Tomorrow I'll go to the bank."

"There's still the old lady to think of."

"We'll think of her too." Undaunted, and riding high on his exuberance, he

"Speaking."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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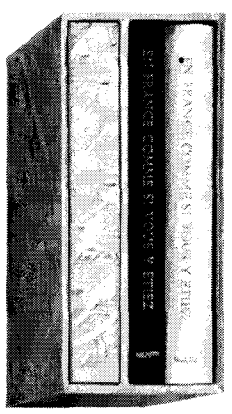

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held Kay close and said, "You won't mind being poor, for quite a while, with me."

"I have been poor all my life," she said, and Beaver saw that she was crying.

Beaver fulfilled all his promises. He wrote to his wife, withdrew all his savings from the bank, handed over a fat envelope to Kay and, part sadly and part happily, heard her say that she must go to the mountains for the weekend to say her farewells to the old lady and pay up the hospital expenses. He tried to work that weekend, but his excitement was too acute. Sunday evening, in a wistful mood, a sentimental end-of-summer loneliness for Kay, he drove his jeep aimlessly around the city streets for a while, and then tried to find his way back to the restaurant where he and Kay had had dinner the first time he took her out. He was feeling a little reckless. He parked his jeep at the door, and knocked.

The door was opened by the shriveled proprietress. She bowed low, as before, but peered at him in the half darkness without recognition. He explained himself clumsily, partly in English, partly in Japanese, reminding her of the last time they had met, trying to describe Kay. She seemed to understand, but Beaver, to impress the occasion on her memory, asked, "Did your grandchildren like the candy?"

"Grandchildren?" she repeated.

Thinking that he had used the wrong word, he rephrased the question. "The children. Keiko *san* came back. She brought things for you. Candy for the children."

The woman smiled and bowed and invited him in. She said, "Yes. Keiko *san* returned the next day. She brought me the money."

"And the food? The candy?"

"Everything you ate was paid for. Please do not worry. A day's delay in payment is nothing."

In bewilderment, Beaver said good-bye to the proprietress and walked back to his jeep. He was not certain how much of his conversation the woman had grasped, or how much of hers he had understood.

Faintly uneasy, he drove about the streets once more, almost unaware of the fact that he was heading for Shibuya. From occasional references by Kay, he knew the general locality of the house in which she lived, and remembered the name of the *sushi* shop. At last he found it. From the owner, who spoke a certain amount of broken English, he learned where Kay lived. He walked down to the house at the end of the alley.

He was welcomed by the old lady. Recognizing him at once as the American who had helped them all, she tried very hard to understand him and made all kinds of formal acknowledgments in Japanese. But since he seemed to be asking something of great urgency, with many gestures, she finally decided that the moment was important enough to lead him to the *sushi* shop on the corner, where the owner or his daughter could act as interpreter.

There, with relentless clarity, Beaver learned a number of things:

That it was Nobuo who was in the mountain sanitarium. The old lady was in good health.

That the old lady had no daughter—Sakiko did not exist. Nor was there an old uncle—the professor—living in Kyoto.

That Nobuo expected to marry Kay as soon as he was well.

That he, Beaver, had been made use of to make this marriage possible.

It was all said with the greatest deference. It was all obviously, and most agonizingly, true.

In the blue light and the sharp air of early evening in the mountains, Kay talked to Nobuo. "I feel much better about leaving you this time," she was saying. "The improvement is so great. It shows even in your voice."

"Tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll have to take the late train."

"If you left tomorrow ——"

"I have to be at work tomorrow morning."

"The same people?" He looked down at his thin hands crossed on the quilt that covered him.

"No. That job is finished, but Mrs. Beaver seems to have been pleased with me. She recommended me to friends, and now ——"

"Kay," he said, still not meeting her untroubled gaze, "you have done too much for me."

"I owe you a lot," she replied, as though she were thanking a stranger. "You got me out of that internment camp."

"At a price."

"It was no price."

"And we were happy together. Were we happy together?"

In exasperation, she answered, "You ask such silly questions. For heaven's

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sake—yes, we were happy. For a while. While it mattered. Surely we can talk about this another time."

"Kay, if you would marry me?"

"I won't marry you. We would never even have been together if it hadn't been for the war, and all that mess—and I was scared. Oh, listen—it's all been over a long time. I don't know why, all of a sudden, you ——"

"Remember this: If you save a man's life, you are responsible for him forever."

"I'm not!" she said, her voice rising.

"When you give a man back to the world—to sorrow, perhaps, or misfortune—you accept his life and what happens to him. You are responsible, and he has claims on you."

"Not on me! I won't accept ——"

"That is why you help me, why we will always be together."

"Don't you see? I'm *buying* my way out of indebtedness." She sprang up from her chair. "I'm buying my *freedom.*"

"It can't be bought."

"I'll prove you wrong," she said shrilly. "You'll see! For the first time in my life, I'm in love!"

"Beaver," he said quietly.

"Yes, Beaver." She was defiant and determined. "And I won't be cheated of ——"

"I thought it was only the money."

"At first it was. But now ——"

"Kay. Don't argue with me. There is only one ending."

"I'm not listening," she said. "I don't want to hear about *destiny.*" She made it sound like a ridiculous word. Reaching into her bag, she pulled out the fat envelope and handed it to him. "Here," she said. "For you and your mother, with gratitude."

As soon as Kay got back to Tokyo, she went directly to Beaver's room. "I came straight here," she said, laughing. "I couldn't wait. Isn't it absurd?"

"How was the old lady?" Beaver asked.

"Better—so much better."

"And she was glad to see you, of course?"

"Well, you know how it is in hospitals. One feels so isolated. Yes, she was glad to see me—to see anyone. Sometime I'll find a way of telling you how much I owe to you!" She was busily doing all the small arrival things, setting her bag down in a corner, smoothing her hair in front of Beaver's mirror, kicking off her shoes, settling, tired, in a chair. "All because of you—and at last I could really help her, and what's more ——"

"You told her our plans?"

"Oh, yes—and she promised to make it all right. The least she could do, she said. Your generosity, with a bow." Kay got up to make a funny, silly, serious Japanese formal bow. "She's going to—well, *pull rank* with Nobuo." Kay was in very high spirits. "Parents, you know, have a lot of authority here."

"I know."

"So it's set. It's all set."

"Or would be, if ——"

"It's going to be a glorious life. We're going to ——"

In a very weary voice, Beaver stopped her by saying, "I know just what we're going to do. What *I* am going to do, that is. I talked to her myself, you see."

Kay knew at that moment that defeat was facing her. She tried. She tried very hard to salvage something. "Let me tell you the story," she said. "Please, my darling—please let me tell you."

"I've heard enough stories."

"No, this time it's the truth."

"Don't tell me," he said as unemotionally as he knew how. "Don't tell me that you're in love. It can all be explained, as usual." In a rather false voice, he recited, "At the beginning it was different. But now—but *now*, for God's sake—you're in love, in love for the first time in your life. You see? I can tell your stories for you."

"Yes, you can," she said humbly. "Yes. That is what I was going to say."

"Poor Kay," he said, not meaning it.

"Still, it *is* true."

"Yes, indeed," he said, handing her the overnight bag; and while she put on her shoes he opened the door and stood there with his hand resting on the doorknob.

"Poor Kay," she said as she left.

There was really nowhere to go. Not back to the house in Shibuya, certainly. A hotel? But then there was the question of money. She walked through the deserted nighttime streets of the city to the bridge over the Sumida River and stood there, bag in hand, thinking, looking down at the black and greasy water. It was too early to weep, and she couldn't yet summon up any jauntiness. So she stood there for all the world like one of the sentimental springtime girls. A GI tried to pick her up, but she snapped at him, and, startled, he went on to more accommodating company. THE END

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Nelson demonstrates his doodlebug in the witching position. The copper tube, with its "mysterious fluids," is supposed to nose down when Nelson is over oil.

THE DOWSER WHO FINDS OIL WELLS

Kansas farmer Walter Nelson says he can always find water under the ground just by walking around holding a bent stick. He claims he can find oil, too—and he has eight producing wells to prove his point.

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY

A chilly early autumn dusk had just settled over the grain fields that surround Salina, Kans., a city of 43,000 people almost exactly in the center of the United States. In the distance, lights sparkled from Schilling Air Force Base, a large Strategic Air Command post, but otherwise the neatly sectioned fields of wheat and milo were silent. Suddenly a car roared out of the night, doing 70 miles an hour. It screeched to a stop, and out jumped a bulky, middle-aged man. He looked in all directions, as if to be sure no one had followed him, then reached into the car and removed a strange-looking device from the front seat. Holding the contraption in front of him, he began to lumber slowly through the fields.

This was a "doodlebugger," a man who searches for oil with divining rods of wondrous shapes and descriptions. And not just any doodlebugger, but one of the hottest noses in the amateur oil-sniffing game— Walter J. Nelson.

Nelson, a big, amiable, 47-year-old farmer, contends that he was "born with the talent to witch for oil." That sounds like the spiel of a man who will next ask you which shell the pea is under, but consider that Nelson, relying chiefly on his doodlebug, has drilled nine holes in the past two years, has struck oil in all of them and that all but one are now producing profitably.

Doodlebuggers are not rare in the United States. Placing their faith in divining rods, black-box "scintillators" and other Martian combinations of flashing lights and beeping horns, they wander the oil states looking for deposits that professional geologists have missed. "Doodlebugs are believed in by educated people more than you would imagine," says Ted Brooks, oil editor of the Wichita *Eagle*. Salina geologist Willis Waterman explains why: "Anytime you have a thing of value that's hidden—oil, coal, water or treasure—you're going to have people who'll believe in this approach to finding it."

Some doodlebuggers are con men. They combine their witching rods and black boxes with glib tongues to fleece gullible investors. Others are good-hearted eccentrics who waste nobody's money but their own on pet schemes to find oil. One of these claimed magic powers for a stick with a vial of cod-liver oil attached to the end. And there was one who would remove his magic wand from its hiding place only after midnight. But every now and then a doodlebugger comes along who does, indeed, seem to have some gift for finding oil. Walter Nelson is one.

Nelson's doodlebug is a piece of quarter-inch copper tubing, shaped rather like a cloverleaf and filled with what Nelson calls "a mysterious mixture of fluids." He adamantly refuses to say what the fluids are, except to insist that he does not use oil in any form. He does not believe in the "like attracts like" theory subscribed to by many dowsers.

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When he spots a possible oil-producing area, Nelson paces the ground, holding the copper tubing straight out in front of him. If the tube noses down, he knows he is over hydrocarbons, hence oil. It is as simple as that.

Nelson pushes the straw hat back off his broad, sun-reddened face, shifts the toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other and thumbs his suspenders as he tries to explain this gift. "A friend of mine named Dewey Slick knew how to witch for oil. Through him I found out I could do it too. But Dewey didn't have the natural power. He said another man had given him the power by touching his hands. Mine is inherited, so it works better—it's been on my mother's side of the family for generations."

Though Nelson has great faith in his bug, he investigates further. "It costs $20,000 or more to drill a hole in the Salina area," he says. "I'd be a darned fool to spend that kind of money just on the strength of what my doodlebug says. It'll tell me I'm over oil but I never know how much." After he has doodled up a likely area, Nelson calls in geologist Willis Waterman for more orthodox tests to see if the well is worth digging.

Only once has Nelson proceeded in the face of poor reports from Waterman (he struck a profitable well). On the other hand, Waterman has urged Nelson to drill in places that Walter has refused because "I didn't get the right answer from my doodlebug." The geologist is philosophical about this. "How can you argue with his record?" Waterman asks.

The fact is that almost everything went wrong for Walter Nelson before his doodlebug began to turn up sevens. He came out of the Army Air Corps after World War II to manage the two farms north of Salina, where his family has been growing wheat, milo and alfalfa for three generations. With him came his new bride, Jackie, an Atlantic City, N.J., girl whose love for farming was less than intense. Her worst fears were justified. In swift succession, just about everything that can happen to a Kansas farmer happened to Nelson, including drought, floods and grasshoppers. He had to turn to harvesting other farmers' crops to supplement his income.

And he turned to his dowsing. "A waterwell went dry in the pasture one year," says Nelson, "so I took a peach limb and figured out where we ought to dig a new one. The well digger said I was crazy and I ought to dig in another place. I said if he was going to pay for it, we'd drill where he said, but if I was payin' for it, we'd dig where I said. We hit the best well we've ever had on the farm." He also contributed his dowsing ability and a little cash as a silent partner in several oil-drilling ventures. "We sat in the doghouse (the small shack next to the drill rig) on every one of those wells," says Jackie, "and took notes on everything that happened."

Most of the wells came in and the Nelsons parlayed $1,600 into $32,000. But bad luck plagued them again. Nelson bought two new combines, only to have a young driver he hired smash one into the other, wrecking both. By 1961 the Nelsons were flat broke and deeply in debt.

Nelson then decided to stake everything on his doodlebug. He leased mineral rights on some land, putting up no money for the first year but agreeing to give the landowners one dollar an acre thereafter plus one eighth of any oil discovered. Holding down a job as an auto salesman during the day to make ends meet, Nelson worked nights for two months to sell investors on the idea of financing his drilling. Capitalizing on his dowsing reputation, he was able to assemble a syndicate of some 20 plungers, most of whom put up $500 for a 1/48 share.

The doodlebug had indicated oil underneath an alfalfa field, and even though Waterman's geology tests were discouraging, Nelson was sure he was right. "There were two feet of snow on the ground when we started to drill," Nelson recalls. "We hit a spell of zero temperatures about then, and I remember standing out there in the freezing cold at two in the morning, wearing a sheeplined coat and holding a flashlight while we set pipe." After a week's drilling, when the hole was 3,000 feet deep, the drill bit stuck, and it took the driller 30 days to get it out. The investors howled, but Nelson, whose temperament is as flat and emotionless as the Kansas plains, told them not to worry. "'Course, if we hit a dry hole, all we woulda had is space for a lot of fence posts," says Nelson now, "but I was certain we would hit oil." On the last day of January, 1962, the drill struck an oil payload at 3,300 feet, just where Nelson guessed it would be. "Don't remember feelin' too excited," says Nelson. "Jackie was jumpin' around all over the place, but I just thought, well, that's the end of the farming business for me."

This first well started with production of 18 barrels a day and is now producing 10. (Five barrels a day is considered profitable in the Salina area.)

As each new well came in, Nelson found it easier to attract investors for the next one. He now sells nothing smaller than a 1/24 share (for $1,100) and hopes soon to increase that to one-quarter or one-half shares. Ironically, as Nelson enjoys more success, he thinks he must soft-pedal talk of his doodlebug. "I've got investors who wouldn't go with me if they knew I was a doodlebugger," he explains. "'Course, I've got others who go with me just for that reason. It's quite a problem." Nelson solves it by talking doodlebugging to those with receptive antennae and standard oil geology to the others.

Actually most of his backers don't care if Nelson looks for oil with a copper tube or a soup spoon as long as he continues to find it. "I have no confidence in doodling," comments one investor,"but I do think Walter may have some capability of smelling oil—I mean by instinct, not by doodling."

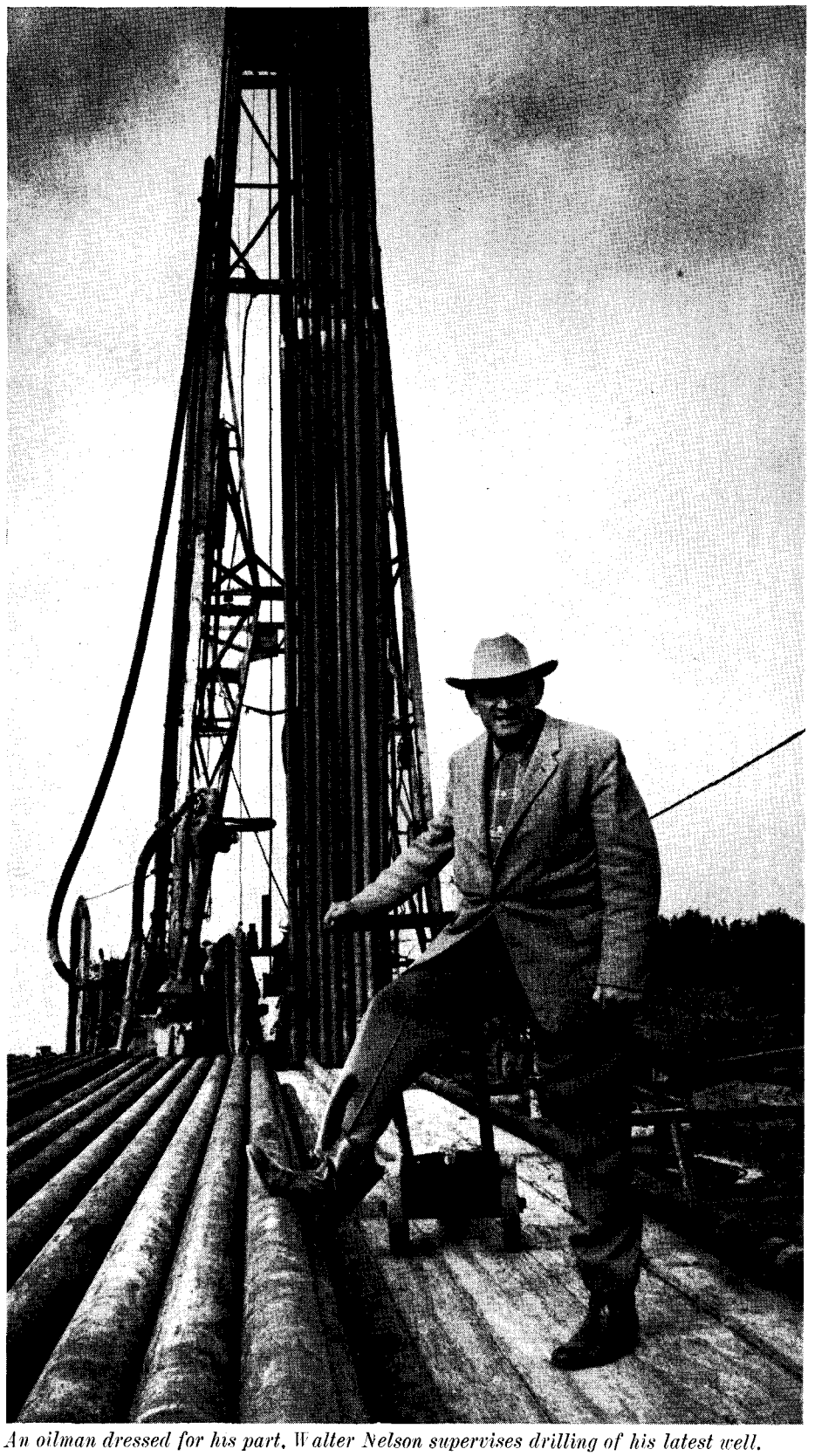
Bank credit is no longer a problem. "At first the banks didn't want to have anything to do with us," says Jackie, who keeps the books. "They still watch our accounts with a million eyes, but I think they're satisfied we're all right."

Though business is good, Nelson and his investors have not become millionaires. There have been no wild, movie-type scenes in which drilling ends with a thunderous roar as thousands of gallons of oil gush out over Clark Gable and his delighted pals. Nelson's wells produce a steady but unspectacular 10 to 25 barrels a day. Nelson owns an eighth or a sixteenth of most wells and also collects a small operating fee, but since his wells have not yet paid their investment, his actual wealth is still small. Says Nelson, "This is a slow, steady process. You don't become a millionaire overnight." The Nelsons live a modest, petroleum-tinged life in their two-bedroom home. In the living room their two daughters play with a five-foot toy dinosaur as they watch TV. Walter drives a dusty 1962 Chevrolet with a miniature battery-operated oil well mounted in front of the steering wheel. The well pumps away merrily as he spins through the Kansas countryside.

An investor who put up $2,000 for a piece of Well No. 3, drilled in the spring of 1962, will recoup his investment by January, 1965, as long as the well averages 15 barrels a day (it is now producing 18). If it runs dry before that, he loses; if it keeps going after that date, he collects profit at a rate of $60 to $70 a month. "The whole sticker is how long they will last," notes oil editor Ted Brooks.

Nelson thinks that his eight producing wells will be making money for at least 15 years—which would bring that $2,000 investor some $8,500 in profits. Investors apparently share his confidence. Nelson now has many backers and money in escrow to finance wells he has not yet had time to dig. Recently a Florida millionaire flew into Salina to talk to Nelson and inspect his operations. Before leaving, he agreed to pay for drilling a new well.

The way for Nelson to hit it really big, of course, would be to discover an entirely new oil field. Hoping for this, he has quietly leased several thousand acres of Kansas land that oil companies and wildcatters have barely glanced at—land where geologists are convinced there is not and never has been any oil. "My doodlebug," explains Nelson simply, "tells me different." THE END



An oilman dressed for his part, Walter Nelson supervises drilling of his latest well.

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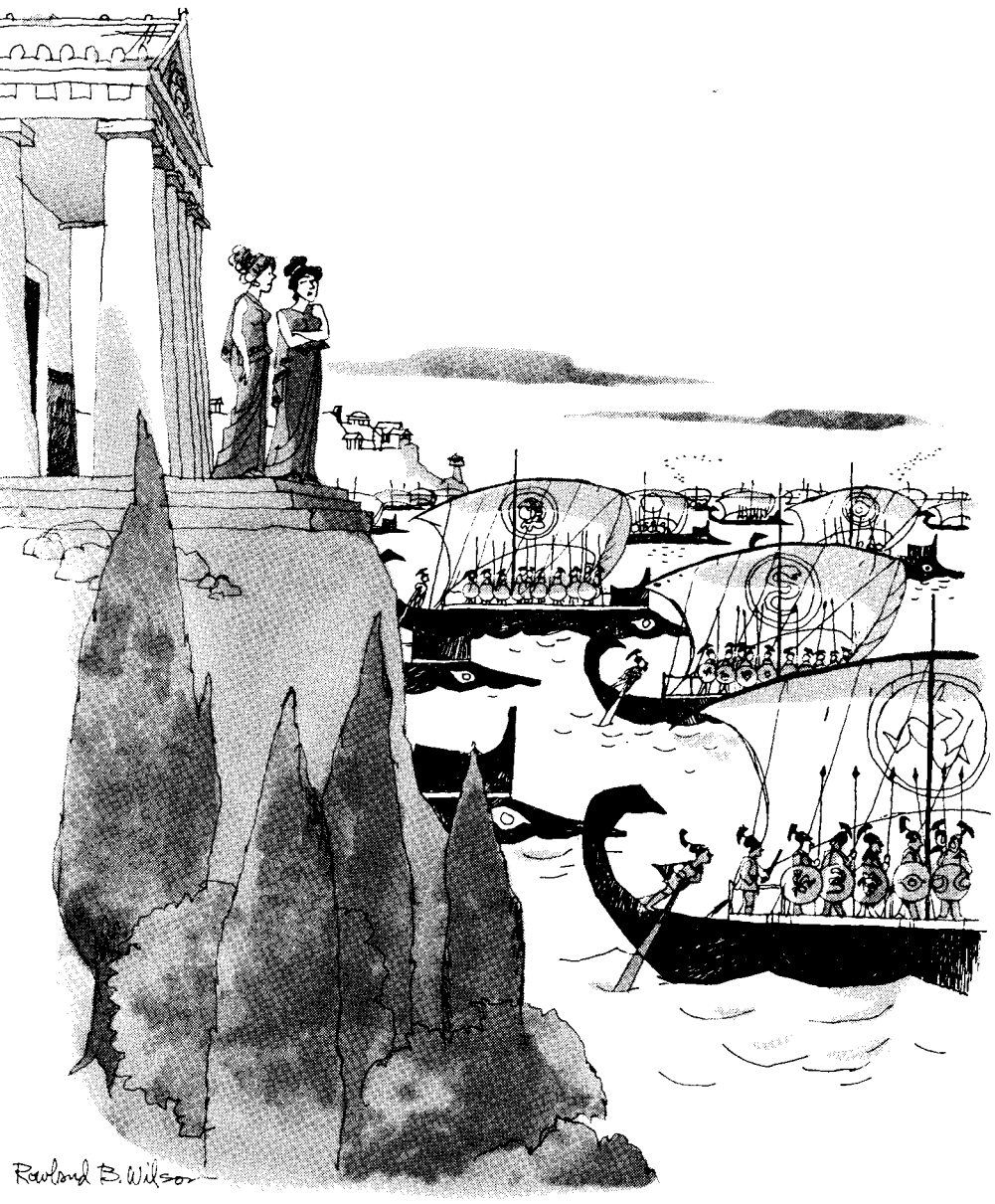
post scripts



"I didn't think Helen was that pretty."

"Do you have anything for somebody who was turned into a frog by mistake?"

"It's deeper than it looks. I'm standing on Pendleton."

". . . And you call yourself a public-relations man!"

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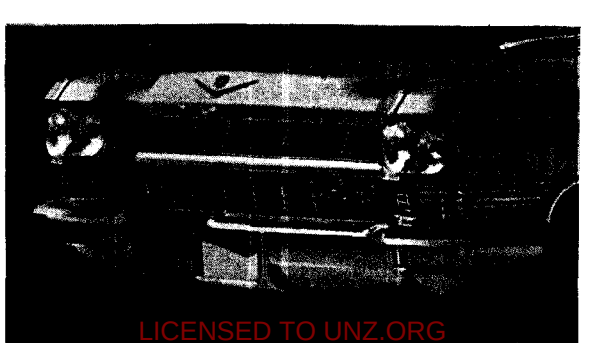

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THE TV TROUBLES OF

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JUDY GARLAND

By Richard Warren Lewis

Within a control booth at CBS Television City in Hollywood nestles broadcasting's first actual panic button. If pushed, the button will trigger a deafening din of tape-recorded cannon fire, horns, whistles, sirens, bomb blasts, bells, chimes and machine gun bursts over the public address system of Studio 43, site of the weekly *Judy Garland Show*. The tape stands at the ready for a reason: as a facetious method of quieting the sometimes temperamental Miss Garland should she have an emotional outburst.

But the button has never been pushed. Outwardly, at least, Judy has displayed remarkable control while her TV show has been turbulent. Trumpeted in advance as one of the season's powerhouse programs, the Garland hour has thus far ranked as one of its major disappointments. It has been plagued offstage by spotty reviews and low ratings, and backstage by petty politicking, confusion and bickering. "This show is the *Cleopatra* of television," says the program's former executive producer, Norman Jewison.

When Miss Garland signed a multi-million-dollar TV contract last spring, some observers were skeptical about her chances of survival. Despite her extraordinary string of concert successes, nightclub sellouts and TV specials, the singer's durability was a question mark. In the previous year she had been stricken by a kidney ailment. She also collapsed during a nightclub engagement, winding up in a Nevada hospital, a victim of complete physical exhaustion.

Furthermore, Miss Garland, 41, had a history of missing cues, forgetting lyrics, skipping rehearsals, collapsing on stage and losing her voice. Her marital troubles, weight problems, insomnia and financial straits have been public knowledge for years. "Thousands of dollars were bet in Las Vegas that I wouldn't even do the first three shows," Judy now admits with a laugh. "They thought that I wasn't going to finish a performance or even show up."

It was with some trepidation that several hundred representatives of stations affiliated with the CBS network assembled last May to see their million-dollar baby firsthand. On the flight to New York, Judy was almost as wary. She was accompanied by her producer, George Schlatter, who had won Judy's favor when they met by joking, "I want you to know that there is no truth to the rumor that I'm difficult."

Together Schlatter and Judy composed a special song parody designed to disarm the affiliates. Stepping on stage in a Manhattan ballroom, Judy softened up the station heads by deadpanning new words to the song hit, *Call Me Irresponsible*. "Call me irresponsible, call me unreliable," she quavered, "but it's undeniably true, I'm irrevocably signed with you." The gathering stood up and cheered.

And for the first few weeks of production, Judy lived up to the lyrics. Her voice was firm and clear. She had slimmed down to 100 pounds, a marked contrast to her former pudginess. She rarely missed a rehearsal. In fact, she showed up at the studio even when she was not scheduled to appear. "She was really swinging with it, and we were all swinging together," recalls director Bill Hobin.

Her good spirits were aided by the unusual creature comforts requisitioned for her by Schlatter. A 40-by-10-foot house trailer, air-conditioned and emblazoned with red-and-white candy stripes, was hoisted to a second floor ramp and converted into her dressing room. Behind the trailer's kissing-cupids door knocker, an interior decorator created a miniature replica of the star's home, complete with wall-to-wall carpeting, antique marble tables and indirect pink lighting. The furnishings included a piano, stereophonic sound system, tape recorder, serving bar and a refrigerator containing Judy's favorite wine, Blue Nun Liebfraumilch.

Nearly $100,000 was spent on studio facilities. The stage was raised, a separate revolving stage was imbedded in the floor and workmen uncrated a battery of Marconi television cameras—the latest electronic marvels which magically remove wrinkles from faces. To brighten the short walk along the drab hallway from dressing room to stage door, workmen painted a winding yellow brick path, reminiscent of the magic road in Judy's smash hit *The Wizard of Oz*.

She was having a ball

When her guest stars were before the cameras, Judy encouraged them like a carefree schoolgirl, bouncing around out of camera range and leading the audience's applause. Often, blasé technicians, stagehands and control-room occupants would break into unabashed cheers after one of Judy's own numbers. "She was having a ball," recalls Schlatter. Sponsors approved the shows. Advertising agencies lauded them. Things looked so bright that director Hobin, whose deal with the network included shipment of his family of three and his three-gaited show horse to the West Coast, put his house in Scarsdale, N.Y., up for sale.

But, oddly enough, the mood was not optimistic in New York. CBS executives, led by President James Aubrey Jr., viewed the first three taped shows with some apprehension. The brass believed that the programs lacked a feeling of pattern. "Any weekly show has to be formatted," said CBS Vice Pres. Hunt Stromberg Jr. "There have to be standard compartments that audiences look forward to, like Garry Moore's 'That Wonderful Year.'" There was also concern over Judy's lack of contact with the viewer. "It's important that the audience should not be afraid to like the star," said Stromberg. "Judy was too unreachable."

George Schlatter thought differently. "Since Garland is one of the giants," he explains, "I felt her show required a different kind of television. I wanted each show to be a special event and to tape it as a live theatrical presentation. I couldn't do a show with tracing paper."

Nevertheless, Schlatter followed orders. In the fourth show he added a segment where Judy sat in a camp chair and chatted with one of her guests, Terry-Thomas, over a cup of tea. He created a nostalgic, "I Was Born in a Trunk" section in which Judy pulled objects from a steamer trunk, reminisced about her show business past and sang old songs.

While Schlatter was making these changes, CBS—without Judy's knowledge—ran a series of tests on the completed shows in various parts of the country. Citizens were recruited at random, led into darkened studios, and shown the programs on giant screens. Their impressions of Judy were registered on electronic reaction devices and on written comment cards. "Nobody judged the show," says one observer of the test results. "They judged what they were reading about Garland in the newspapers. On the cards, they commented on what they knew, not what they saw. They said things like, 'I don't like her, she's nervous,' 'She seems unhappy' or 'She drinks.' They felt she was hiding her real self."

CBS officials studied the reactions, considered the network's big investment in the show and lowered the boom. First to go was Schlatter, who seems to have erred in trying to produce a show too original for the network's and perhaps the average viewer's taste. "We are delighted with the five shows that have been completed by Schlatter and deeply regret the difference of opinion as to the course of future productions on the show," said CBS Vice President Richard Lewine. Three writers and a choreographer were also dismissed in the purge.

"Everybody went," Judy recalls. "I thought I was going, too. They swept out a whole bunch of people and whoever got caught up in that whisk of the broom was out. I wish somebody would have warned me in advance—maybe I could have avoided anyone's being decapitated. I was stunned and bewildered. It came as such a shock."

To revamp the show CBS resorted to its checkbook. Writers Arne Sultan and Marvin Worth were hired at $10,000 a week. Diminutive Norman Jewison, who had directed an award-winning Garland TV special in 1962, was brought in for $12,500 a week as chief troubleshooter and named executive producer. The added costs of paying off the old group and hiring the new ones at inflated salaries swelled each show's budget from about $155,000 to an estimated $200,000.

Jewison flew to Hollywood from a vacation in the Canadian backwoods, slipped into an initialed broadcloth shirt and a sincere rep tie, and immediately found what was wrong. "The audience only knows Judy Garland through what they've read in the paper, that she's fat or she's skinny or she drinks," he said, parroting what the tests already had shown. "This kind of publicity, some of it possibly true, has been a product of the Hollywood grist mills. People don't really know Judy Garland. On television you go into millions of homes and actually expose yourself as a personality. That's how we got to know Jack Paar and Perry Como.

"Perry's writers made him the laziest man in television. They created Frank Gallup, who used to put Como down a little and took him off his pedestal. Soon the audience recognized that Perry was a warm, human man. We had to do the same thing with Judy. The first thing I said to her was, 'Let's be honest, absolutely honest. I love it when you say, "Yeah, I used to be fat."' Are you supposed to hide that? Many people have a weight problem. I thought Judy should be allowed to express herself."

The new writers also echoed the network line. "Television is a habit," Sultan said. "You can't be an event every week. If you do five shows that are each different, you are dead. There's got to be some sameness. If we had that, maybe we'd win some of the Art Linkletter-type fans. That's what keeps you on the air."

To determine what they could learn from existing TV successes, the new team halted production for five weeks. "By stopping the momentum built up in the first five shows, they took a big gamble," says one member of the show. "But after that break, Judy seemed to sort of fall apart and has never come out of it. She never recovered from the shock of being told the show wasn't good."

"Judy just seemed unhappy because she didn't quite understand what was going on," Jewison explains. "They had told her she was just marvelous, the show was just wonderful, when possibly it could have been better. She was confused and slightly depressed." Three weeks after the upheaval Judy entered Cedars of Lebanon hospital briefly for what was described as her "annual checkup." When she reported to the set after production resumed, those working on the show soon sensed a change in her.

The first hour taped under Jewison's helm costarred June Allyson, Judy's sidekick in post-war M-G-M musicals. For the program they sang tunes from movies like *Words and Music* and *Till the Clouds Roll By*. Perhaps the memories of the good old days at Metro affected both of them. According to several members of the show, there was some drinking both before and after the taping.

The levity grew even livelier after the audience went home. A gooey cake was rolled out to celebrate singer Mel Tormé's 38th birthday. Miss Allyson grabbed the cake and pantomimed throwing it in his face. She chased him around the stage, cake cocked. Somehow the confection fell to the floor, which set off an icing-slinging contest among Garland, Allyson and friends that smacked of a Mack Sennett two reeler.

Although Judy generally is keyed up for a performance and has a tendency to slur her lines, observers thought they noticed more slurred lines than usual when she was talking to the audience or trading chatter with June. Partly for production reasons and partly because the show as a whole was somewhat sloppy, the director found it necessary to mix portions of the actual show with pieces of the taped dress rehearsal to flesh out a full hour of programming.

Judy, however, pooh-poohs the report that drinking may have affected her performance the night Miss Allyson

Judy Garland punches out nostalgic song during "I Was Born in a Trunk" routine.

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THE AIM: CAPTURE THE SNEAKER SET.

For recent taping of Garland show, June Allyson and Judy team up for close harmony.

Norman Jewison, ex-executive producer of Garland hour, chats with Judy at rehearsal.

appeared. "I never in my life have had too much to drink—when I work or when I don't work," she says. "I really don't drink that much and neither does June." As for the icing-slinging incident, she says, "That was just silliness."

In the ensuing weeks, Judy began missing some rehearsals, according to several members of the show. Judy denies this. "I haven't missed any rehearsals," she says. "If I had, I wouldn't have been able to do the show. There's just no time to indulge yourself on weekly television—you don't even have time to get a headache or catch a cold." Nevertheless, one former member of the cast says she did play occasional hooky and elaborates: "Her not coming in for rehearsal has got to be a disadvantage. Nobody really knows what's happening without her. I never really got to rehearse my lines enough."

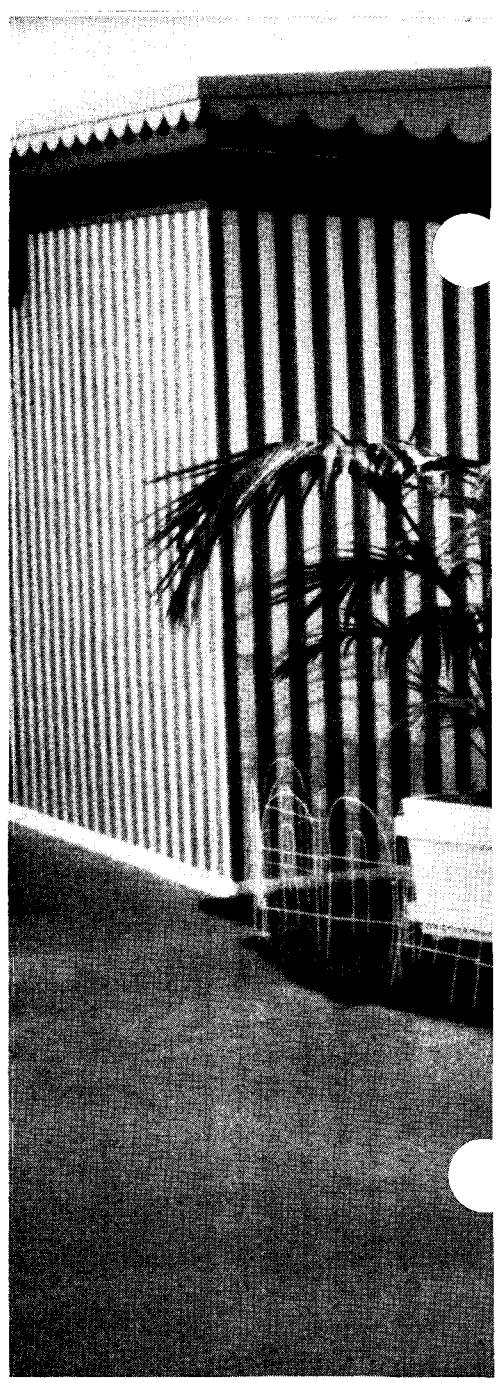
To which, Jewison adds: "Look, if you want somebody who's gonna be right on time and attend every rehearsal, go work with Dinah Shore. I admit that Judy isn't known for arriving on time. She'll always be there a little late. But I have never met anyone in my life who can pick up a routine as quickly."

An embittered member of the orchestra puts it differently. "If you're writing about Garland," he said, "tell her to get to rehearsal on time."

His advice underscores the morale on the program, which seems to be sagging. "This is a disorganized operation," admits one member of the production crew. "Oftentimes I don't even know what the shows are about when I go into rehearsal. And then they keep changing. Each revision in our scripts is printed on a different color of paper. A script looks like a rainbow by the time you get finished. Once we ran out of colors and went back to white paper for the tenth revision. I'd like to have the paper concession."

Already, four different choreographers have worked for the show. One program was two and a half hours late because of a debate in Miss Garland's dressing room over how several numbers should be done. The lengthy delay had a decided effect on the studio audience present for the taping. "It was deadly," recalls one observer. "You get a lot of older people who come; it's past their bedtime by the time the show starts and they're tired. They don't laugh at anything." As a result, laugh and applause tracks are liberally laced into shows with the audience's real reactions. "Most shows that have been on the air, we've sweetened," says a member of the production staff. "That's just the general policy, to sweeten everything."

Insiders on the show lately detect another Garland defect. "She comes across on screen as a fidgety, scared little gal," says one of them. "There's this frenetic quality. And an apparent need for contact with her guest stars, both men and women. She's just too affectionate. She paws them, touches them and kisses them." The trade paper *Variety* noted: "[She is] so unable to control her gestures of admiration and affection for [her guests], that it all comes out terribly insincere and tends to make viewers cringe."



"I don't see anything objectionable about it," says Judy in reply. "If I think someone is funny, I'll laugh and touch them. If guests are nervous, the nicest thing to do is put an arm around them."

"She used to appear much more relaxed and happier," is another common observation. "She wasn't as jumpy or nervous." Now down to 94 pounds, Judy is sometimes so keyed up she eats no food for the 36 hours before a taping. "I always need a certain amount of excitement and tension to work well," is Judy's explanation. "I'm not the type of performer who can relax and put her feet up and get paid all that money. It's not nerves. Maybe it's just a kind of exuberance, which I've always had."

Sometimes for technical reasons and occasionally because of voice problems, many of Garland's songs have to be taped in advance. What viewers frequently see is Judy moving her lips to a prerecorded sound track. This is unhappily apparent when her lips fail to match the sound track exactly. "I think," says Judy laughingly, "I've been singing *Japanese Sandman* when I was supposed to sing *It's a Good Day*." She also reads lyrics, jokes and dialogue for the bulk of the show off cue cards, memory aids often detrimental to the spontaneity which is Judy's hallmark. And under Jewison, she endured an Orwellian method for learning new material. "We constantly play the tapes in her trailer," he once said, "so she'll get that phrasing. She has to work on it for a long time."

Under the new regime, there has been a strong attempt to pull Judy away from

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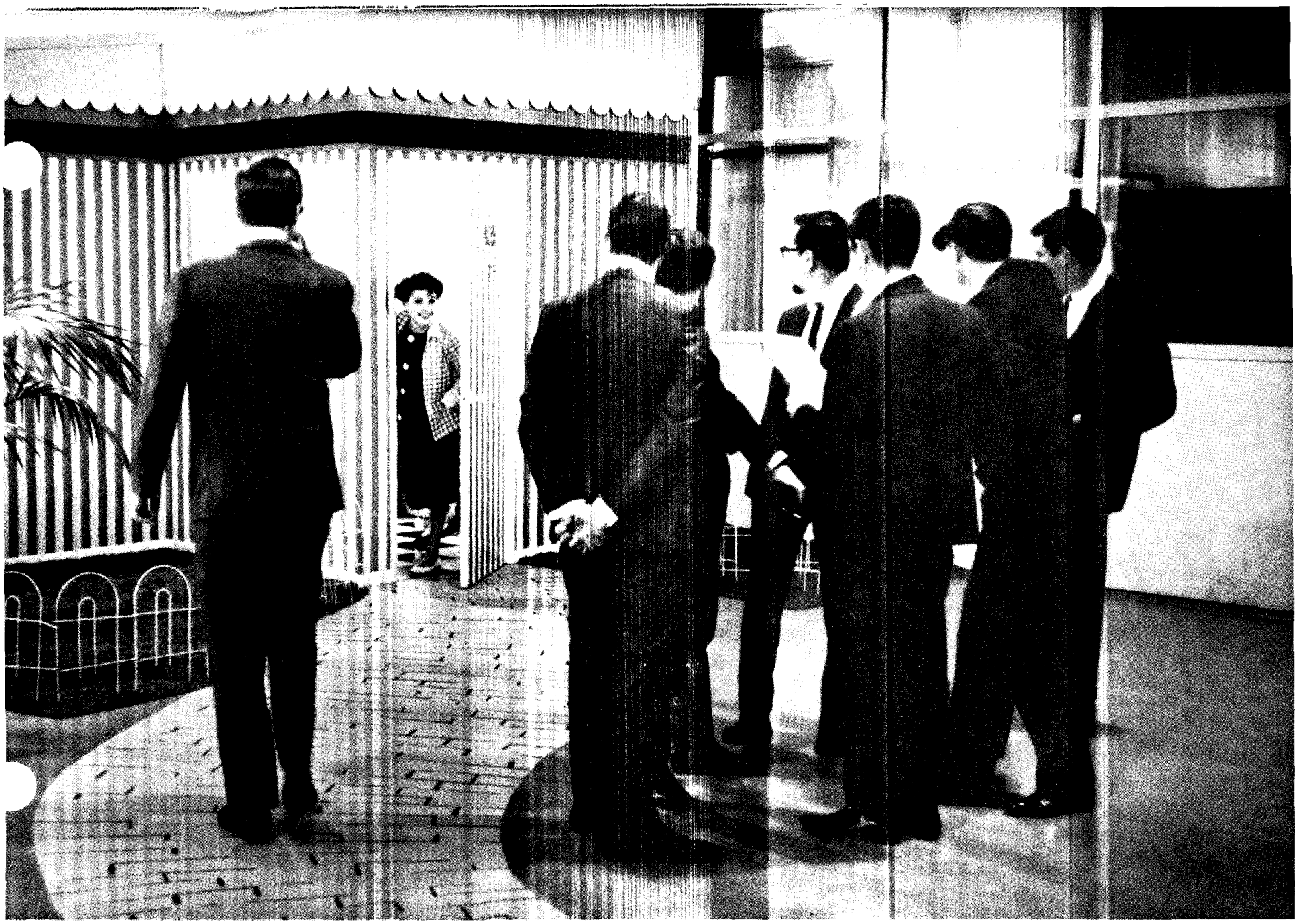

Show's production staff hovers and fidgets as their star retires with a smile into her dressing-room trailer, which is furnished to match the Garland home.

that group of devotees known as "the cult." The cult consists of those Garland boosters who have made her one-woman concerts standing room only, have broken through police lines to be near her, and have bought 420,000 copies of her two-record Carnegie Hall LP. "Members of the cult don't want to share her," according to writer Worth. "They want her real personality hidden. They want her to be the Goddess. The minute you get rid of the cult and latch on to the people with the cameras and the sneakers, you're in. Now on the show, she's making like Dinah Shore, having a relationship with her guests. You have to sell what she is, basically a little girl. And you want to see a little girl have a wonderful time."

To appeal to the camera-and-sneaker clan, CBS sanctioned a "humanizing" of Miss Garland. "It is a subtle system of de-glamorizing her by pointing up her problems," Worth's partner, Sultan, explained. "We're just being honest." On camera, Garland now jokes about the double chins she used to have and her once-muddled finances. Instead of guests idolizing her, they say things on the air to denigrate her. The remarks are more often painful than funny. Guest star Steve Lawrence needled, "Judy, you used to be so fat," and, "Why weren't you at rehearsals all week?" "This isn't the original, this is the twelfth Judy Garland," resident comedian Jerry Van Dyke said on a recent show. "The original went over the rainbow years ago." Then he added: "There's a little farm in Pasadena that grows Judy Garlands."

Another Van Dyke gibe, repeated in one form or another show after show, was, "What's a nice little old lady like you doing on television?" For a surefire laugh, Van Dyke would ask her to sing *Over the Rainbow*.

Van Dyke walked out

"On the first couple of shows she was on a pedestal," Hunt Stromberg explains. "Now in a lighthearted way, we are debunking this glamor. She's one of the gang." Van Dyke, however, is not. He requested and received his walking papers after 10 shows, sensing the futility of his role. "My whole personality is a likable, bumbling, cornhusking guy from the Midwest," Van Dyke says. "They changed my character into a pressing, forward, aggressive person. They took me and turned me completely around. If the stuff I was saying was hilarious, I'd say OK. But the lines were bombing."

Judy was not shaken by the efforts to take her off her pedestal ("I don't know what humanizing or de-glamorizing is—I don't think I'm too glamorous or inhuman," she says), but evidently, she was shaken by the departure of Van Dyke. "I'm going to pretend like it's just not happening," she told him. "I don't even want to talk about it. If I don't talk about it, I won't think about it."

The absurd notion of debasing Judy's reputation as a legendary figure and molding her show into an imitation of other prosaic variety shows has been a disaster where it hurts most, in the audience rating polls. On the first national Nielsen survey Judy was soundly thrashed by the long-running NBC hit, *Bonanza*. "I don't believe in ratings," said Jewison, sipping from an orange coffee cup decorated with the words, FEARLESS LEADER. "Ratings are a false yardstick. They're for the birds."

Yet under Jewison's stewardship the Garland show seems to have deliberately tried to bolster its ratings by hiring guest stars familiar to the at-home audience. The motives behind the signing of old reliables like Jack Carter, Steve Allen, Steve Lawrence and Vic Damone were plainly commercial. "I don't like to use the word *commercial*," says Stromberg. "It's an attempt to make the show more popular."

As if Judy didn't have enough troubles onstage, her marriage to Sid Luft, the ex-test-pilot-turned-manager, has complicated her life in off-hours. Married 11 years and separated three times, the Lufts recently have undergone a series of stormy squabbles. "Every time she has a thing with Sid," says a Garland associate, "It's obvious she's been upset."

Recently Judy has been forced to face a new series of unsettling developments. Director Bill Hobin decided he had enough of the frequent policy alterations, changed his mind about living in California, sold his show horse and resigned after completing the first 13 shows. Executive producer Jewison, $100,000 richer, left after heading up eight shows to direct a Doris Day film. "I'm too old for weekly television," said the 36-year-old Jewison. The CBS unit publicist assigned to the show was fired and a new brace of choreographers signed on. And a third set of writers replaced Sultan and Worth, who withdrew to work on another show.

Lately, Judy's advisers have backed down from what was once an aloof attitude toward the press. Judy has submitted to dozens of interviews with TV editors in an obvious bid to attract new viewers through widespread publicity.

CBS official Stromberg, however, denies all of the distress signals. "Not in any way, shape or form is this show in trouble," he steadfastly maintains. Judy herself is not quite so uncritical. "I would like to see the shows become a little simpler," she says. "I don't think I'd like to look at my show every week. It's just enervating. I think it should be a bit easier for people to watch. We're in trouble unless we all calm down a bit."

The curious paradox in the television troubles of Judy Garland is that everybody associated with her, both past and present, speaks of the singer only in the most reverent terms. "The time I spent with Garland I had such a ball, I wouldn't give that time up for anything in the world," says George Schlatter, who was later hired by NBC for two specials. "As far as Judy herself is concerned, I love her," says Hobin, now producing and directing a Victor Borge special for ABC.

"Judy is a legend in her own time," says Jewison. "She is a combination of Sammy Davis Jr., Aimee Semple McPherson and Greta Garbo." Unfortunately, both he and CBS tried to transform her into a composite of Garry Moore, Perry Como and Dinah Shore. They failed to realize there was nothing wrong with the old, the genuine Judy Garland. THE END

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VILLAGE THAT LOST ITS PARENTS

The trip was to be a special treat, their first flight in a jet. Then, in an instant, one fifth of the village was dead.

By CHARLES McCARRY

Of 175 who survive in the Swiss hamlet of Humlikon (above), 39 are orphans. Little was left of the jet (right); all on board died.

Except for the shrill noise of jets overhead, the placid Swiss hamlet of Humlikon might be a town from another time, with its lowing cattle and its smell of baking bread and its gay cottages with flowers at every window. Indeed the frugal people of Humlikon lived so much on the fringes of the machine age that few of them had ever seen an airplane at close hand until 7:13 A.M. on September 4, when 43 men and women from the village sat aboard a Swissair Caravelle bound from Zurich to Geneva. The Humlikon party, all small farmers, had planned and saved for the trip for months. They intended to visit an experimental farm near Geneva, 150 miles away, and fly home in time for supper.

Eight minutes and four seconds later they lay dead with 37 others in the wreckage of the Caravelle, which caught fire after takeoff and plunged 6,000 feet to a plowed field, exploding on impact. Never before has an air crash done such damage to a town—for Humlikon is a very small town, with only 220 inhabitants, and the wreck killed one out of every five.

In Humlikon today life goes on with a slow and uncertain rhythm, like the beat of an injured heart. But it goes on. There is work to do, including the care of 39 orphaned children and the gathering of the harvest, and Humlikon's people understand about work. Their minister, the Rev. Konrad Niederer, says that they understand also the hand of God, for they have lived generation after generation in the moody shadow of the Alps. "They sorrow," he says, "but they accept and they go on."

A farmer from a neighboring town, who came to Humlikon to help out, folds his arms on the handle of his pitchfork and says, "There will be no explanation in this life for what happened. They were going to go the day before, but they went on Wednesday. They could have gone on the train. It was cheaper. But they wanted to have an adventure, something to talk about. Then they went up in the air and in an instant—like *that*—wiped out. The children left alone, the farms left alone. Who knows what the good Lord has in His mind?"

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That's how many times we inspect a Volkswagen.

These are some of the ok's our little car has to get in our factory.

(It's easy to tell the ok's from the no's. One no is all you ever see.)

We pay 5,857 men just to look for things to say no to.

And no is no.

A visitor from Brazil once asked us what we were going to do about a roof that came through with a dent in it.

Dents are easy to hammer out.

So what we did shook him a little.

We smashed the roof down to a metal lump and threw it out in the scrap pile.

We stop VWs for little things that you may never notice yourself.

The fit of the lining in the roof.

The finish in a doorjamb.

In the final inspection alone, our VW has to get through 342 points without one blackball.

One out of 50 doesn't make it.

But you should see the ones that get away.

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SWISS AIR DISASTER

No house in the village is untouched by the tragedy, for almost everyone is related by blood or marriage. Of those who died, 38 were married couples. Among them were all five members of the town council, the postmaster, and many of the leading farmers and artisans of the village. The victims shared the same ancient Swiss-German surnames—Baer, Steiger, Flacher, Freimueller, Knoepli, Zindel, so that the death list reads like a page from a family Bible.

When authorities tried to telephone Humlikon to tell them of the disaster they dialed number after number only to have the bell ring in an empty house. Finally the news was brought by Pastor Niederer and one of the councilmen from a neighboring town. They went from door to door, giving what comfort they could.

The exact cause of the accident is not yet known. A piece of the Caravelle's wheel was found on the runway, and it is thought that the brakes may have overheated, setting fire to a tire which in turn ignited fuel leaking from ducts in the space into which the wheels are retracted after takeoff. It was a foggy morning, and ground visibility was 200 yards—minimum takeoff run for the twin-jet Caravelle. The pilot, Capt. Eugen Bohli, taxied down the runway to check visibility, then made a 180-degree turn and taxied back to his starting position, making another complete turn. He decided to take off and told the tower that he intended to use the full runway. The takeoff was routine in every respect, and all possibility of pilot error has been eliminated.

Once in the air, Captain Bohli asked for "the top"—ceiling—and was told that he would break through the overcast at 1,600 to 1,700 feet. "*Merci*," he said, "contact control at 125.5 [feet of altitude]. Good-bye." The Caravelle had climbed to about 6,000 feet when, at 7:21:04 A.M., Captain Bohli cried in English, "Mayday! Mayday! Three-oh-six no more, no more." It was his last call.

The aircraft went into a steep dive, ripped the roof off one house, set fire to it and another building, and then exploded in the center of a potato field. The impact point was only 150 yards from a factory in which 70 persons had started punctually to work only 22 minutes before. An elderly bachelor named Heinrich Lienhard lived alone in the house that lost its roof; he was tying his necktie before a mirror in the bathroom and escaped unhurt, as did the factory workers and all others on the ground.

A farmer six miles away said that he saw fragments fall from the aircraft while it was still in the air. Another said that he saw flames spurting from one of the engines. Otto Fohrer, 39, who was eating breakfast in his house only 175 yards from the impact point, recalls that the fog was so thick that he could not see the plane at all, though his home was filled with its fearful noise.

The plummeting machine, striking the ground at a speed of almost 600 mph, dug a crater 35 feet deep. Debris was scattered over an area of one-half square mile. Mrs. Emil Luescher, wife of a baker, ran to the scene from her house 200 yards from the crash. There was little left of the plane except its engines—no debris of any kind larger than a man's hand. "The fire trucks and the ambulances came," Mrs. Luescher remembers, "but the ambulances soon went away again. They were of no use."

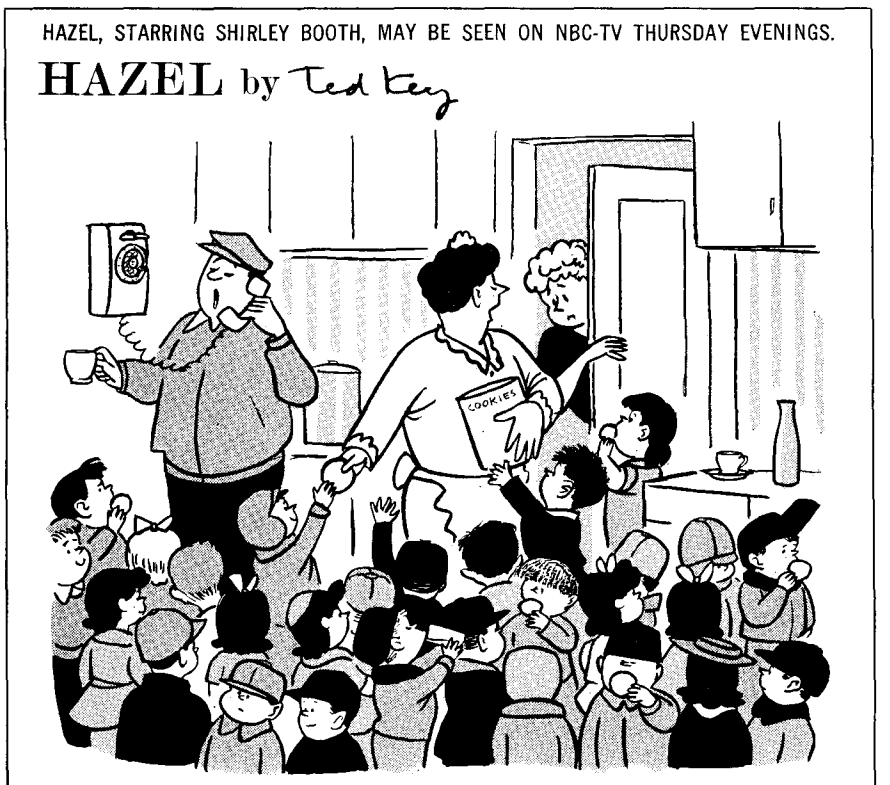
Rescue work began at once. White-clad medical teams gently removed the remains of the survivors from among the fallen fruit in the orchard which surrounded the scene of the crash. Where they found a victim they erected a stake with a white ticket at its tip, and soon the field was a thicket of these fluttering markers. Police and troops arrived to keep order. At one point the soldiers were ordered to fix bayonets in order to keep off hordes of curiosity seekers. This was a foretaste of the painful experience Humlikon was to have later in the day.

News of the little village's crippling tragedy spread quickly. By early afternoon the town was ringed by automobiles. The three cobbled streets filled with strangers who stared into the faces of the bereaved and into the windows of their houses. Flashbulbs blinked queerly in the fog as news photographers went to work. A crowd collected outside the school where a 19-year-old student teacher, Miss Ingrid Baer, carried on with classes while a policeman barred the door to the curious. In the post office the phone rang ceaselessly and was answered by the sobbing widow of the dead postmaster. The voice on the line was invariably that of a stranger. At last the authorities ordered police with guard dogs into Humlikon to clear the village of outsiders. By nightfall order and quiet were restored.

To white-haired Jakob Zindel, who lost his 27-year-old son Hansruedi in the crash, fell the task of naming the dead. In the low-ceilinged kitchen of his farm home, Zindel called them off one by one while a district official compiled the death list. Zindel's son, one of the few who were traveling alone, left his young wife behind because she had a child that she is still nursing. Their baby is the youngest of the 39 orphans, and one of five who still have one parent.

Not until five days after the tragedy could Humlikon bury its dead. The villagers walked in silent procession, old people holding the hands of the children, to the district church and cemetery a mile away in the market town of Andelfingen. There, in the presence of almost 1,000 mourners, Pastor Niederer said a final prayer, and the remains of the victims were lowered in four simple coffins into a common grave. A plain wooden cross bears the inscription: "Here rest with God the 43 Humlikon victims of the air disaster of 4 September 1963. John X: 29." (My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.)

With its past shattered, Humlikon began to look toward a difficult future. Fifteen of the 39 orphaned children had been left with no relatives young enough to take care of them. Two farms were left abandoned by the tragedy, and 19 others were without men to work the land. The potatoes, sugar beets and turnips on which the village's economy depended were ready for harvest. But there were no hands to bring in the crops.



"School bus broke down."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then," says Pastor Niederer, "we witnessed an outpouring of Christian charity that lifted up our hearts."

On the day after the tragedy the mayor and most of the men of a neighboring town arrived at dawn to milk the cows and do other farm chores. Dozens of others from the surrounding countryside came quietly to offer their work. And back from retirement in Zurich came Jakob Peter, the former schoolmaster of Humlikon, who had left the village in grief 45 years before, when his young wife died in childbirth. Peter took over the administrative work of the town, carrying on the everyday tasks that the remaining elders were too benumbed to do and laying the groundwork for the future.

A national fund drive with a goal of $250,000 was started for the benefit of the orphans. The Swiss Boy Scouts volunteered to help with the harvest, and youth groups from churches of all denominations pledged their services. Offers of help came from all parts of Switzerland—and from much farther away. Among the 2,000 letters received by the villagers were dozens containing money and scores asking to adopt one or more of the orphans. Adoption offers from the United States included one from a 43-year-old unmarried Colorado librarian and another from a California couple with six children of their own.

Each of the letters received a reply on black-edged stationery, but even in tragedy the people of Humlikon lost none of their proud independence. They decided at once that the orphaned children would stay in Humlikon, to be cared for by Humlikon folk. And if they were grateful for the generosity of outsiders, they looked on sudden riches with some misgiving. "We do not," said Jakob Peter, "wish Humlikon to be buried in a flood of gold." Nevertheless, subscriptions to the Humlikon Fund soon reached $100,000 and officials are confident that the full amount will be collected.

Help continued to pour in, and in a way it soon became almost a burden. Bereaved Humlikon women found themselves cooking for dozens of additional mouths. The extra food, such as milk and eggs, which Humlikon farmers customarily took to market to supplement their tiny incomes, went to feed the volunteers. Finally an appeal was made. "We asked these good people to come back next year," says Pastor Niederer. "Then they will really be needed." By that time it is hoped that barracks equipped with kitchens will have been erected for the use of volunteers, who will be required for years to come—until a new generation grows up to replace the one that died in the flames of the Caravelle.

Meantime, Jakob Peter and the remaining men of the village are planning and organizing for the future. The two empty farms will become the homes of the 15 orphans who were left totally alone; the children will be divided into two "families" and placed in the care of foster parents from the village. A communal laundry, with modern machines, will be set up to ease the burden of the village women who now do their washing outdoors in cold water. They will no longer have time for such ancient methods, for they must shoulder an even greater portion of the field work. A machinery shelter will be erected and stocked with harvesters and other power tools for the use of all. And, finally, an agricultural manager will be hired to see to the land for at least 10 years, until the orphans are old enough to do their fathers' work.

And now? "Humlikon is a little quieter, and the people are glad to be left in peace," says Pastor Niederer. "Each case is a sad case," says Jakob Peter. "This farm abandoned, that farm with no one to work it, this old, old woman left with three children under school age. She rose from her bed to care for them."

He stops. A slim young woman, dressed wholly in black, passes with a baby carriage. The voice of a child, hesitantly reading, can be heard through the open window of the school where Jakob Peter taught many of those now dead. An old woman works in a field, followed by two toddling grandchildren, one of them humming a childish tune. A jet passes overhead, but no one looks up.

Jakob Peter raises a hand to take in the whole village scene, which is a little slower and a little more quiet than life. He says, "Life goes on. Humlikon will take care of its own." THE END

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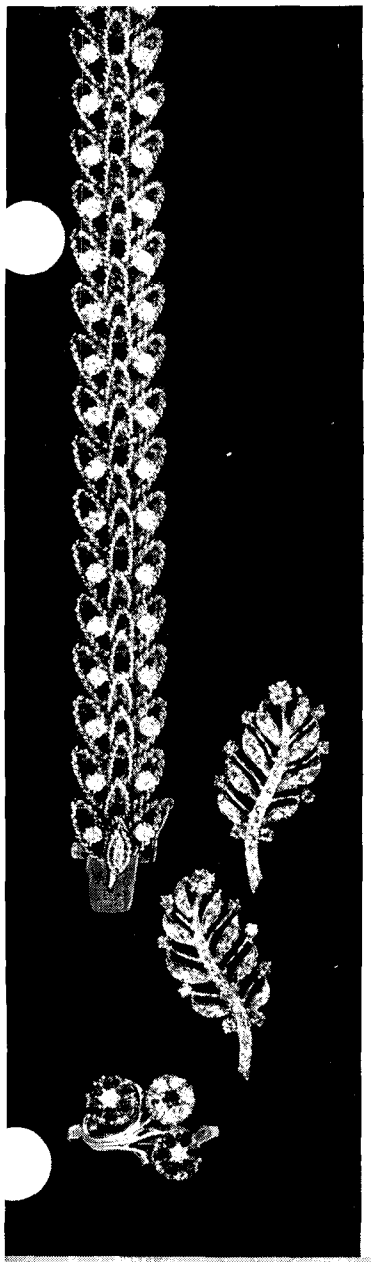

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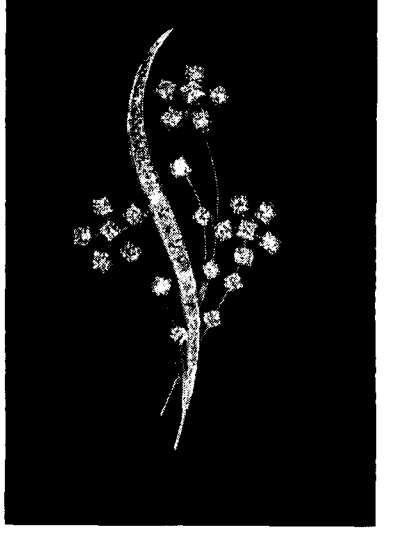

Brooch, about **$770**

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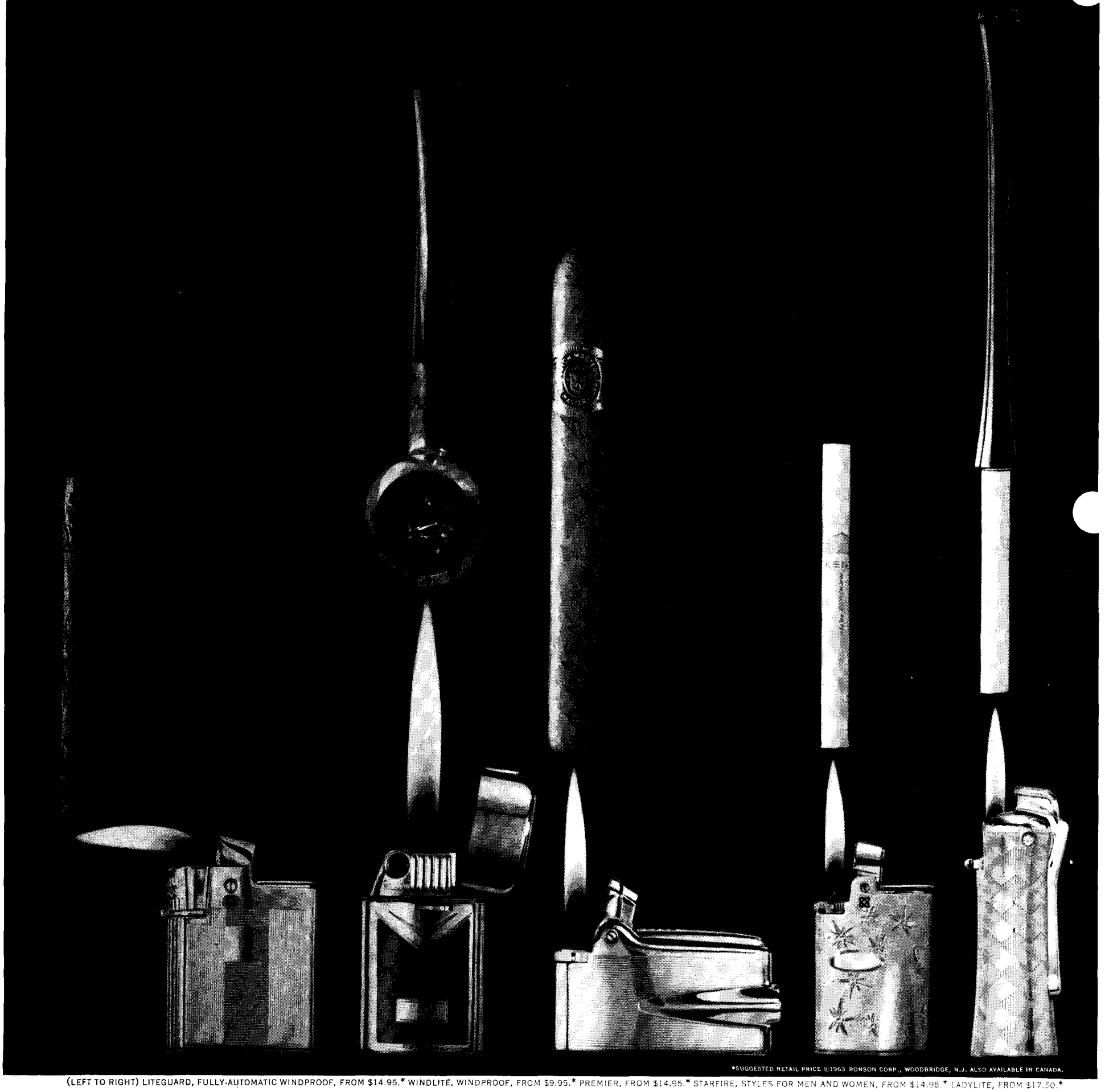
Turn the flame up or down to light anything that smokes.



(LEFT TO RIGHT) LITEGUARD, FULLY-AUTOMATIC WINDPROOF, FROM $14.95.* WINDLITE, WINDPROOF, FROM $9.95.* PREMIER, FROM $14.95.* STARFIRE, STYLES FOR MEN AND WOMEN, FROM $14.95.* LADYLITE, FROM $17.50.*

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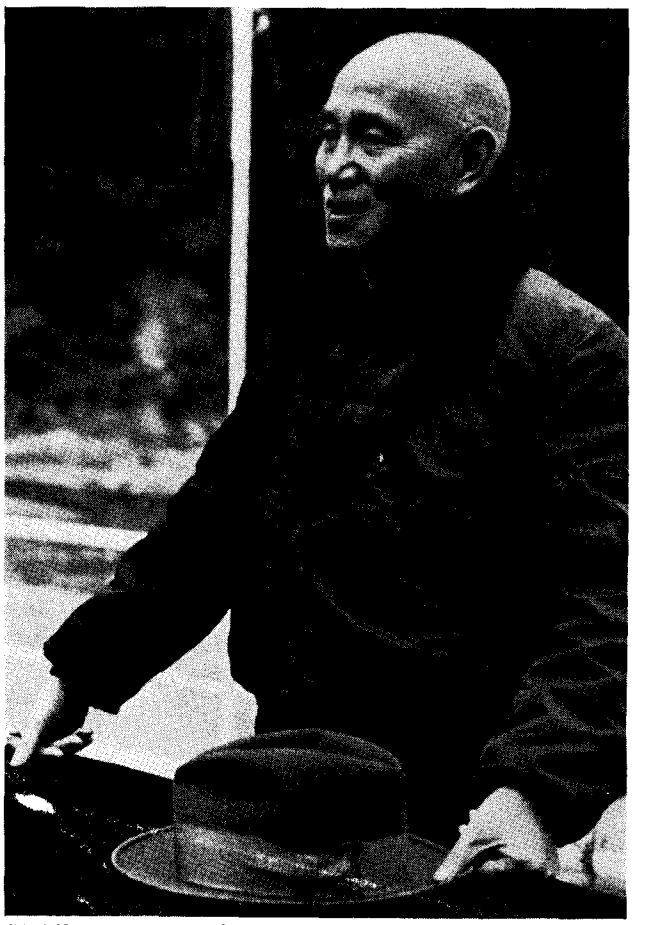
CHIANG KAI-SHEK:

THE CRUMBLING FACADE

By Stanley Karnow

Propped up on his island bastion by American aid, the aging generalissimo rules Formosa by perpetuating the myth of an eventual assault on Red China.



Rigidly erect at 76, Chiang says, "The time is drawing near."

In the late afternoon, when the day's glare is fading gently, an old man often sits alone in a small, tile-roofed pavilion set among the pines and cypress trees of a landscaped hillside. Lean and erect, a severe yet somehow romantic figure in his simple tunic and black cape, he silently contemplates the reddening sky and misty sea, until the sun sinks into the horizon and dusk shrouds him in his meditations.

For nearly 14 years, ever since the ragged remnants of his defeated Nationalist army fled before the Chinese Communists, Chiang Kai-shek has scanned that horizon from Formosa, his island refuge. And over those years, skill and enterprise—and huge sums of American aid—have wrought vast changes on the island.

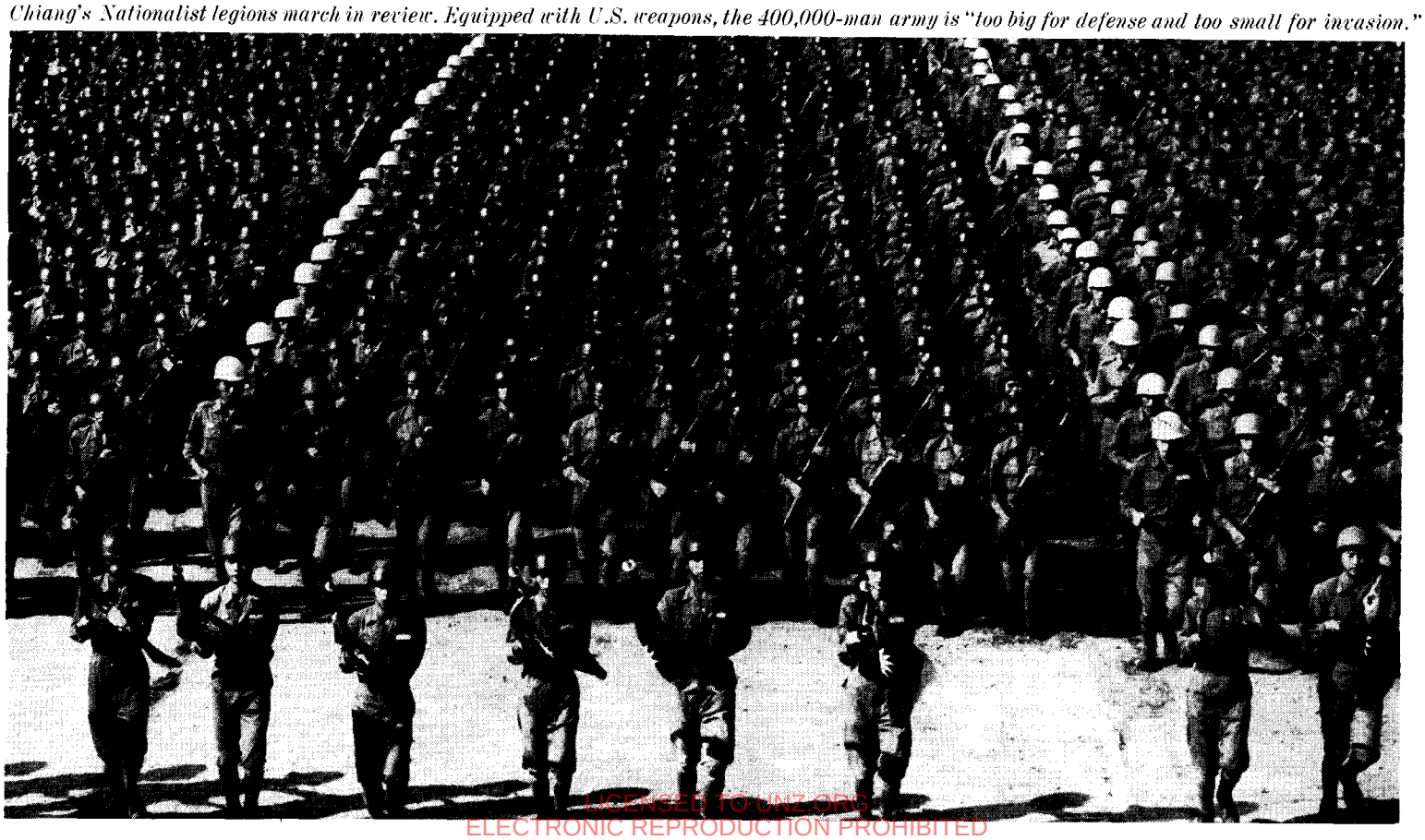
Its farmland, shadowed by an awesome spine of towering mountains, is a flourishing carpet of neat rice fields, vegetable gardens, pineapple plantations and sugar estates. Standing like rigid sentinels, factory chimneys surround its cities—noisy, prosperous cities of cluttered shops and shouting street hawkers, clattering restaurants, crowded movie theaters and endless traffic jams.

But Chiang Kai-shek, the old man on the hillside, is scarcely concerned with the change and bustle of the island around him. It is, after all, only a small place, barely bigger than Vermont, and unworthy of any pretense to power. It is, also, to Chiang and the two million Chinese who fled here with him from the mainland, a strange, almost foreign shore, peopled by nine million Formosans who, though Chinese by origin, have developed a vague, insular identity of their own. Chiang is hypnotized by the land beyond the horizon, the China he once controlled and over which he still claims sovereignty.

Year after year he vows to lead his refurbished legions back across the 110-mile strait to the conquest of the mainland. Again and again he pleads that the moment is imminent for his "holy war of national recovery." Throughout his island bastion the strident call to battle is emblazoned on street banners, hewn into mountainsides, tattooed on the chests of dedicated soldiers. To question the wisdom of his mission, or even doubt its likelihood, is treason, punishable by prison.

"Either we exist to return to the mainland or we have no existence worth mentioning," declares Chiang's inspired press, and this mixture of militancy and despair taints Formosa with a nervous, uneasy mood. A contrived air of emergency encumbers the island with officious bureaucrats, secret police and ubiquitous informers, all focused on secrecy and security. It

Chiang's Nationalist legions march in review. Equipped with U.S. weapons, the 400,000-man army is "too big for defense and too small for invasion."



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Led by their youthful teachers and accompanied by a harmonium, Formosan children reach skyward during an outdoor see-and-do song session

A stylishly motorized family of five—the youngest slung papoose-style on the mother's back—whizzes along a modern road on outskirts of Taipei.

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"Chiang," says one observer, "wants to stage his own Bay of Pigs."

strives to impose obedience and conformity, and so keen are official sensitivities that a film on Napoleon's banishment is outlawed and newspaper photos of Communists are stamped "bandit." Yet beneath this superficial frenzy there is a deep, oppressive doubt that the great dream of a return to China will ever become reality.

Chiang is undaunted. At 76, he ignores the critics who call his vision absurd, and he shrugs off the friends who question his invasion plans. Haunted by past failure, he feels that he must absolve his humiliation lest even in death, as Chinese folklore has it, his eyes will never close.

Strangely enough, this vein of determination seemed subdued when I visited Generalissimo and Madame Chiang at their villa near Taipei, the Formosan capital. They appeared relaxed and, at first, even casual. Despite lurid tales of their great wealth, there was nothing ostentatious about their house. The dim parlor, where we sat around a low table, was decorated by a few of Madame's own Chinese ink paintings. And they were both plainly dressed—she in a cream-colored, old-fashioned cheongsam that reached to her ankles, he in his austere khaki tunic, buttoned to the neck.

Looking at least a decade younger than her 61 years, Madame made feminine remarks about eggshell porcelain and orphanages. Chiang himself, remarkably recovered from a recent abdominal operation, showed good health and good humor. There was still the familiar death's-head shape to his shaved skull and high cheekbones, but his face was deeply tanned and astonishingly unlined, and he displayed a dazzling denture as he smiled and nodded and chatted amiably. Nothing in him called forth the image of a man who had ranked with Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill, and who, unlike them all, still symbolized power.

We sipped iced tea and munched fruit tarts and ate a sticky sweet rice pudding. But soon the ritual introductory conversation waned, and Chiang returned to his obsession. "The time is drawing near," he announced. "There will definitely be an uprising on the mainland before the end of this year. I have said this before. Nothing has changed to alter my views. We must seize this opportunity—the chance that comes once in a lifetime."

Chiang brushed in his strategy with the quick, spare strokes of a Chinese calligrapher. He offered no evidence or explanations but spoke in absolute affirmations. Conventional warfare would defeat the Communist regime in China. All he needs from the United States, Chiang insisted, is "moral and material assistance and the supply of arms and technical aid." He would not request American troops. Nor would he ask for nuclear weapons.

"Nuclear weapons in China would be unthinkable, unthinkable," interjected Madame. Without glancing at her, Chiang went on to state, "Therefore, the Soviet Union would have no pretext to intervene when I launch my assault against the mainland."

Chiang said that he would accept support from any faction which opposed the Communist leader Mao Tse-tung—"even if they decline to swear allegiance to my cause, even if they continue to call themselves Communists." But, he quickly continued, these "working arrangements" would only be expediencies. "Once Mao is out of the way," he said, "no group will be strong enough to resist my control."

Exactly when his attack would begin, Chiang could not quite specify. It would be "soon." And within five years at most, he has prophesied, his campaign of "pacification" will have ended, and his government will once again rule China.

Chiang's fervor can overwhelm even the coolest of his guests. Professional American diplomats, intelligence agents and military authorities unequivocally agree, however, that Chiang's hopes for a return are extremely remote. And they are not prepared to recommend United States involvement in a venture which, as one of them put it, "doesn't even have a fifty-fifty chance of success." Experts find little evidence to support the Nationalist dogma that an uprising inside China is imminent. Nor do they accept Chiang's thesis that his attack will detonate a revolt. On the contrary, experts believe that however much the average Chinese peasant may be discontented, his avenues for action are blocked. The Communists have penetrated deeply into the countryside with their political apparatus of cadres and militia, and these minor officials have shown a high degree of loyalty to their superiors.

Most independent military specialists agree with the Nationalists that the Communist air force—which includes 2,500 jet aircraft—has been weakened by a shortage of fuel and spare parts, an outcome of Peking's quarrel with Moscow. But these same experts believe the Nationalists seriously underestimate the strength and skill of the Red Chinese ground forces. The Communists have 2.5 million troops under arms, some 750,000 of them stationed to a depth of about 200 miles along the seaboard between Shanghai and Canton.

The lessons of Korea

Despite elementary communications, the Communists can deploy these men quickly. When Chiang's talk of an attack scared them last year, Peking took only a week to move seven divisions into the coastal region along a single-track railway, and one American military observer called the operation "a logistician's dream." From a purely technical viewpoint, professional military men were also impressed by Chinese Communist tactics in the Indian border war last fall. "They never attacked a position until they had it outflanked, and all they lost in the whole campaign was one carbine," said an officer who studied the conflict. "They have learned a lot since Korea."

As they listen to the Nationalists, western experts are also doubtful of Chiang's claim that the Chinese people, unhappy under Communism, want the generalissimo to be their savior. Of the 122,000 Chinese who dramatically fled from Communism into Hong Kong in May, 1962, little more than 700 elected to emigrate to Nationalist Formosa.

Holed up in an observation post on Quemoy, Gen. Liu An-chi peers toward the mainland, little more than a mile across the water, yet so unattainably remote.

Chiang is no democrat, however, and he does not think in terms of public opinion or popular approbation. Not long ago an American senator asked him, "What makes you think they want *you* back there in China?" A smile flickering on his lips, Chiang replied, "They have no choice. I'm the only alternative."

This view of himself as the indispensable man, infallible in his judgment and mystically identified with his nation, has long dominated Chiang's mentality. He has always felt not only that China needs him but also that America would do anything to appease him. Displeased at times during World War II, he hinted at signing a separate peace with Japan; dissatisfied with American support in the postwar period, he feinted at closer relations with Russia. He was confident this would get him his way, as it usually did.

With painful difficulty Chiang has been exposed to a great change in American attitudes, especially since the advent of the Kennedy Administration. The pro-Nationalist American ambassador in Taipei, Everett Drumwright, was replaced by Admiral Alan Kirk, a no-nonsense old sea dog who made little effort to conceal his instructions to keep Chiang in line. Thoroughly detested by the Nationalist hierarchy for speaking frankly, Kirk retired because of illness after less than a year on the job. The more diplomatic Admiral Jerauld Wright, former NATO naval commander, succeeded him and has continued the new American policy in less outspoken fashion. On the surface, American policy appears to be nothing more than a maintenance of the *status quo*. But in a quiet, exploratory and very long-range way it is gradually evolving.

Under a 1954 treaty, the United States is obligated to defend Formosa and the nearby Pescadores Islands. The same treaty provides, however, that Chiang may not take any offensive action without Washington's "joint agreement." The United States intends to prevent Chiang from making any move that could embroil Americans in a major war. While tying down Chiang, the United States is helping to develop Formosa into an economically viable state. In short, the United States is slowly and pragmatically edging toward what has erroneously been called a "two China" posture. Actually it is a "China-Formosa" policy.

Though some may shudder at the prospect of dealing with Red China, Americans and Chinese Communists have actually been engaged in *de facto* diplomatic negotiations. For years American and Red Chinese ambassadors have been meeting regularly in Warsaw. At one point last year Peking's emissary asked American Ambassador John Cabot if the United States intended to back Chiang Kai-shek's threatened attack against the mainland. On instructions from Washington, Cabot assured the Communists that America had no such intention—and on the strength of that promise, Peking withdrew the troop reinforcements it had sent to the coast.

American government officials are trying in other ways to increase contacts with Red China. On many occasions Chinese Communist representatives have been informed that the United States would welcome cultural and technical exchanges. When a group of West Coast businessmen recently started plans to talk to Red Chinese trade officials in Hong Kong, the State Department did nothing to discourage them. There have been suggestions that the United States might revise its embargo on trade with China, possibly after the 1964 elections.

So far the Chinese Communists have not shown the slightest response to any American feelers. On the contrary,

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Propaganda: "My old mandarin can lick your old mandarin."

Peking's present policy—consistent with the Red Chinese dispute with Moscow—is harder than ever toward the United States. Still, several official Americans regard a possible *modus vivendi* with Peking as a very-long-term proposition, and the United States is currently taking the initiative in trying to thaw the ice.

On Formosa, the United States has done everything possible to freeze Chiang's forces and keep them strictly defensive. Under the American military-aid program—roughly $100 million a year—the Nationalists have received all sorts of equipment to protect themselves, from rifles to Nike-Hercules ground-to-air missiles. Despite their persistent requests, however, they have been refused offensive weapons. They have five fighter wings comprising about 300 American-made F-86, F-100 and F-104 aircraft. But they have not been given bomber planes. Their request for long-range C-130's—equipped with electronic anti-radar devices and ideal for dropping paratroopers far into the interior of China—has been declined.

The United States has also refused Nationalist bids for submarines, sizable numbers of landing ships and anything larger than destroyers. If it is conceived to carry an invasion force, the Nationalist fleet is woefully inadequate—only 108 vessels, including nine destroyers and 45 landing ships. Using imported Japanese steel and engines, the Nationalists are surreptitiously building about 130 small landing craft, each capable of holding some 80 men. When United States authorities discover secret ventures of this kind, they deduct them from the Nationalists' American-aid account. If Chiang ever decides to invade, he could put between two and three divisions—about 25,000 men—onto mainland beaches. But there are problems of air cover, supply and resupply. And apart from that, there is the question of morale: Does the average Nationalist soldier want to fight?

Composed of some 400,000 men—only about half of them in combat condition—the Nationalist Army has been described as "too big for defense and too small for invasion." And like the navy, which contains more admirals than ships, it is top-heavy with brass. It has about 400 more generals and 700 more colonels than the United States Army, which is more than twice its size. The Nationalist army's ranks are filled largely with young Formosan draftees, who are doubtful combat material. Their spirits are not lifted by the pay—$7.06 per month for a private—nor by the almost total absence of Formosans in the officer corps, 96 percent of whom are mainlanders.

The real pride of the Nationalist force is the guerrilla corps, called the "Anti-Communist National Salvation Army," and destined for terrorist activity on the mainland. The master of these men is Generalissimo Chiang's son by his first marriage, a dynamic, slightly paunchy general of 53 named Chiang Ching-kuo, who spent a dozen years in the Soviet Union and is married to a Russian woman.

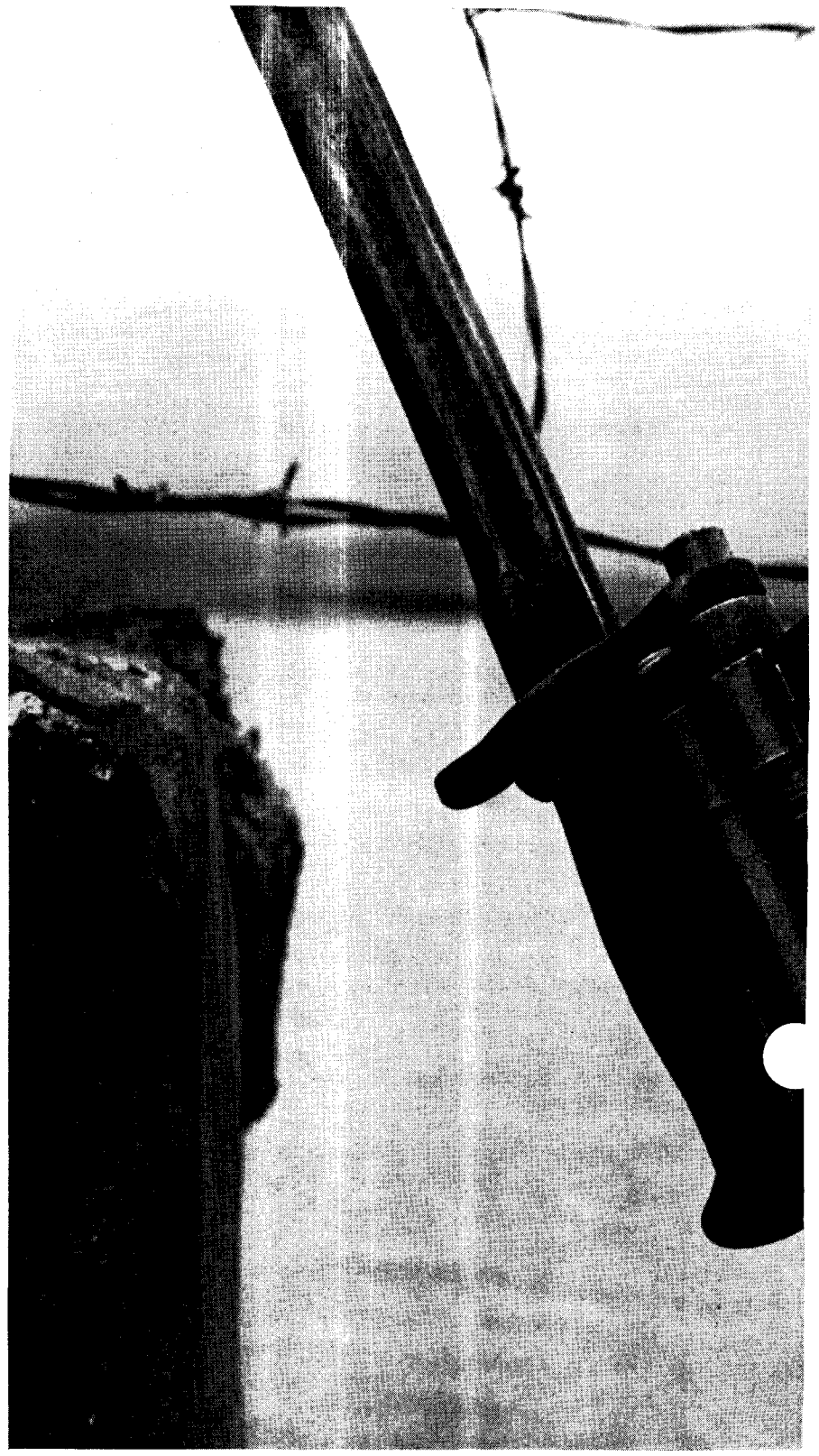
Secretly trained on Formosa and on the tiny volcanic islands of Tungyin and Wuchiu, Ching-kuo's "special forces" number only a few thousand and receive no help from American military advisers. Among them are all sorts of characters—former fishermen and onetime smugglers. They issue reports of sabotaged Communist generators, destroyed bridges, derailed trains. Outside intelligence specialists say this secret war is inflated beyond all proportion by the Nationalists, who want to publicize their prowess, and also by the Communists, who want to build up a spirit of vigilance among their own people. According to independent experts, most of Ching-kuo's operatives are killed or captured soon after landing.

The most spectacular Nationalist device to impress visitors is a trip to Quemoy, the offshore island only 2,300 yards from Red China. During the past year, the Nationalists have flown in an average of 1,000 tourists per month from 73 different countries, among them African diplomats, American clubwomen and a Saudi Arabian garbed in robes and sunglasses. The island, twice the size of Manhattan, is honeycombed with labyrinthine tunnels and caves inhabited by 65,000 moles in uniform, and guests are escorted through an exacting schedule of sights and sounds. They are shown big guns and beaches entangled with barbed wire, and the new nine-hole golf course laid out by Col. Francis M. Clark, the American adviser to the garrison. They are also treated to a demonstration of noisy propaganda, in which the Nationalists and Communists shout at each other through electronic loudspeakers. *The New York Times*'s correspondent Robert Trumbull has described this exchange as "my old mandarin can lick your old mandarin."

Visitors to the island are pinned with small medals attesting to their adventure, and they are told why Quemoy and the islands around Matsu to the north are impregnable and essential. The lecture seems plainly focused on dispelling the propaganda put out by President Kennedy, the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles or former Secretary of State Christian Herter, all of whom more or less agreed with former President Eisenhower that the islands are "not greatly vital to the defense of Formosa."

The Nationalists recognize that a full-scale invasion attempt against the mainland is impossible. But although more than 1,000 American advisers and other operatives on Formosa try to keep tabs on his troop movements, Chiang could probably sneak as much as a regiment—about 4,000 men—across the strait without American foreknowledge. Would he break his agreement with Washington?

Opinions on what Chiang might do span a wide spectrum. One school of thought, composed mostly of his own followers, depicts him as a man of honor who would not break his word. Others, with less faith in his honor, feel he is neither daring nor decisive. Still others note the old man's advancing age and desperate tone. They think he might wildly attempt to gain a beachhead on the China coast to confront the United States with a *fait accompli*, in hope that American public opinion would exert pressure on Washington to help him. "Chiang wants to stage his own Bay of Pigs," says an imaginative player in this East-West guessing game. "He wants to put Kennedy on the spot."



A determined sentry stands guard on Quemoy. Keeping him and the r

"Without risking suicide, he's looking for some way to involve us in a conflict," a leading American diplomat agrees. "We must make him forget about retaking the mainland and concentrate on Formosa's economy instead."

For all their fixation on military matters, the Nationalists have indeed made extraordinary economic progress on Formosa over the past decade. With almost $1.5 billion in American assistance, they have succeeded in doubling their gross national product and increasing their national income by over 100 percent. Thousands of factories are turning out cotton textiles, electric fans, pharmaceuticals, shoes and light manufactured goods.

"With its low-cost labor and high-grade skills," says Howard Parsons, local director of the Agency for International Development, "Formosa could become the logical successor to Japan as the producer of cheap merchandise for Asia."

Several independent economists believe—and some Nationalist leaders warily suspect—that official American optimism about Formosa's future is a calculated exaggeration to divert attention away from the "war of national recovery." For as United States aid declines—the current $100 million a year will end about 1968—the Nationalists may not be able to sustain economic growth and still keep their enormous military establishment.

Nationalist military expenditures—about 75 percent of their budget—are proportionately the highest in the world, and they consume resources that could well be used for development. Perhaps more important, the intransigent mainland recovery policy has imbued Formosa's officialdom with a tendency to ignore long-term planning needs. A necessary tax reform is postponed, for example, because it might reduce revenues for a brief period. The island's serious population explosion is disregarded: More people mean more soldiers.

The martial back-to-the-mainl? drumbeat frightens some potential for investors, who hesitate to put their mon*y into a country supposedly at war (although the U.S. Government insures American investors). The atmosphere of

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The military establishment under arms requires 75 percent of the Nationalist budget, leaving little for essential development of the Formosan economy.

emergency also reinforces government controls, and Formosa is badly plagued by bureaucrats. All state-owned, the banks are featherbedded with political hacks who take two hours to cash a check. The customs department can spend a week approving imported merchandise. Small bribes speed up the process, and in the opinion of one American businessman in Taipei, "It's impossible to do business honestly here and survive."

Don't rock the boat

Chiang's impending struggle for China serves to perpetuate one-party rule under the Kuomintang. Opposition candidates are free to run for local office provided they do not create "discord between the government and the people." Occasionally, outspoken critics are arrested. But in general the one-party system is not too repressive, largely because citizens take little interest in politics at all.

The older mainlanders, who dominate the government and armed forces, dream of home. Signs of their nostalgia are everywhere—in the restaurants that serve their provincial dishes, in the photos of Chinese landscapes that grace their houses, even in the streets named for some faraway region of home. Their children, less mesmerized by China, dream only of leaving Formosa, and thousands of them, gone to the United States on scholarships, refuse to return.

The native Formosans, who outnumber their "guests" by five to one, wish the ruling mainlanders would hurry up and go somewhere. Originally from China's coastal Fukien Province, they began to settle the island in the 17th century, then came under Japanese rule in 1895. In 1945, following Japan's surrender, the Formosans enthusiastically welcomed the Chinese authorities who arrived to assume control. The mainland officials, headed by Gen. Chen Yi, were mostly corrupt carpetbaggers. In February, 1947, after a protest demonstration broke out, General Chen began a brutal suppression that took more than 10,000 Formosan lives. Truckloads of soldiers drove through the streets, machine-gunning everyone in sight. The Nationalists made particular efforts to kill doctors, lawyers, teachers, editors and even high-school students, any of whom might constitute a local leadership. Chiang Kai-shek rapidly removed General Chen, but the damage had been done. "Every leading family was affected by the slaughter," says a Formosan who narrowly escaped. "The shock changed us overnight. We're not sure what we are, but we lost our desire to be Chinese."

If Chiang does not fulfill his promised recovery of China within the declining years of his lifetime, the facade he has propped up so long will crumble. His heir is Vice President Chen Cheng, 10 years Chiang's junior but in ill health. Chen's main rival is Chiang's older son, Chiang Ching-kuo, who recently visited the United States in search of support. Each has his loyal generals, police units or political supporters. Neither has the charisma to sustain the dream of conquering China. Without that hope, Formosa cannot easily maintain its stability. Some prophets foresee struggles for power among Kuomintang leaders, outbursts of frustration and anger from demoralized army officers, and probable friction between mainlanders and Formosans.

Most predictions also suggest that certain Nationalists may try for deals with the Chinese Communists. In their emotional attachment to China, many would overlook ideology; indeed, several could not conceal their pride last year in the Chinese Communist military success against India. One evening, dining alone with a young student, I asked, "Whom do you consider the most powerful man in Asia?" He quickly replied, "Chiang Kai-shek." I lowered my voice and asked again, "Do you honestly believe that?" Without a word the young man scribbled "Mao" on a scrap of paper, and hastily burned it in the ashtray.

Meanwhile Chiang scans the horizon from his hillside, and for the hundredth or thousandth time his troops rehearse their landings on the same Formosan beach. And an elderly Chinese gentleman, skilled in the arts, calls forth an image he might paint or put into poetry. "We are watching the weather and waiting for change," he says. "But every day is dull and drab, with neither sunshine nor storms, and all we ever see are eternal, gray clouds." THE END

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EDITORIAL

THE WATERLOGGED CONGRESS

Sen. Everett Dirksen grew up in a river town (Pekin, Ill.), and when he told Stewart Alsop (p. 23) that Congress is like "an old waterlogged scow," he spoke with authority. It is reassuring to know that the senator doesn't believe that Congress will actually sink. However, we wish that it would show some signs of forward motion. This year's session has been the slowest and dreariest in memory.

The Democrats are in control by 67 to 33 in the Senate and 258 to 177 in the House. Yet even with these majorities a Democratic Administration gets virtually nothing through Congress.

Congress is indeed a leaky vessel, and there are many things that could be done to plug the leaks. The most obvious weakness is the seniority system, which enables the ultraconservative "Establishment" to block passage of badly needed progressive legislation.

As presently constituted, Congress is not truly representative of the people. Conservative Southern Democrats control most of the standing committees in the Senate (10 out of 16) and the House (11 out of 20). These committees, as the great Sen. Robert LaFollette once remarked, "report, shape or suppress legislation at will."

A state such as Louisiana is a good example of the disproportion of southern power in Congress. Louisiana ranks 20th among the states in population, yet it boasts one of the most influential delegations in Congress. Allen Ellender is chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee; Russell Long is No. 2 man on Senate Finance; Hale Boggs is majority whip of the House; Edwin Willis is chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and Otto Passman heads the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations. James Morrison is in charge of the House Civil Service Subcommittee and T. Ashton Thompson heads the House Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation.

Arizona's Carl Hayden has been chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee for eight years. The State of New York has had only five senators serve on this committee since it was established in 1867, and it has never had a chairman.

Sen. Paul Douglas has suggested a sensible solution for the seniority problem. He would rotate the committee chairmanships every two years. The retiring chairman would go to the bottom of the list while other members moved up. That way everybody would get a chance to be chairman (if he lasted long enough), and there would always be some seniority at the top.

Other reforms are badly needed. Congressional committees should be governed by the will of the majority of their members rather than by the whims of individual chairmen who sit on legislation indefinitely. The legislative process could be speeded by holding more joint hearings. After a reasonable time, legislation should come to a vote. The notion that democracy and the rights of man depend upon the "right" to filibuster is nonsensical.

Imperative as these reforms may be, it is unrealistic to expect that they will be enacted any time soon. The Establishment controls the legislative machinery. Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania has been trying for four years to persuade Congress to pass a bill enabling a majority of a committee to call a hearing on pending legislation. His bill is bottled up in the Senate Rules Committee and is likely to stay there.

Until the system can be overhauled, we have to try to coax more speed out of the old scow. Only one thing will work. It is leadership. Lyndon Johnson had it. He made the Senate move even though he was a Democrat working with a Republican administration. While he was majority leader, the Senate passed two civil-rights bills (the first since Reconstruction), extended Social Security coverage, passed the St. Lawrence Seaway Act (which U. S. Presidents had been urging for 30 years), passed the Space Act, enacted a Housing Bill in 1956, and pushed through a series of anti-recession measures in 1958.

Johnson prodded, cajoled, promised and persuaded. The present leadership is too lackadaisical. Mike Mansfield is one of the finest men on Capitol Hill, but he is easygoing and too reluctant to step on people's toes. John McCormack is simply no "Mr. Sam." As a result, progress is almost imperceptible. Four and a half months after the new fiscal year began, eight out of twelve major appropriations bills still had not been passed. Most of the Government agencies limp along on last year's appropriations.

The House Ways and Means Committee holds interminable hearings on the tax bill, and then the Senate Finance Committee starts all over again. The civil-rights bill gets into a ridiculous tangle in the House Judiciary Committee. The chances that it or the tax bill, major legislative objectives for 1963, will be voted on during the current session grow remoter by the hour.

There is no real sense of urgency. To make the old scow run, the leaders have to prod the crew, and the President has to prod the leaders. More than that, he must arouse the people to the country's needs. It had better be done now.

One final note. There are many liberal senators up for reelection next year and a number of them may lose. If this happens—and Kennedy himself wins reelection—he may have even less support on Capitol Hill after 1964.

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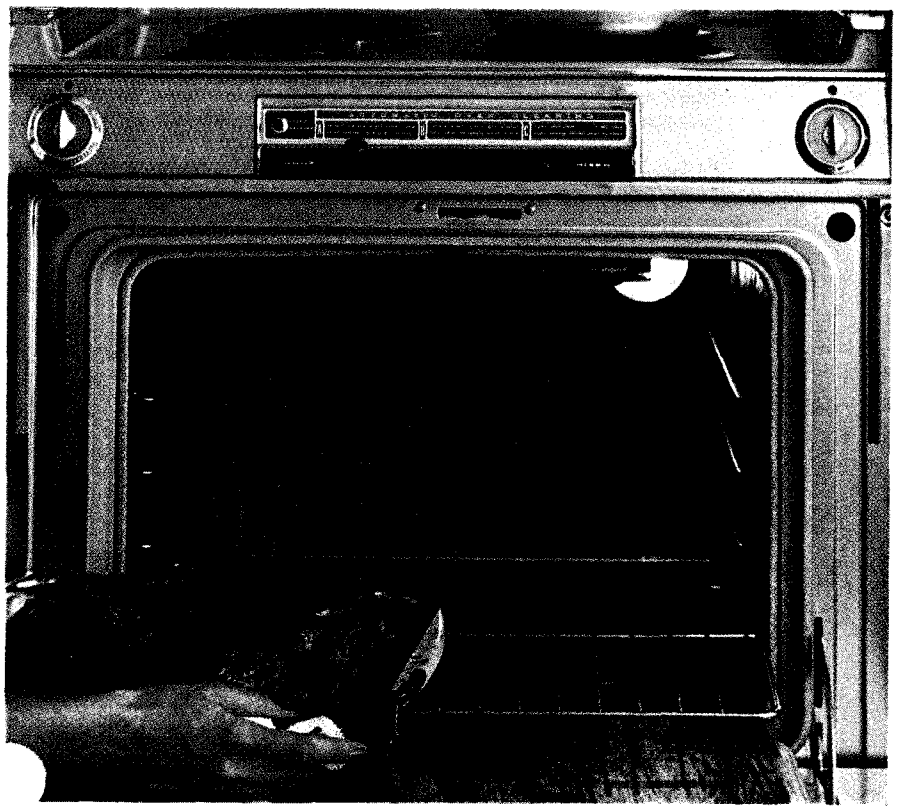
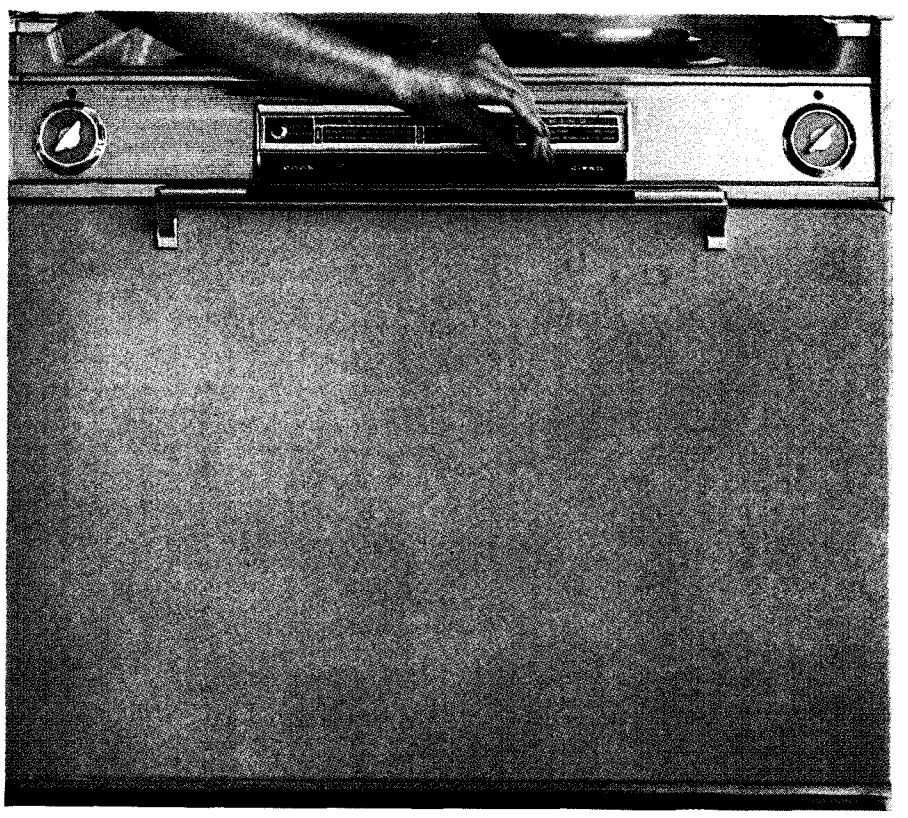
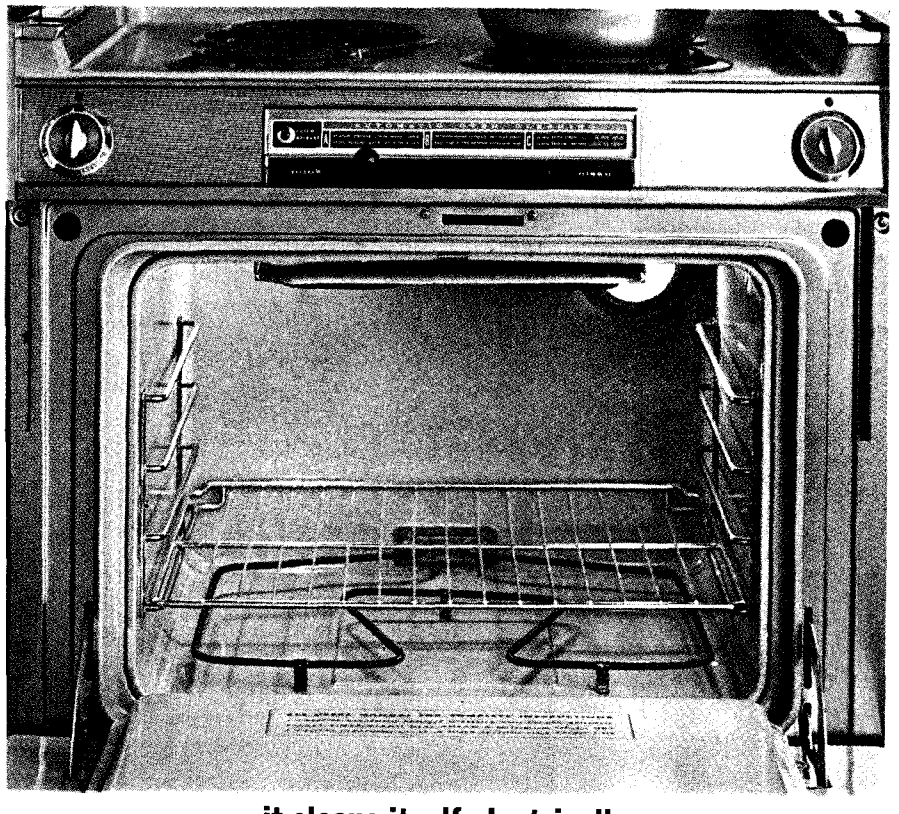
General Electric introduces P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically



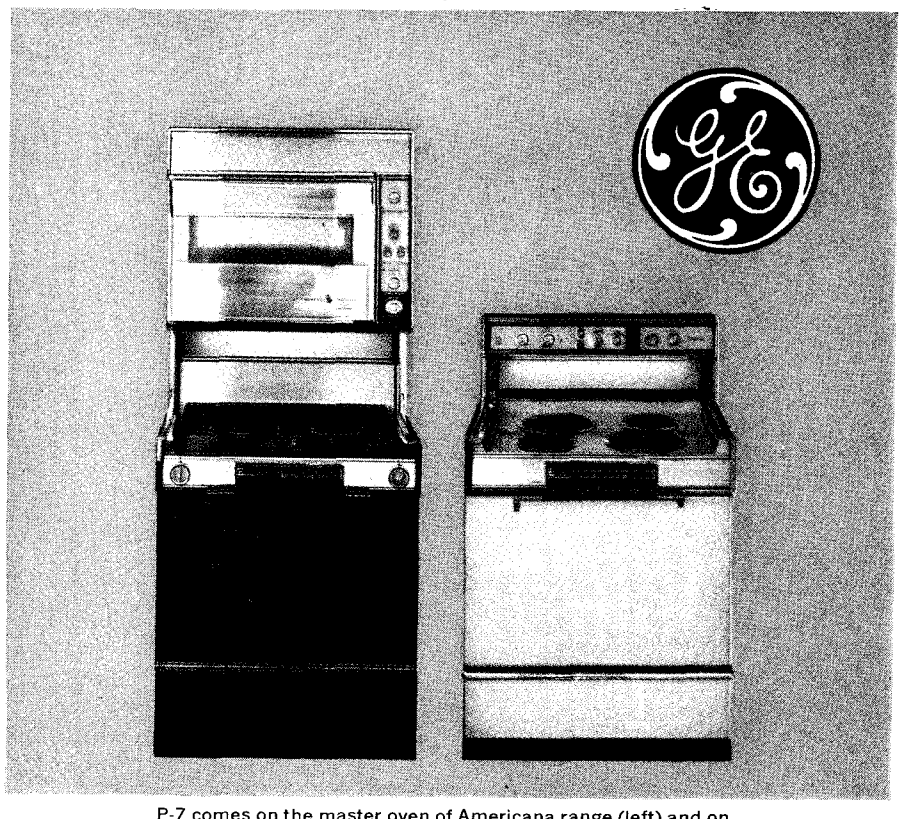
Don't touch this dirty oven . . .



just set the dials, latch the door . . .



it cleans itself electrically.



P-7 comes on the master oven of Americana range (left) and on Custom range (right). Also on Americana without exhaust hood.

Those illustrations up there are not a trick.

You don't use *any* cleanser. No liquids, no pastes, no fumes, no nothing.

All you do is set your selector dial to "CLEAN," set your thermostat to "CLEAN," and set the [illegible]. Then you latch the oven door. That's all. [illegible] takes over. The same electricity that cooks your food cleans up the spatter and mess *completely.* Within 2 to 3 hours, all those crusted-on pie juices, cheese spillings, roast drippings just *disappear,* leaving your oven new-clean. Even in the ridges and between the coils, where you and "easy-cleaning pastes" and stuff could never clean before.

All that's left of the dirt is a trace of fine, white ash on the oven floor, about as much as one flick from a cigarette.

Operating cost? Far less than the oven-cleaners you now use.

Incidentally, this wonderful-cooking oven stays *extra* cool. (And, because it's electric, it's *flameless* cooking!)

P-7 is by General Electric and only by General Electric. And your G-E dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone book. Need we say more?

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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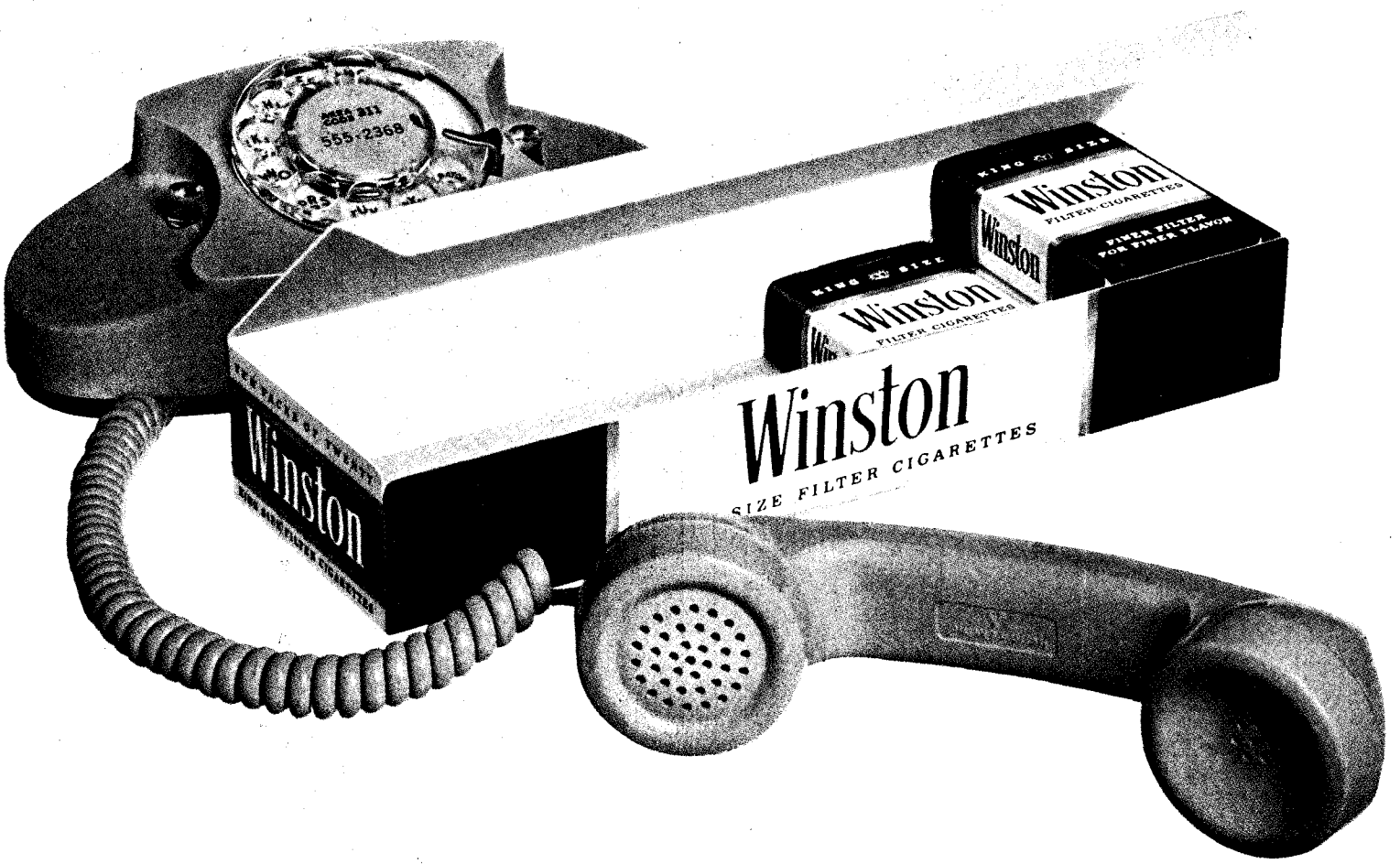

BUSY NUMBER

For a clear connection with flavor, ask for Winston. It's the filter cigarette that really tastes good...thanks to exclusive Filter-Blend up front. Next time bring home a carton of pleasure...Winston!

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PURE WHITE, MODERN FILTER

PLUS FILTER-BLEND UP FRONT

Winston tastes good

like a cigarette should!

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